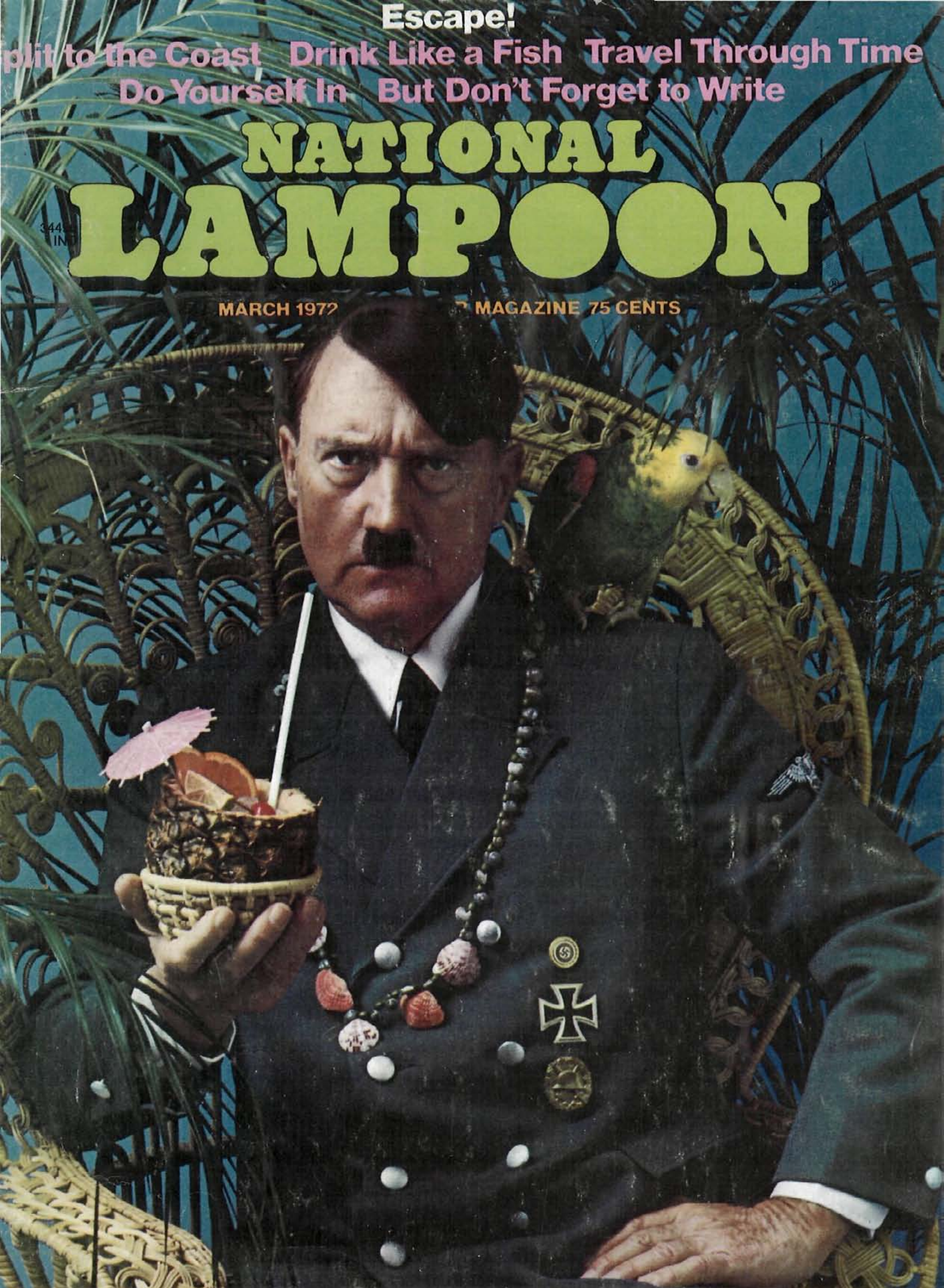
Escape!

plit to the Coast Drink Like a Fish Travel Through Time
Do Yourself In But Don't Forget to Write

NATIONAL LAMPOON

MARCH 1972 MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



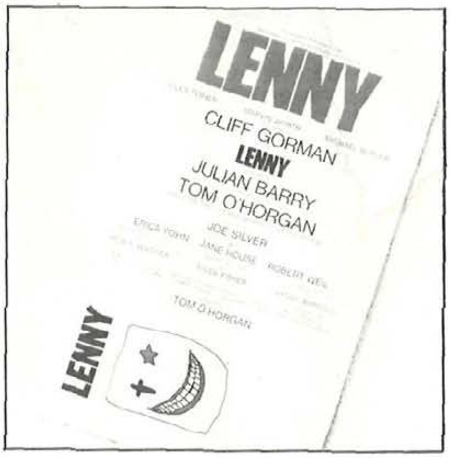


Five dollars from the sale of every album and tape will be sent to UNICEF to aid the homeless children of Bangla Desh.

Apple

This space donated by the *National Lampoon*.

Dirty Lenny, Moral Lenny, Funny Lenny, Legal Lenny, St. Leonard.



In case you didn't know, Lenny Bruce is the father of a lot of our freedoms.

He was the first guy with enough guts to say in public, what everyone said in private.

He was trying to shock society into seeing its own, incredible hypocrisy.

What was dirty? What was obscene?

To Lenny, the real obscenity was the repression of a natural, life assertive act, like sex—and the calm acceptance of a diseased, destructive act, like war.

Society didn't want to hear what Bruce had to say. So they shut him up, locked him up, wrecked his career, and drove him to despair, and death in 1966.

He was only 40 when he died.

Lenny Bruce has been resurrected on Broadway.

He's embodied in a man named Cliff Gorman, who brings him to life in the most talked-about performance in years.

"Lenny" is the original cast album of the hit Broadway show. It's based on the life and words of Lenny Bruce.

You'll get a two record set that will slap you in the face, make you laugh, infuriate you, and probably make you cry.

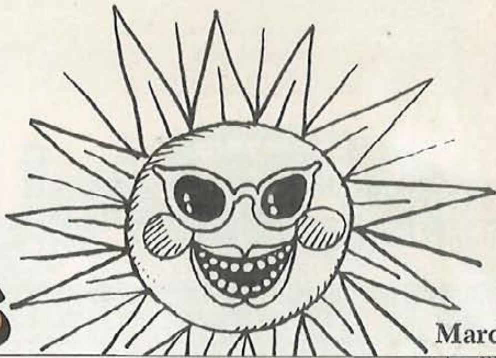
There's also a 12-page booklet of Lenny Bruce-isms, plus a Lenny Bruce poster.

"Lenny" is an extraordinary chance to meet the man you may have missed.

We all have Cliff Gorman to thank.

Blue Thumb

Blue Thumb Records, Inc.
A Subsidiary of Famous Music Corporation
A Gulf + Western Company

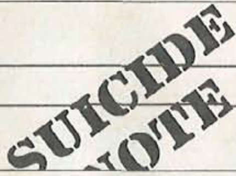


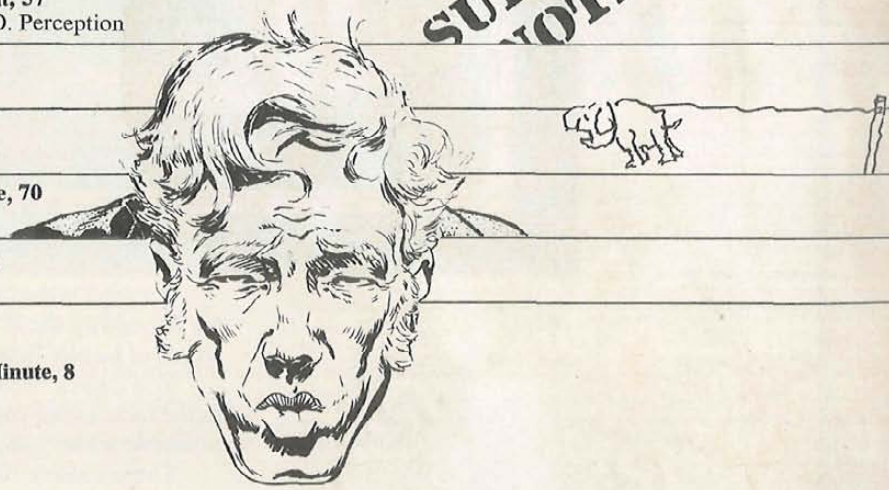
CONTENTS

March, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 24





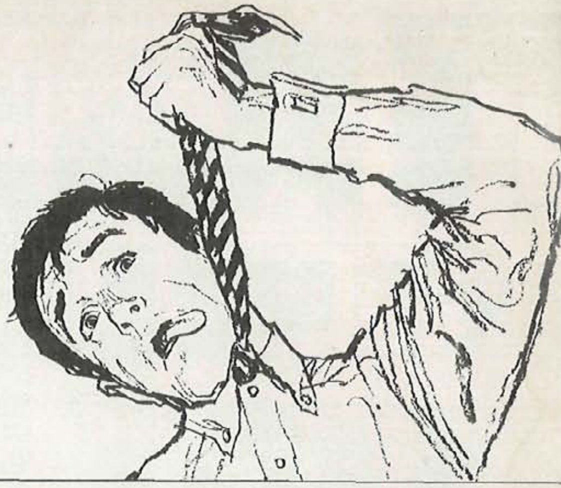




NATIONAL LAMPOON® MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc. SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $5.95 paid annual subscription, $10.50 paid two-year subscription, and $14.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico. $2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, *National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022*, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.


M.C. ESCHER PRINTS $3.00 EACH
These prints are imported from Holland and are printed on the finest bone white art stock with the exclusive permission of the M.C. Escher estate. Perfect for framing.
E-10 HIGH & LOW. 14" x 33"
E-5 THREE WORLDS. 18"x24" B&W
E-8 SKY AND WATER. 23½"x31½"
E-4 REPTILES. 18"x24". B&W
E-2 RELATIVITY. 18"x24". B&W
E-1 CYCLE. 18"x24" B&W
YES ART POSTERS
NO MINIMUM ORDER REQUIRED
PROMPT DELIVERY (P.O. Willing)
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
PLUS OUR FAMOUS MYSTERY POSTER OFFER IN EVERY AD (TWO POSTERS FOR $1.00)
$1 AND UP
FOR PEOPLE WITHOUT HANG-UPS
SAY YES BE AFFIRMATIVE
I pledge that despite world conditions I am an affirmative person and therefore deserve a free plastic coated YES button with my order. YES NO
Any One Dollar Poster in this Ad, FREE! with order of $5.00
Y-67 FLY UNITED. Day glow red, blue and pink on coated stock. 17"x22" $1.00
Y-234 Cocaine! It's the Real Thing! Red on White. 24" x 36" $2.00
A-8 IF YOU GAVE AT THE OFFICE, YOU NEED NOT GIVE AT HOME. Full color. 11"x17" $1.00
Y-201 What My Lai: Sargeant Calley as Alfred E. Newman. Full color on coated stock 23"x 29". $2.00
Y-39 AGNEW. The New Agnew? Looks like photo. Sepia on heavy stock. 22" x 29". $2.00
Y-231 HITLER LAW AND ORDER QUOTE from 1931 Black light $1.98
B-3 VIETNAM. Travel Poster blues and greens white stock. 23"x31". $2.00
Y-214 WIZARD. Spectacular full color black light on black background 24"x36" $3.00
Y-230 SUPER SUPER STAR POSTER. Full color. Black light. $2.00
Y-302 QUACK! Tribute to Disney Land Brilliant full color silk screen of Donald. 23" x31". $2.00
Y-233 MAKE LOVE NOT WAR Original printing on heavy coated stock 23"x18" $1.00
Y-244 QUAKER OAFS Famous cereal box made more famous. Black and white. 23"x29". $1.00
A-32 SO WHAT! Daily Newspaper on Moon Landing Black and white. 25"x35". $1.00
Y-236 LOVE IT OR EAT IT. Smiling youth with American Flag on Tooth. Full color photo. $2.00
Y-243 STONED AGAIN by R. Crumb. Man Losing His Head in 6 Panels. Full color, black light. 29"x39". $2.00
Y-237 THATS ALL FOLKS! Porky Tells It Like It Is. Full color, black light. 24"x36". $2.00
Y-235 RAGGEDY ANN "All You Need Is Love" Black light silk screen, full color 24"x36". $1.98
Y101 Mystery Poster
let us send you two of our most unusual posters (not shown but both for only $1.00 with any order). MONEY BACK AT ONCE IF THEY DON'T BLOW YOUR MIND.
B-47 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 Rebel against Bell. 23"x23" Red, blue and yellow. $2.00
Y-62 #58-23-36 THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM. Vivid black and white, on glossy stock. 23"x31". $2.00
Y-72 EXPRESS THYSELF Photo progression. Full color photo. 24"x30". $2.00
Y-222 BLACK & WHITE Full color photo 16"x 32" $1.98
A-5 TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SHIT. Brown sepia. 23"x 35". $2.00
B-23 GRETA. Painted lady on Motorcycle. Full color photo. 29" x 42". $1.98
Y-60 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY. You'll get your just reward. Full color on heavy stock 12"x 17". $1.00
Y-205 W. C. FIELDS. The classic Fields! Black white photo 30"x40" $1.00
B-56 SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PLANET. Full color photo on deep blue background. 22"x 34". $2.00
Y-78 PEACE. Human peace symbol Full color. 22"x32" $2.00
B-40 SHIT CENEDEL-LA. 23"x23" Red, Green and $2.00 green.
B-41 LOVE INDIANA Vibrant Giant 30x30 silkscreen Blue Brilliant red, blue and $2.00
Y100 POSTER MOUNT
Y-100 POSTER MOUNT Good things come in small packages. Sticky Yippy is the miracle poster mount that works on all walls even brick is reusable. Enough for 10 posters. $1.00
NEW
Y-220 CALIFORNIA DREAMING. Undershirts can be beautiful. Full color photo 23"x 34". $2.00
Y-257 Up With People Full color photo collage 23"x29" $2.00
A-35X TIME FOR A CHANGE. Mickey Mouse with Agnew watch. Color on heavy stock. $2.00
Y-42 NIXON AS A HIPPY We are ready to negotiate." 28"x23". $1.00
A-31 WITH LOVE, J. (Superstar Poster) Sepia on heavy stock. 23"x 29" $2.00
Y-239 LILA LEE 1930's. Wonder Woman in full color. Black light 24"x36" $1.98
Y-32 HE KEPT OUR BOYS OUT OF NORTHERN IRELAND. Full color. 17"x23". $2.00
Y-202 Morality Poster Full color. The evils of pornography graphically revealed. 23"x29" $2.00
B-48 CENSORS ANATOMY CHART Full color photo 23" 31" $2.00
B-49 I'D RATHER BE RED THAN DEAD. Full color photo. 23"x31" $2.00
B-46 MARIJUANA POSTER, 1920's. Multi-colored 25"x36". $2.00
Y-255 THE CLASSIC MONROE B&W photo 30"x40" only $1.00
Y-258 VENUS REVISITED Sensational full color photo $2.00
Y96. TRIKEE DICKEE. Nixon with Oriental eyes. Golden Sepia 23" x 29" $1.00
Y-40 CHISHOLM AND WALLACE TOGETHER black & white on heavy stock. 23"x29". $1.00
Y-85 Flaming Love Dayglow on black background 22" x 30". $2.00
Y-63 LIKE IT IS. 25"x 38". $1.50
B-37 WHO NEEDS YOU? Alfred E. Newman as Uncle Sam in full color. 23"x29" $1.98
SPECIAL
THE PILL IS A NO-NO
X-1 NIXON'S FIRST GAME PLAN? 23" x 29" Black and white $1.00
A-9 THE PILL IS A NO-NO Pope Paul on the Pill. Brown and black on white. 23"x29". $.50
Y-104 Astrology Positions Dayglow. 23" x 31" $2.50
Y-84 Raquel Welch on Bicycle: Full color photo. 29"x39" $2.00
Y-82 Raquel Welch: Giant black and white photo. 29"x42" $1.00
Y-83 Raquel' Welch. Full color photo. 29" x39" $2.00
Y-51 POWER TO THE PENIS. Full color on coated stock. 23"x29" $2.00
For quick delivery, send check, cash or money order to:
YES ART POSTERS
Box 408;
New York, N.Y. 10011
Dept. P-4
Add 75¢ for Postage and Handling on all orders.
Please send me the items circled below.
NO MINIMUM REQUIRED.
A-5 A-8 A-9 A-31 A-32
A-35X B-3 B-23 B-37 B-40
B-41 B-46 B-47 B-48 B-49
B-56 E-1 E-2 E-4 E-5
E-8 E-10 Y-32 Y-39 Y-40
Y-42 Y-51 Y-60 Y-62 Y-63
Y-67 Y-72 Y-78 Y-82 Y-83
Y-84 Y-85 Y-86 Y-95 Y-100
Y-101 Y-104 Y-201 Y-202 Y-205
Y-214 Y-220 Y-222 Y-230 Y-231
Y-233 Y-234 Y-235 Y-236 Y-237
Y-239 Y-243 Y-244 Y-255 Y-257
Y-258 Y-302 X-1
FREE BONUS! Any poster in this ad FREE with order of $5.00 or more. Write # of your free poster here:
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP
New York City residents add 7% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. If not satisfied, return order after 10 day examination and money will be refunded.
Yes Art Posters, 1972.

EDITORIAL PAGE



es • cape\ is-ˈkāp \ *vb* **1:** to get away (as by flight) **2a:** to avoid a threatening evil **b:** to elude responsibility

—MC

Cover: The colorful personage featured on our cover is not stuffed or made of wax, but very much alive. His name is Loro, which is Spanish for parrot and, in Chile, means a bedpan. Photographer Leonard Soned, who is responsible for this portrait, imported Loro from Mexico four years ago, and has since taught it to roll over on its back to have its stomach scratched, and to survive daily life in a busy New York photo studio. On its own, it has learned to say "I'll get it!" when the phone rings and the opening bars of two Beatles songs.

Also shown in this photograph is Swiss-born ex-acrobat **Billy Frick**, who appeared in Paramount's *Is Paris Burning?* and a recent David Wolper TV special for CBS. We lured Mr. Frick to southern climes in order to fill six pages of this issue.

Guest Editor: **Michel Choquette**

Editor: **Douglas C. Kenney** Executive Editor: **Henry N. Beard** Art Director: **Michael Gross**

Contributing Editors: **Michael O'Donoghue, George W. S. Trow, Michel Choquette, Anne Beatts, Sean Kelly, Tony Hendra, John Weidman, John Boni, Terry Catchpole, Christopher Cerf**

Copy Editor: **Idie Meg Emery** Assistant Art Director: **Ellen Taurins** Editorial Assistant: **Sheila Goldfarb**

Associate Editor (Gt. Brit.): **J. Dudley Fishburn**

Production Manager: **Roberta Kaman** Stylist: **Linda Sampson** Subscription Manager: **Howard Jurofsky**

*Circulation Director: **Barry Grieff***

Publisher: **Leonard Mogel** Associate Publisher: **Gerald L. Taylor**

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.
Chairman: **Matty Simmons** President: **Leonard Mogel** Vice-President: **George Agoglia**
Vice-President, Sales: **Gerald L. Taylor**

BETTER THAN A RESERVED SEAT AT JAGGER'S BREAKFAST TABLE







. . . **Peter Townshend** lounged in a swanky restaurant and rapped to us about how synthesizers and movie cameras could put the adrenaline back in rock.

. . . **Ringo** settled himself by a swimming pool in Spain to tell us about the days when Paul was hounding him with a lawsuit.

. . . **Alvin Lee** fiddled with his clogs in a record company office and asked us to point out that "I'm Going Home" is not where Ten Years After is at.

. . . **Dr. John The Night Tripper** sat down to a telephone in L.A. and told us how he got **Mick Jagger** and **Eric Clapton** to play on his latest album.

And *you* could have missed it all.

You could have gotten to the newsstand ten minutes after the last copy of **Circus** disappeared.

You could have been in bed sick with no one to run out and pick up **Circus** for you. You could have been standing by the magazine rack without a penny in your pocket while the last **Circus** walked away with someone else.

You could have been off in the woods or up in the mountains or just plain all-day spaced while that newsstand man blew his last copies.

Man, how high and dry you could have been.

BUT if you'd been clever, you could have had it easy, safe, sure and secure. With that man who's never stopped by rain or sleet or slush or snow slipping a fresh and shiny **Circus** through that slot in your door every month.

ROCK 'N' ROLL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Mail to: NL1

CIRCUS MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 4552, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Enclosed is $ . . . .
Please rush my subscription.
☐ **$6—1 year** ☐ **$10—2 years**

Name . . . . **Age** . . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . .
State . . . . **Zip** . . . .



Sirs:

Hey! That fake letter you just printed about my boss is really a dirty trick! The next thing you know, you'll have me admitting to the fact that when everybody's out of the house, I like to fart in the bathtub and snap at the bubbles!

Spiro T. Agnew
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

With all the attention given by the media to various and sundry minority groups, why has so little been given to a politically potent group that comprises over 10 percent of the adult population: the Senile Citizen? In addition to this country's seventeen million certified dotards, there are another three million dribblers, droolers, and jabberers who will this year graduate to full Senile Citizenship and loss of voluntary bowel control.

Instead of exploiting these precious geriatric resources, America herds us into ghetto-like "rest homes" where we sit in our cribs all day long listening to our aortas deflate, while poorer Senile Citizens must eke out a precarious existence as pigeon fatteners or simply hobble through our nation's parks trolling for muggers.

Senile Citizens can make a rich and lasting cultural contribution to America if only given the chance, and even my bathroom mirror (after I get through brushing my tooth) makes that Jackson Pollock character look like a piker.

Fogies of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your playpens.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

The flower boxes outside Hoover's window. The lawn immediately surrounding each of the evergreens at Provo Park in Berkeley. Behind the "century plants" in Cypress Gardens, Florida. The putting greens of the fifth, seventh, eighth, and eleventh holes at the Kirkland Country Club, in Willoughby, Ohio. The entire right field at Shea Stadium.

More next month if you're good!

Johnny Reeferseed
Address unknown

Sirs:

Help! We are being held captive, and you are our only hope.

But first, some background on our predicament. As you may know, when the simple natives of the Trobriand Islands first encountered the airplane back during World War II, they were awed by the U.S. Army's "shining birds," which parachuted them medicines, trinkets, and Hershey bars as a gesture of friendship. Even today, the "cargo cult," which began in the forties, is practiced there yet, and the primitives still build and venerate crude bamboo replicas of these bountiful craft which, they believe, will one day return and shower them with untold riches.

Well, I was happily high-balling my Greyhound bus across the country on my usual L.A. run, when, minding my own beeswax, me and my passengers were waylaid near Iowa City, Iowa, by a bunch of wierdo grain farmers who apparently haven't had any contact with civilization since a Mayflower Van Lines rig jackknifed on a hill (!) and spilled its "magic" contents all over their stretch of highway back in 1953.

Now it seems that these kooks think that my bus was this "great silver cow" they've been expecting for almost twenty years, and if we don't come across with a bunch of hardware and dry goods and stuff like they saw pictured in a Sears, Roebuck catalogue they found in the first truck pretty soon, their head man says we'll have to undergo something they call "The Ordeal by Sorghum" (?).

Tell Madge I love her.

Trapped
U.S. 219
Iowa City, Iowa

Sirs:

Listen, who says there's intelligent life on Mars? Tuesday I saw this watchamacallit that looked like a giant eggs Benedict ooze out of Sam Goody's Record Mart with McCartney's second album under his tentacle!

Terrie Scooterpie
New York, N.Y.

To: The President
From: The Office of the Attorney General
Classification: Top Secret

Dick,

Listen, I hate to bother you, but that McAllister from the National Cancer Institute called up again and jawboned my ear off for almost an hour. I know we should sit on this 100-percent-effective-cure thing until just before November 2, but if what he says is true about the "direct link between cancer of the genitals and habitually voting Republican," we're likely to lose ten thousand votes before the elections! If he gets cold feet, tears up the check, and spills the beans, you'll have to do so much fast talking you'll fuse your bridgework together. Then, with your luck, some bright-eyed reporter might start figuring out why those 150,000 troops supposed to be still alive in Vietnam really haven't come home yet.

Be sure to burn this memo after you read it, because I saw that pimply page with the *National Lampoon* in his back pocket snooping around your office again.

In haste,
John

Sirs:

Okay, okay! So I'll only do it until I need glasses.

Stevie Wonder
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I understand that you are soliciting submissions to your new regular feature, "The Lighter Side of Child Molesting." Enclosed is a true story, for which I understand you will pay $5 if used:

wun day wen i wuz crusin around the playground at the alimentary skool i sees this hot little number who lukked like maybe she wuz twelv but probli yunger cuz she dint hav no lumps onner chests or nuthin yet or a fuzziwuzzi or enything sorta like the way shurley tempul lukked in captin janyouary which is how i likem so when thers no cops or safety patrolls lookin i sez hey little gurl you wanna get in my car for a candy bar but she sez no so i konc her wun and stuf her in the trunc of my '56 shivvy an taik her to the plaiss in the wuds neer the parc wher i taikem al an do wat i do with alovem an after im throo i puter inna hoal like thothers an go bac to the offis wher wun of my boyz sez they wannu fyer me an i sez ha ha thassagudwun cuz nobuddy izzint skared to mess with the direktir of the eff bee iye evin Dick an then i laf ha ha ha ha ha ha an go bac to wurc

I hope you will find this submission suitable to your needs. Please send the check to:

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Please inform Uncle Ted, *National Lampoon*, January, 1972:

c = y, not x. WFNY HSRG!!

Donald W. Stribling
Dubuque, Iowa

Sirs:

As a young, with-it magazine, I was wondering whether the *National Lampoon* would be interested in a toy-manufacturing venture. As you

may know, the Hopi Indians have revered for time immemorial their sacred "Katchina dolls," which they carve from wood to represent their various holy spirits. Since the young people are now all "into" the Indian bit, why not cash in on the publicity and sell their little sisters a cute 'n' cuddly Kathy Katchina Doll, which can be knocked out in polystyroid by a Japanese affiliate for 27 cents per unit and retailed for $14.98?

For a promotional gimmick we could load it with plastic turds and cash in on the "natural recycling" angle, or, what might be even more conducive to cost/profits, simply paint a load of unsold Betsey Wetsys red, stick feathers in their skulls, and target in on something like "Kowagoopa, kids! I even piss real firewater!"

How
'bout it?

G. A. Custer
Mod-Ern Toys, Inc.

Sirs:

Dolphins smart? Ho-hah, that's a laugh. Last week I saw one arranging pebbles on the ocean bottom, and it turned out to be a fan letter to Rod Stewart.

Billy N.
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Who says vegetables aren't as smart as martians or those fish? Only this morning I was made into a French fry and had enough sense to hang around inside this real asshole's colon until I festered and gave him a good case of the runs.

Spud Collier
David, Frost

Sirs:

Corn syrup solids, vegetable fat, sodium caseinate, dipotassium phosphate, emulsifier, sodium silico-aluminate, artificial flavor, and artificial colors.

Coffee-Mate®
Carnation Company
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

It is no secret to your readers that the "Letters" column of your *soi-disant* "humor" publication has, to be generous, fallen upon hard times. It has been further rumored that you have attempted in recent issues to turn this palsy of the imagination into a "running gag" and have further compounded this limp and sophomoric jape by endeavoring to "set up" the final letter so that it must end in the middle of a sentence, thus extricating the *soi-disant* "writer" from what has obviously become a Sisyphean task, and whose general literary abilities may be surmised from the fact that said individual received a C– in Intermediate French and will necessarily resort to his copy reader for the correct spelling of "Sisyphean," a word which probably does not properly exist in English at all and, at any rate, might be replaced by the more felicitous "Herculean," a nice distinction, which, the "writer" is confident, will be totally lost on the majority of his *soi-disant* "readers." Thus adding insult to the initial injury offered to these "readers" by refusing to print their own, pitiful letters to the editor, the "writer" then proceeds to effect the aforementioned terminus by calling Jerry Tibbit, the linotypist who ultimately sets these lines, a series of obscenities beginning with

Doug,

I happened to read the galleys of this, and the sales figures *seem* to indicate we actually got away with the December issue after all, but Jesus Christ, Doug, this last letter about the linotypist is *really* a piece of shit. Why don't you call O'Donoghue and see if he can't *think of something a little less* lame for the last letter?

Henry

COMPLIMENTS
OF A
FRIEND



"I'm a nun. I can't change you into anything."



THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

If you were to give a free-association test to a number of people, their reaction to the word *escape* would vary according to their individual life patterns. Thus, a prisoner would simply think in terms of getting the hell out of jail. A housewife might be headed toward women's liberation. A teenager could easily become a runaway from home.

For many, traveling is the answer. For others, especially those who can't afford to travel, loitering holds a cheap yet effective fascination.

But where can you go to loiter these days?

In sunny weather you can go to the beach. In crummy rain you can go to a museum. But the ideal would be to just stand around right in front of a NO LOITERING sign.

Each society, however, provides its own loopholes. Pick a taboo, any taboo. Let's say your thing is littering. Usually you're limited to an occasional baseball hero or a returning astronaut. However, with the political-campaign season on its way, ticker-tape parades will provide one messy field-day after another.

Or let's say you really dig screaming at the top of your tarred-and-feathered lungs. If you wail in the privacy of your city apartment, the neighbors may call the police. Should you go out on the street and yell, the environment is not exactly what you could call supportive. But go to a football game or a rock concert—depending on how counter your place in the culture is—and you can shout your unbloodied head off, not only remaining out of trouble, but also sharing the noise with friends and strangers alike.

What's more, all that oxygen seething through your body and mixing with all that adrenalin is a way of getting legally high even without the discipline of a Tibetan monk chanting fourteen hours every day.

And so it is with loitering. A bus terminal is a great place to loiter and still be socially acceptable. In fact it's Loiter Central. Everybody in a bus terminal is loitering in one way or another, even if they happen also to be actually waiting for a bus. But there are no signs warning you against the practice. You don't even have to be holding on to any luggage as a decoy. All you have to do is hang around.

If you don't want to miss Walter Cronkite, you can sit in one of the special TV Chairs they have in bus terminals and digest a half hour's worth of television news for a quarter. These chairs are not supposed to be used unless you're watching a program. Presumably, a loud buzzer goes off if you're sitting in one without the benefit of video entertainment.

With the advent of relatively widespread use of psychedelics, another means of escape is temporarily induced madness. Naturally, *how* you go crazy is a function of your individual direction.

In ninety-seven LSD sessions, I've freaked out once. This was at Expo in Montreal back in 1967. I had been invited to be interviewed in the American Pavilion by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Simultaneously I was testing out a capsule of Mafia-distributed acid. This was supposed to be my last trip, since the chromosome-damage scare was at its height then, epitomized by *McCall's* magazine and the *Saturday Evening Post* playing salujee with deformed baby parts.

The Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane were performing acid rock for the World's Fair, and a few of us speculated about the possibility of my getting so stoned that I wouldn't show up. As it happened, I was there an hour before the camera crew. What were *they* on?

There was a Negro (pre-black) marine guard—he had attended a special protocol school—who watched as I burned my draft card during the interview. Actually, it was a photostat of my draft card. I wasn't prepared to get arrested for destroying a mere symbol. But any kind of political demonstration was forbidden at Expo, and as a result a group of public-relations personnel and marine officers questioned me.

I simply pulled out my real draft card, and the Negro marine began to sputter: "Wuffo, wuffo, Ah *saw* him burn it wif mah own *eyes*. . . ." All the layers of Caucasian protocol were being stripped from his demeanor. He was caught somewhere between *The Emperor Jones* and Stepin Fetchit.

There ensued a great deal of heated argument among CBC, the United States Information Agency, and the interviewer. This was, after all, a news event. Offensive taste could not be considered a justification for censorship. The interview was broadcast as filmed, and the incident turned into a front-page story.

Me, I just left. But my ego had gotten so bamboozled that when by pure coincidence a band in the mall struck up a fanfare while I was exploring the fairgrounds, I made the mistake of taking it personally. I was convinced that *everyone* was on LSD, that this was the Great Celebration of Peace and Love, and that even all those straight middle-American tourists were tripping right along *with* me. I began to walk around smiling and waving to fellow travelers. This was my freakout.

People smiled and waved back, of course. But somewhere in the core of my consciousness I sensed their condescension and I realized that there was something slightly unlikely about the nature of my hallucination that bordered at best on a fulcrum of wishful thinking. I looked behind myself and noticed that poorly trained children were pointing at me.

Reality returned with a sudden blush.

My most recent acid trip took place while hanging around at a bus terminal. I had signed a contract containing a double escape clause. Moreover, this was the San Francisco Greyhound Terminal during the Christmas season, and although I *knew* that everyone there *hadn't* taken LSD too, it sure seemed like they had.

I loitered for an hour and it was the best goddamn circus I ever went to.

I even spotted a couple of guys who served as middlemen for a fence who bought stolen property. They saw me watching them, and I got a little frightened. It was the first time in my life I felt like a cop, and I wasn't sure whether they wanted to do me in or pay me off.

Lucky for me, I was able to escape on a bus to a party in Palo Alto. The only problem was a sign on the wall of the bedroom that said NO LOITERING in five languages. □

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist *($3 a year), author of a big book,* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7), and a little book,* You Know You're Really Stoned When You Begin to Moan While the Gynecologist Is Examining You *($1), all available from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.*

Available direct from the publisher. This magnificent 54 volume set of Great Books.



You get all volumes now...pay later on convenient budget plan.

If you think there's more to life than your everyday activities. If you want to know more, do more, be more than you are . . . the Great Books are for you.

These are the writings of Plato, Homer, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Freud, Rabelais, Aristotle, Shakespeare, and many, many more. They contain just about every important thought of Western Man for the past 3,000 years! The Great Books were published in collaboration with the University of Chicago by Encyclopaedia Britannica. There are 54 beautifully bound volumes containing 443 masterpieces by 74 of the world's greatest thinkers

$1,000,000 Syntopicon included.
With the Great Books you get an amazing reference work that required 8 years and more than $1,000,000 to write. It's called the Syntopicon and it indexes over 163,000 references to ideas and topics in the Great Books. So, in minutes, you can look up any idea and find what each of the great thinkers thought.

Also available with the Great Books are the handsome 10-volume reading plans. And you may also get the remarkable 10-volume set called Gateway to the Great Books.

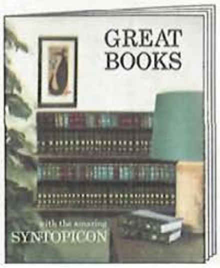
Certainly the Great Books belong in the

Let us send you more information. FREE

To learn more, just fill out and mail the attached card. If card is missing, write to Great Books, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 900-S, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

You will receive a full-color, 16-page booklet describing the Great Books in detail.

There is no cost or obligation. You don't even need a stamp. Do it now.



MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Hello again! Well, here I am once more sitting at the kitchen table, Bic in hand, but with little in my head save the chicken pot pies I have to return to the Safeway (I *know* they've been refrozen). Not to say things haven't been "jumping," what with the fistfight John Connally and Hank Kissinger got into last week at Perle Mesta's pasta fiesta for the Italian and Mexican ambassadors during which Hank made a crack about John's nose and John retorted something rude about how he hoped the wage-price freeze wasn't keeping Hank from getting to Phase II with Jill St. John, or when that poor Eisenhower boy kept saying "Horatio Alger" when he meant "Alger Hiss" on an NBC interview and Dick afterward made him wash his mouth out with cottage cheese, not to mention what happened to Pat when the *Harvard Crimson* said that Tricia was going to join that SDS sorority (they take Jewish people in it, not to say that some of Spiggy's and my best friends *aren't* you-know-whats, but you know Pat, and particularly after Golda Meir told Pat her seams were crooked and Pat wasn't even wearing stockings), but as it turned out Tricia hadn't joined the SDS at all, but had been approached by some television people to make an advertisement for FDS, which is something else entirely, although that only made Pat even worse, if you can imagine.

But I digress. (Mr. Serling from the Famous Writers School says that one of the biggest impedestals to good writing is "losing your train of thought," and frankly, dear Diary, what with Spiggy underfoot on weekends and calling the police every other day to get that horrid Maxine Cheshire out of our garbage pails, I'm lucky if I can tell my cow-catcher from my caboose.)

Oh fudge, there I go again, see?

Anyway, what I wanted to tell you about was about our visit to Mr. Hoover's office yesterday. You see, Dick called Spiggy from Peking (collect) saying that he couldn't start his talks with Mr. Shoe En-lai because Dick couldn't understand Hank Kissinger's messages on account of Dick having lost his secret decoder collar button when he gagged on a pork lo mein that turned out to be a *pooch* lo mein ("Keep 'em smiling."—Mr. R. Serling) and would we pop over to Mr. Hoover's to pick up another and send it special D?

Now Spiggy was up to his old tricks pretending that he and Dick had a bad connection and could he speak a little slower because the new delivery boy from the Chinese restaurant was here and was missing a lot of top secrets, but finally I told Spiggy to act his age and he said okay Dick sure fine roger wilco over and out.

The next morning we took the bus to the FBI building and I must say I was terribly impressed with Mr. Hoover's new quarters, which Spiggy says cost a pretty penny and, considering the number of marbles Hoover has left, was probably the most expensive playpen ever built. You see, dear Diary, there has been some talk of late that Mr. Hoover has become a bit unpredictable in recent years, if you know what I mean.

Inside the main entrance, however, the guards were very polite to us as we took off our things and got X-rayed (us, not our things—well those too, I suppose, I mean . . . oh, forget it), so they could make sure we weren't actually bombs in disguise, and, after giving the secret password ("meeska-mooska-mousekateer"), we were escorted by two guards into Mr. Hoover's office.

(Dear Diary, I have a terrible confession to make: I didn't even *have* to come with Spiggy, but I wanted to be "frisked" just once in my life, and let me tell you, it's everything Martha said it was and *more*!)

Anyway, the first sight that greeted us as we walked in the door was Mr. Hoover himself sitting behind his desk. Stark naked. Now, I know this sounds a little odd, but at the time I assumed that he was just making sure he wasn't a bomb or anything either, but then I noticed he was still wearing his shoulder holster and Spiggy nudged me with his elbow telling me to act-as-if-we-didn't-notice-anything, which is a code we use a lot, especially around Pat. Well, Mr. Hoover didn't say anything to us because he was busy playing with a chessboard on his desk and humming to himself, and while Spiggy cleared his throat and

we waited for him to look up, I couldn't help but notice that Mr. Hoover actually didn't look very much different without his things. I mean, with all his wrinkles and his grayish skin, he sort of looked like he still had a suit on, and once I was almost sure I caught a glimpse of a loose thread hanging from his bellybutton.

Well, no one said anything for a rather long while, and Spiggy and I naturally started to feel a bit uncomfortable, so Spiggy said oh I see you're interested in chess and picked up one of the chessmen. Suddenly, Mr. Hoover leapt out of his chair, streaked around the desk, and plucked the little man out of Spiggy's hand. Then he yanked open a drawer in his desk and took out a feather duster and a bag of flour (General Mills presifted), put some on the duster, and slapped it all over the little man. Then he took out a big magnifying glass and looked at each of his own thumbs in turn. Aha! *he giggled, they both match, and he* pushed a button on his desk. Immediately the two guards reappeared looking sleepy and Mr. Hoover pointed to us and said take them away and book 'em. However, at that same moment, all the flour in the air made Spiggy sneeze and Mr. Hoover was at him again with the duster and covered Spiggy's nose with half the bag before the guards could gently wrestle it away from Mr. Hoover's hand. The two guards sort of grinned patiently and said yessir right away sir and, without doing anything, ambled back out the door, rolling their eyes apologetically.

Guess that'll show 'em, Mr. Hoover confided to us as he sat down, but then he popped right back up again with a little wheeze and Spiggy said oh my God but it was only that Mr. Hoover had accidentally left one of the little men on his chair. Spiggy cleared his throat again and made a couple of halfhearted tries at his nose, too, but it was packed solid with flour. Spiggy, sounding like that funny little man on the talk shows who wrote *In Cold Feet,* asked if he played chess with Hank Kissinger, who, by the way, used to like the game so much he had squares painted on the bottom of the White House pool and made his secretaries be the pieces, until Dick told him to cut out the clowning on company time. Mr. Hoover fondled the little chessmen and chuckled something about what good boys he had working in the explosives section and if the Russki tries to checkmate, even Bobby Fischer won't know what hit 'em.

While Mr. Hoover went on about how the Reds'll wish they never dropped an ounce of flouride into our reservoirs and then we'll see what's so funny about bomb shelters and the Ground Observers Corps and maybe the kooks'll laugh on the other side of their pink pusses when their rock and roll is replaced by some good old-fashioned conelrad, I looked around the office and was not unimpressed at the many awards and souvenirs Mr. Hoover had collected during his long career (I particularly like the cute little replica he received from a Mr. Dillinger, who I gather was in the wiener business), and the paintings on the walls of the "Most Wanted Hall of Fame" were quite cute, too, particularly the ones of Bobby Kennedy and Ramsey Clark. At that point my wandering attention was brought back to what Mr. Hoover was saying to Spiggy because Mr. Hoover had suddenly taken one of those tommy guns off his wall and was going bangbangbang ha ha gotcha you're dead, and Spiggy was hiding behind a chair shouting for me to push the goddamn button on Mr. Hoover's desk. Well, I pushed the button to calm Spiggy down because he was too excited to see that Mr. Hoover's tommy gun was the same kind that we gave Randy for Christmas years ago in Baltimore. But I am happy that the guards came in time to keep Mr. Hoover from soaking Spiggy's new tie (a real find at Korvettes, and only $2 for a box with three different ones in it).

When they had Mr. Hoover calmed down a bit, Spiggy said we'd better am-scray before he gets a hold of a real one and we made to say good-bye, but not before Mr. Hoover made us and the guards, too, let him pin little badges on us and raise our right hands and say the Junior G-Man Pledge, which, as I recall, involved watching out for suspicious-looking people, listening to Mother, and eating Post Toasties. I hope he didn't notice that I had my fingers crossed. I *hate* Post Toasties and have since I was in pigtails.

Just as I was about to go out the door Mr. Hoover said psssst hey toots, and, looking me straight in the eye, he whispered look, kiddo, if you think *I'm* a little flaky, just take a good long gander at what they've put at the *top* of the batting order around Washington and, giving my bottom a playful tweak, slipped me a sly wink and, humming to himself again, went back to filling his tommy gun in the drinking fountain.

Well, I think I'd better see about those pot pies, dear Diary. Just trying to figure out what he meant by that has been making my head sort of woozy since breakfast.

All for now,

Judy

FREE... Any 3 Stereo LPs or

WITH NO OBLIGATION



027 THE DIONNE WARWICKE STORY (2 record set) **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

780 MOUNTAIN Flowers Of Evil **Windf** LP

615 BREWER & SHIPLEY Shake Off The Demons **KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS

823 THE WHO Meaty, Beaty, Big & Bouncy **Decca** LP, 8TR, CASS

827 CHER **Kapp** LP, 8TR, CASS

035 JOAN BAEZ Blessed Are . . . (2 record set) **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

063 ISAAC HAYES/ SHAFT (ST) (2 record set) **Enter** LP, 8TR, CASS



908 LOU RAWLS Natural Man **MGM** LP, 8TR, CASS

777 GODSPELL Original Cast **Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

135 RICHARD HARRIS My Boy **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

043 FIDDLER ON THE ROOF Original ST (2 record set) **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

683 RAMSEY LEWIS Back To The Roots **Cadet** LP, 8TR, CASS

313 JOAN BAEZ/ CARRY IT ON (ST) **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

600 OCEAN Put Your Hand In The Hand **KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS

420 IKE & TINA TURNER 'Nuff Said **UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

270 DIONNE WARWICKE Greatest Movie Hits **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

705 CHOPIN Polonaises **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

684 LONDON HOWLIN' WOLF SESSIONS **Chess** LP, 8TR, CASS

373 QUINTESSENTIAL EARL HINES **Chiar** LP, 8TR, CASS

712 LOS INDIOS TABA-JARAS **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

707 RCOA STEREO SYSTEMS TEST RECORD **Yorks** LP

267 DIONNE WARWICKE I'll Never Fall In Love Again **Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

355 THE 101 STRINGS Beatles' Million Seller Hits **Alshi** LP

275 CANNED HEAT Live At Topanga Corral **Wand** LP, 8TR, CASS

708 HANDEL Water Music **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

773 LAWRENCE OF ARABIA Original Soundtrack **Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

383 RUTH BATCHELOR Songs For Women's Liberation **Femme** LP

763 5TH DIMENSION Love's Lines, Angles & Rhymes **Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

353 THE 101 STRINGS Love Story **Alshi** LP

760 PARTRIDGE FAMILY Up To Date **Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

100 THREE DOG NIGHT Golden Bisquits **Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

778 STAMPEDERS Sweet City Woman **Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

704 BEETHOVEN Piano Sonatas **Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

779 DAWN **Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

903 THE DONNY OSMOND ALBUM **MGM** LP, 8TR, CASS

See for yourself why over 1¾ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.

	Capitol Stereo Tape Club (as adv. in Esquire Aug. 1971)	Columbia Tape Club (as adv. in TV Guide Aug. 7, 1971)	Capitol Record Club (as adv. in Playboy Oct. 1971)	Columbia Record Club (as adv. in Redbook Aug. 1971)	Citadel Record Club As Adv. in Redbook Nov. '71	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	**YES!** Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	6	12	10	12	**NONE!** No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$83.76 to $95.76	$41.88 to $47.88	$59.76 to $83.76	$49.80 to $59.80	$46.68 to $64.68	**ZERO DOLLARS** You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	**ALWAYS!** Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	**NEVER!** There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	**NO LONG WAITS!** Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

$4.98 LPs average as low as $1.69
$5.98 LPs average as low as $2.04

Savings of 66% or more from recent Club sales up to $3.94 per LP. Start these giant savings now...not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.

	Label	List Price	Average Club Price
BLACK SABBATH—Master of Reality	WarBr	5.98	**2.04**
ANDY WILLIAMS—You've Got A Friend	Colum	5.98	**2.04**
BURT BACHARACH	A&M	5.98	**2.04**
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE—Bark	Grunt	5.98	**2.04**
BARBRA JOAN STREISAND	Colum	5.98	**2.04**
MOODY BLUES—Every Good Boy Deserves Favour	Thres	5.98	**2.04**
THE DOORS—L.A. Woman	Elekt	5.98	**2.04**
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON—Silver Tongued Devil & I	Monum	4.98	**1.69**
PAUL McCARTNEY—Ram	Apple	5.98	**2.04**
CAROLE KING—Tapestry	Ode	5.98	**2.04**
JOHN DENVER—Poems, Prayers & Promises	RCA	5.98	**2.04**

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club

Any 1 Tape Cartridge or Cassette Shown Here Worth up to $20.94

TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now! Choose any 3 Stereo LPs (worth up to $20.94) or any 1 Stereo Tape (cartridge or cassette, worth up to $13.96) FREE... as your welcome gift from Record Club of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. You can defer your selection of FREE items and choose from an expanded list later if you can't find 3 LPs or 1 Tape here. We make this *amazing* offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, on every label—including all musical preferences. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Moneyback guarantee if not satisfied.



205 ROD STEWART
Every Picture Tells A Story
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



277 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 2
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



774 5TH DIMENSION
Reflections
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



060 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
(2 record set)
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS



123 STEPPENWOLF
For Ladies Only
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



906 ROBERT GOULET
I Never Did As I Was Told
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS



905 2001:
A Space Odyssey
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS



907 DONNY OSMOND
To You With Love, Donny
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS



770 PARTRIDGE FAMILY SOUND MAGAZINE
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



117 JAMES GANG
Live In Concert
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



370 JAMES TAYLOR &
The Flying Machine
Eupho LP



119 GRASS ROOTS
Their 16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



264 GUESS WHO
Born In Canada
Wand LP, 8TR, CASS



118 THREE DOG NIGHT
Harmony
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

900 OSMONDS
Homemade
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS

764 MOUNTAIN
Nantucket Sleighride
Windf LP

354 THE 101 STRINGS
Webb & Bacharachs' Million Seller Hits
Alshi LP

908 ERIC BURDON & JIMMY WITHERSPOON
Guilty
MGM LP, 8TR, CASS

308 JOAN BAEZ
Joan Baez 5
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

380 ABBIE HOFFMAN
Wake Up America!
BigTo LP, 8TR, CASS

700 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 Overture
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

263 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT, TOO!

AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—*they send you an item you don't want and a bill* for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98, or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest **all-label** record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges *and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions!* Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at *least 33⅓%. You get best sellers for as low* as 99¢.

NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). The postage alone for return*ing these cards each month to the other clubs* costs almost an additional $2.40. **We send only what you order.**

HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. *Therefore, we are not obligated by company pol*icy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer.** Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown *here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with* check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free *LPs or tapes will be sent later).* ***If you can't find*** **3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.** This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you *never pay another club fee.* Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card**—guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79%... Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists thousands of all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of **all labels** (includ*ing foreign)...* ***all musical categories.***
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide**—The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the *Master Catalog may take a few days longer).* ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! *Join over two million budget-wise record and tape* collectors now.

© 1971 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA #73

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CLUB HEADQUARTERS
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 **V023D**

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

3 FREE LPs

or **1 FREE TAPE**

☐ 8 track
☐ cassette

or ☐ **Defer Selection**—send expanded list.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss____________________

Address____________________

City________ State________ Zip________

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. #____________

CHARGE IT to my credit card. I am charging my $5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each *FREE LP and tape selected will be added).*

Check one: ☐ **Diners Club** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **American Express** ☐ **BankAmericard**

Acct. #____________ Expiration Date________

Signature____________________

CANADIANS mail coupon to above address. Orders will be serviced in Canada by Record Club of Canada. Prices vary slightly.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

TEDDY BACKS NADER ON AUTO RECALL



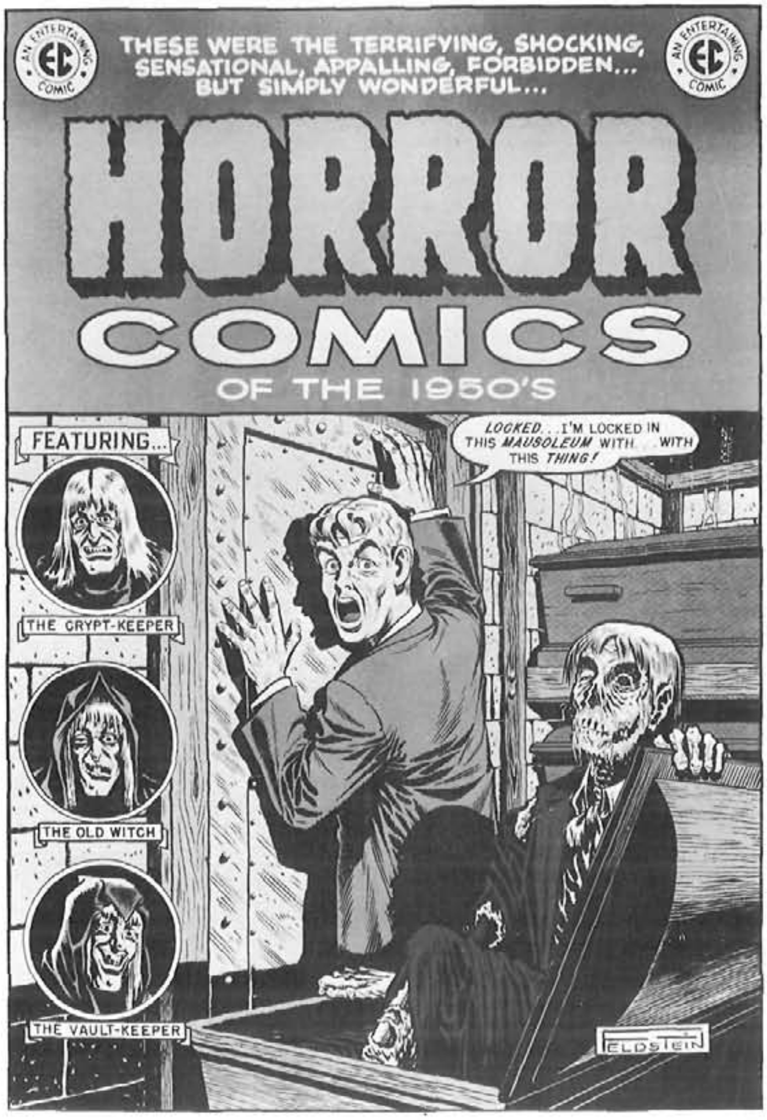
It has been learned from diplomatic sources in Rawalpindi that during the spectacular half-time executions in the gala year-end East-West clash between the badly outgunned Pakistanis and the heavily favored Indians, President Nixon telephoned Yahya Kahn to let him know that he knew what it was like to be "a loser" and to suggest a play. Kahn, who has since been dismissed as head coach of the Pakis for his part in the stunning loss at the hands of the keyed-up Hindu offense, reportedly took Nixon's advice and called for the long bomb to a wide-open orphanage, but in spite of the play the hard-pressed Paki offense remained stalled on the ground and the Moslem defense proved no match for the highly successful Indian aerial attack. Kahn, who later admitted that he was "surprised and pleased" by the President's call, credited the gesture with helping to bolster flagging morale and giving the underdog Moslems the boost needed to set in the fourth quarter, in the face of defeat, a new U.N. Asian Division carnage record.

In a new program designed to correct imbalances in the present wage-price-freeze structure, which labor officials feel is unduly weighted in favor of business, the Nixon Administration revealed that it will ask all high-level executives earning $25,000 or more annually to make a public oral pledge "without recourse to *x*-ies, crossies, or other reservations, and containing the words 'cross my heart and hope to die' " not to accept direct or indirect salary increases of more than 5 percent. The Administration has called for "voluntary pledge fulfillment" but has also announced that "comprehensive" spot checks to verify compliance will be made by officials of the Soil Bank and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

After more than a year of official silence, the Dublin government of the Republic of Ireland has asked the U.N. General Assembly to investigate

continued

Brand-X Bonanza!



Thanks to a total lack of merchandising integrity, we are able to offer loyal *NatLamp* shoppers an unparalleled opportunity to obtain this other fine product from another leading publishing company.

• **The E. C. Horror Library of the 1950s.** Dim the lights, Sapphire, and close the doors, as those fetid folktales of the 1950s bubble forth in full color from the witch's cauldron. A selection of the greatest scare stories from *Haunt of Fear, Tales from the Crypt,* and *Vault of Horror*... including a rare, unpublished terror tale. Clothbound—208 pages, a color bonanza—$19.95.

If you're really hooked on the nostalgia thing, you can also order the following:



• Milton Caniff's **Terry and the Pirates**—The comic strip that started adventure comics. Its very first series from October 22, 1934, to December 13, 1935. Clothbound—196 pages—$12.50.

• George Herriman's **Crazy Cat**—Read what Woodrow Wilson used to read his cabinet, what e. e. cummings waxed erudite over, and what Charles Schultz calls a classic. Clothbound—168 pages—$12.50.



• Alex Raymond's **Flash Gordon** going into the water world of Mongo. A complete two and a half years of Flash Gordon, including his banshiment to the Forest Kingdom of Mongo. Clothbound—144 pages—$12.95.

• **Flash Gordon Again**—This time with Dale and Dr. Zarkov in the Kingdom of Mongo—two years after the previous book. Clothbound—$12.95.



• **Popeye the Sailor**—by E. C. Segar. 128 pages of the real Popeye from 1936 to 1937. A guaranteed delight to those who have never read the original Popeye. Three complete Popeye adventures including "Popeye and the Jeep," "Popeye's Search for His Poppa," and "The Mystery Melody." Hardcover—$7.95.

The National Lampoon NL372
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

☐ The E. C. Horror Library of the 1950s	$19.95	☐ Flash Gordon	$12.95
☐ Terry and the Pirates	$12.50	☐ Flash Gordon Again	$12.95
☐ Crazy Cat	$12.50	☐ Popeye the Sailor	$ 7.95

Add 50¢ per order for shipping.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C. add 7%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

(enclose my check ☐ money order ☐)

Name____________________

(please print)

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Zip________

GREAT MOMENTS IN HUMOR



No. 3 in a series

This classic piece of Americana is just one of a specially commissioned series of dramatic re-creations of "Our Humorous Heritage," which will be brought to you in coming months by the *National Lampoon,* the noted journal of humor, in cooperation with the *National Lampoon* Institute for Humorous Studies. Each of the painstakingly researched historical scenes portrayed in this series is the work of an important artist, is printed in antique-looking black-and-white process on prestige magazine paper, and is bound directly into a presentation copy of the *National Lampoon,* exactly as you see it here. The commercial message that accompanies these extraordinary paintings can, of course, be easily removed—a pair of scissors will do the trick—and, thanks to a special papermaking technique, the pages on which the series appears will become yellow and discolored over the years, thus adding immeasurably to the authenticity and beauty of these remarkable collector's items.

We're certain that, in view of its considerable educational and historical value, you will want to possess the entire set, and so we're offering you, along with a select group of other serious collectors, this once-in-a-month opportunity to have the next twelve issues of the *National Lampoon* sent directly to your residence, domicile, or whatever, all for only $5.95. And look what you get for this modest investment: your name is immediately entered as a Perpetual (one-year) Subscriber on an exclusive List of Subscribers maintained by the *National Lampoon* at its headquarters in New York City's famed Vision Building; you receive twelve consecutive presentation copies of the *National Lampoon* delivered directly to your door, not by a ratty postman, but by a uniformed representative of the newly inaugurated United States Postal Service; you automatically obtain the coveted "Great Moments in Humor" series without having to join in the dangerous and unsightly scramble at the newsstand that the appearance of this series is expected to cause; and while each "Moment" is out being framed, electroplated, or bound in leather, at your own personal expense, you sit back and watch as humorous history is made, right in the pages of the *National Lampoon*. And what's more, if you're not completely satisfied, you keep the magazines, and we'll keep your check.

Extra Added Balonus!

Order your two- or three-year subscription today and receive absofreely lute either of two nifty RCA record albums—*Muswell Hillbillies* by the Kinks, or *Nilsson Schmilsson* by Nilsson, who Doug Kenney thinks, personally, is out of state!





Cut out and mail to:
The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐

☐ **1-year subscription (12 issues)—$5.95 (you save $3.05*)**
☐ **2-year subscription (24 issues)—$10.50 (you save $7.50* and get a free LP)**
☐ **3-year subscription (36 issues)—$14.50 (you save $12.50* and get a free LP)**

Two- or three-year subscribers, indicate below your preference of albums.
Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ **Muswell Hillbillies** ☐

Name________________________
(please print)
Address________________________
City________ **State**________ **Zip Code**________

*over single-copy price

For each year add $1.00 for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372A
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ **Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.**
☐ **One-year subscription—$5.95.**
☐ **Two-year subscription—$10.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
☐ **Three-year subscription—$14.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
*Two- or three-year subscribers, please indicate below your preference for free album.

Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies ☐

Name ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ________
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372B
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ **Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.**
☐ **One-year subscription—$5.95.**
☐ **Two-year subscription—$10.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
☐ **Three-year subscription—$14.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
*Two- or three-year subscribers, please indicate below your preference for free album.

Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies ☐

Name ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ________
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372C
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ **Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.**
☐ **One-year subscription—$5.95.**
☐ **Two-year subscription—$10.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
☐ **Three-year subscription—$14.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
*Two- or three-year subscribers, please indicate below your preference for free album.

Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies ☐

Name ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ________
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372D
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ **Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.**
☐ **One-year subscription—$5.95.**
☐ **Two-year subscription—$10.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
☐ **Three-year subscription—$14.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
*Two- or three-year subscribers, please indicate below your preference for free album.

Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies ☐

Name ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ________
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372E
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ **Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.**
☐ **One-year subscription—$5.95.**
☐ **Two-year subscription—$10.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
☐ **Three-year subscription—$14.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
*Two- or three-year subscribers, please indicate below your preference for free album.

Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies ☐

Name ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ________
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 372F
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ **Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.**
☐ **One-year subscription—$5.95.**
☐ **Two-year subscription—$10.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
☐ **Three-year subscription—$14.50.** You get a choice of a free LP.*
*Two- or three-year subscribers, please indicate below your preference for free album.

Nilsson Schmilsson ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies ☐

Name ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip Code ________
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022



Detroit, Michigan: Henry Ford and his two brothers have finally released the first official photographs of the Ford Motor Company's experimental safety car. Equipped with a special "high chair" seat that prevents the passengers from hurtling through the windshield during a head-on collision, Ford hinted that seven million of the new models may be available to the public "surprisingly soon."

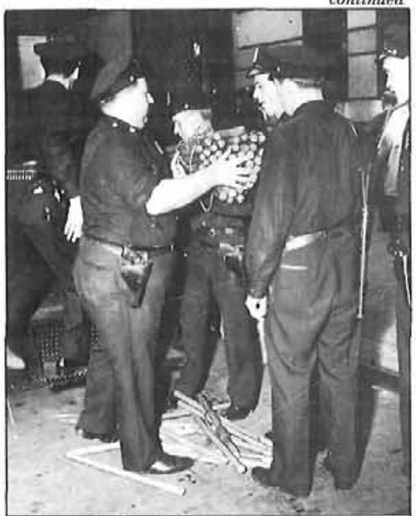
continued

the "grave crimes being committed against humanity by the English Army in Ulster," following reports that in the course of returning sniper fire from IRA terrorists in Belfast, a British army unit inadvertently set fire to a distillery.

During a "background briefing" at the Pentagon last week, the Defense Department further clarified the doctrine of "protective reaction," which allows American planes to bomb targets in North Vietnam. Under the new conditions spelled out in the clarification, U.S. bombers can attack predetermined locations in the North so long as they first bomb targets in South Vietnam—chiefly civilian—which the North might have bombed if it engaged extensively in aerial warfare. Attacks north of the DMZ are then permissible since "the implication of indirect intent and probable volition" and "the evidence of surrogate aggression" are present, or, in other words, since targets that the North would like to bomb if they could bomb them have been bombed in a way they would have bombed them, the U.S. is entitled to retaliate. Defense Department spokesmen displayed pictures of devastated towns that had suffered heavy civilian casualties to show "the sort of thing we could expect the North to do" and emphasized the deterrent effect of the new "probable volition" raids, stressing that the North Vietnamese would be less likely to have either the will or the capacity to wish to be able to inflict such damage if the bombing continued.

At the same time Air Force officials offered explanations of the American air role elsewhere in Indochina, which is widely held to be in direct contravention of Congressional intent. The Air Force spokesmen insisted that, in the first place, all planes sent on mis-

continued



New York, New York: Submitted before New York's Knapp Commission as further evidence of police corruption, this unretouched photograph shows a number of unidentified patrolmen dividing the "take" extorted as "protection" from the Boy Scout's annual weenie roast.

continued

sions to Laos and Cambodia are required to drop at least one bomb in South Vietnam on the way so that the bombing raids are only "field extensions" of local sorties. They also explained that since, if Laos were part of the South China Sea, it would be well within the territorial waters of Thailand, the bombing was being conducted under Thai "dry-sea territorial sovereignty" and that, in any case, all bombs dropped in Laos are equipped with delayed-action fuses permitting the aircraft that dropped them to be back in South Vietnamese airspace before they detonate.

What may be the first example of property being held hostage as promised by the radical group that planted bombs in nine banks in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco occurred last week when Mr. Charles Pettit, chairman of the board of Consoltex, a defense industry, reported to police that a luxury model power mower belonging to him was abducted from his estate in an expensive suburb of Cleveland. The mower, an almost new Black and Decker Mow-All 500, with automatic throttle and electric self-starter, had apparently been left idling on a portion of the Pettits' lawn fronting on Grove Street by the gardener, José, who said later that he had gone to get a drink of water. When he returned, the mower was gone, and a garishly painted VW microbus was racing away down the street. A note sent to Pettit the next morning demanded $100 ransom to be used "for

continued

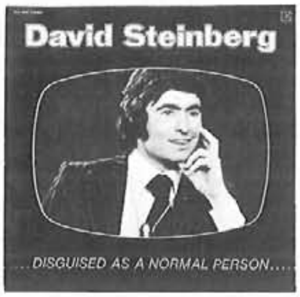


Montreal, Canada: Canadian bomb-squad experts defuse the first of a threatened series of lethal devices marking an escalation of revolutionary provocations by the radical-separatist FLQ. This device, the police reported, had been packed with a powerful laxative and a crude timer, placed under the lectern to be used on the visiting Premier Pierre Elliott Trudeau, and positioned directly over his shoes.

SPECIAL RECORD BARGAINS

ROCK · FOLK · CLASSICAL

Order Now! Save up to 250% over original retail prices



EKS74065 DAVID STEINBERG—Disguised As A Normal Person . . .
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

S-3830 AUTHENTIC MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. Music of over twenty Western tribles incl. Sioux, Apache Hopi etc. 3-record set.
Pub. at $14.94 Only $5.94

S-3952 WOODY GUTHRIE: The Early Years. Incl. Old Time Religion Bury Me Beneath The Willow etc.
Pub. at $4.95 Only $1.98

3312 LOUIS ARMSTRONG—In Memoriam.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

3195 JOHN WILLIAMS. The Virtuoso Guitar.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

1035 COUNTRY BLUES. Lightnin' Hopkins.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-249 DUKE ELLINGTON — Volume II — The Early Years.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-222 JOHN LEE HOOKER.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-257 PETE FOUNTAIN — New Orleans All Stars.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

GS62 THE STAPLE SINGERS—Prize performances by the giants of gospel music.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98



SQN101 THE CLASSICAL GUITAR. Andres Segovia, Laurindo Almeida, John Williams, Carlos Montoya and others.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-242 BROWNIE AND SONNY—Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

3110 BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY #9 (CHORAL) —Joseph Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

S-2694 KRIPS' Complete Beethoven Symphonies.
$40 value Only $9.95

SQN102 AN ANTHOLOGY OF FOLK MUSIC. Including Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Rod McKuen, Josh White, Odetta, etc. 5-record set.
Pub. at $24.90 Only $9.90

3002 COPLAND—Appalachian Spring—Ballet. W. Susskind conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

2094 JOSH WHITE—In Memoriam.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

2060 AT HOME WITH THE CLANCY BROTHERS & TOMMY MAKEM and their families.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

2066 SOUTHERN PRISON BLUES. Recorded at The Louisiana State Penitentiary.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98



FS-239 1959 MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL. Jimmy Witherspoon, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Woody Herman, Coleman Hawkins, Mel Lewis, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

3225 SITAR MUSIC OF INDIA—India National Sitar Ensemble.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-229 FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN JAZZ—Charlie Mingus, Kai Winding, Osie Johnson, Thad Jones, etc.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-252 COLEMAN HAWKINS—One of jazz's all-time saxophone greats.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-260—BUDDY RICH—Drum magic.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-211 CARLOS MONTOYA — Master of the guitar.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

3086 BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY #5 and EGMONT OVERTURE—Joseph Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98



1010 ODETTA SINGS BALLADS AND BLUES.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

3044 GROFE: GRAND CANYON SUITE. Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor (World Premiere Recording): Ferde Grofe conducting the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Jesus Maria Sanroma, piano.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

S-4216 FOLK FESTIVAL. World's greatest folk artists sing the world's greatest folk songs. Judy Collins, Rod McKuen, Glen Campbell, Pete Seeger, Odetta, and many more. Incl. Walk Right In, Reuben's Train, Go Down Old Hannah, 12 more.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

S-4194 SEGOVIA, MONTOYA, JOHN WILLIAMS: Masters of the Guitar. 7-record set.
$35 value Only $9.95



EKS74085 DAVID FRYE—Radio Free Nixon.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

3221 PIANO MUSIC OF ERIK SATIE—Jacques Fevrier and Georges Auric.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

FS-231 1947 WNEW SATURDAY NIGHT SWING SESSION. A live recording. Roy Eldridge, Flip Phillips, Buddy Rich, Mel Torme, etc.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98

1020 NEGRO PRISON SONGS COLLECTED BY ALAN LOMAX. From the Mississippi State Penitentiary.
Pub. at $4.98 Only $1.98



EKS75006 DAVID FRYE—I Am The President.
Pub. at $5.98 Only $1.98

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21ST CENTURY RECORDS, Dept. NL 372
635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Please send me the record bargains circled below.
MINIMUM ORDER $3.
Add 35¢ per title for shipping.

Enclosed find $__________. Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Records.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 7%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

EKS74085	EKS74065	EKS75006	S2694	S3830
S3952	S4194	S4216	1010	1020
1035	2066	2060	2094	3002
3044	3086	3110	3195	3221
3225	3312	FS211	FS222	FS229
FS231	FS239	FS242	FS249	FS252
FS257	FS260	GS62	SQN101	SQN102

NAME ____________________
(please print)

____
(address)

____
(city) (state) (zip)



HOLLYWOOD LIVES!

On the current pages of *Liberty*, the Nostalgia Magazine, we've recreated the Hollywood of the twenties and thirties and forties. We've brought back Gable and Lombard, Tracy, Bogart, Laurel and Hardy, the Marx Brothers. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Astaire and Rogers, Errol Flynn, Colbert, Garbo, King Kong and Fay Wray, Frankenstein, Cagney, Valentino, and all the great lights and many of the great movies of the Golden Era of Filmdom. It's an issue you must see if you've ever been hooked on the screen world.

These are only some of the fantastic memories revived four times a year in the quarterly magazine that only remembers yesterday. Available at your nearest newsstand or by subscription.

Subscription Department
LIBERTY MAGAZINE, Dept. NL 372
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to *Liberty* magazine.

I enclose my check (or money order) for:
- one-year subscription @ $2.95 ☐
- two-year subscription @ $5.00 ☐
- three-year subscription @ $7.00 ☐

For each year add 50 cents for Canada & Mexico, $1 foreign.

NAME______________________________
(please print)

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY________________ STATE____________ ZIP________

A totally new concept in travel and services. Now you can travel anywhere in the world, all year round — on escorted or semi-independent tours at really budget-easy prices!

You can dash off on one-week mini-vacations to exotic world capitals . . . indulge yourself on a month-long ten country tour . . . take your two-weeks-with-pay in a different foreign land each year. Planet Tours gives you the world any way you want to take it — lets you choose from all the best travel bargains.

The best of Europe — the age-old charm, beauty and romance, combined with modern plumbing, new roads and jet airports . . . fabulous shopping, great cathedrals and palaces, charming small cafes and bustling markets . . . all yours for less than you'd spend at a resort on this side of the ocean.

Interested in an African safari, the Near East, Middle Europe, Russia? Hong Kong, Thailand, Bombay, Tokyo? Looking for new adventures, out of the way spots, off the beaten track? Anywhere you want to go . . . even the Americas or the Caribbean! . . . Planet will go there, too!

And you can count on *saving money on every trip!* Our prices will always be as low as, or lower than, any other comparable tour available to you — because as a club we can command certain savings and advantages in booking large blocks of hotel rooms, cruises, airline space, bus and train seats, purchase of travel accessories, etc.

These are *just examples* of the kind of tour bargains available to our members:

LONDON $184 4 nights, 5 days in swinging London, including round trip jet airfare, transfers, hotel and full breakfasts, sightseeing tour.

NASSAU $110 3 or 4 nights in the beautiful capital of the Bahamas, including round trip jet fare, hotel and full breakfast daily, one dinner, many extras.

EUROPE from **$598** 22 days, 10-country grand tour including round trip jet, motorcoach, charming hotels in England, Spain, Italy, Austria, Liechtenstein, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France!

There will be hundreds of tours available each year, all year long . . . plus special seasonal bargains . . . plus chances to plan your own trip taking advantage of our group-flight reservations and advance hotel bookings. There will even be specialized tours planned for National Lampoon readers, geared to your mutual interests.

Planet Tours Club membership will offer you many other special benefits: recreational and social activities, lectures and seminars on foreign affairs and international relations, geographical and historical films and other educational events, plus many travel programs and travel-oriented activities. You will also be entitled to outstanding savings on luggage and other travel accessories.

Another plus! Travel Club Lay-away Plan!

You can save for your trip before you go with one of our Lay-away Plans; your deposits will be held in escrow for you at a major bank until you have accumulated enough for your trip. (Guaranteed travel refund provided)

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP in Planet Tours Club costs just $25 for the first year; annual renewals will cost just $10 per year. **CHARTER MEMBERSHIP INCLUDES YOUR IMMEDIATE FAMILY AT NO ADDITIONAL COST.**

TRIAL MEMBERSHIP is available for 1 year at $15; annual renewals will cost just $10.00 per year. (Family members *not* included)

Mail this coupon today! The sooner you enroll, the sooner you can begin taking advantage of the bargain tours and other things available to members in the coming spring-summer season. Membership card, specific details on club benefits, and available itineraries will be sent within 21 days of receipt of membership fee.

A special Travel Service for National Lampoon readers

Introducing a New "Go-Anywhere-For-Less Travel Club" created by Planet Tours



SPECIAL EARLY BIRD BONUS:
Enroll as a member today. As a bonus, if membership fee is received by April 1, 1972, the 2nd year of membership will be free! In addition you will receive a complimentary travel accessory gift.

Planet International Services, Inc.

USE THIS HANDY COUPON

P.O. Box 781, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Enroll me as a Charter Member today. I enclose $25.00.
☐ Enroll me as a Trial Member for 1 year. I enclose $15.00.
☐ Please send me additional information, with no obligation.

Make check or money order payable to: Planet International Services, Inc.
I understand that if my check or money order is received by April 1, 1972, I will be entitled to 2nd year membership FREE, and a complimentary gift.

Name__________________ Tel.________
(Please print)

Address__________________
(Please print)

City____________ State, Zip________
(Please print)

I am interested in travel to____________
(Countries)

Note: Planet Tours, a Division of Planet Int'l. Services, Inc. is not organized solely for travel. Its primary purpose is to serve as a sales, social, educational, and recreational organization with many membership activities including travel programs.

continued



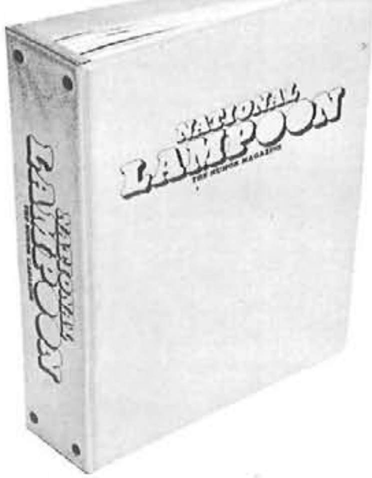
Berea, Ohio: Triumphantly striding across campus after a successful students' rights protest, six members of the Baldwin-Wallace SDS flash happy grins. Concessions made by the traditionally conservative faculty included shorter study-halls, elimination of weekly fire drills, extension of dorm curfews to 10:30 for males over twenty-one, and free goldfish.

continued

the revolution" and threatened that, unless the money was delivered to an undisclosed spot, the gardening machine would be mailed to him piece by piece. During a telephone call from the kidnappers later that afternoon Mr. Pettit was allowed to listen to the mower's motor running to prove that it was still in operating condition. It has not been learned whether the wealthy industrialist will accede to the kidnappers' demands, but the Black and Decker Company has offered a new power saw with adjustable cutting angle for information leading to their arrest.

At last word the Israelis are still embroiled in a difficult and delicate controversy over the legal definition of a Jew, to apply to persons seeking to enter and settle in Israel under the Law of the Return. The situation has been complicated in recent months both by the quiet decision on the part of Soviet authorities to allow Russian Jews to émigrate, the only group of any size ever to be permitted to leave the Soviet Union, and the successful battle by the American underworld figure Meyer Lansky to remain in Israel in the face of extradition proceedings by the United States, and Israeli immigration authorities were reportedly to be meeting around the clock last week after receiving applications for entry from Luigi "the Squeegie" Scarfellistein and Joe "Alligator Pears" Bonnanohen, and from the entire population of Czechoslovakia, claiming to be a lost tribe of Israel.

President Anwar el-Sadat, in a "get-tough" address to Egyptian Army officers at a forward base near the Suez Canal, promised that the twentieth century would be "the century of decision" in the confrontation with Israel. "There are only twenty-eight years left," he warned, apparently intending his words for a world audience. □



BOUND TO PLEASE

Ho ho . . . *bound* to please. Get *it*? Hee hee.

Now, for a limited time only (say until the reappearance of Haley's comet), you can purchase this nifty binder to preserve your back issues of the *National Lampoon*.

Each handsome submarine-yellow binder has the name *National Lampoon, The Humor Magazine* stamped in Shirley-Temple black on its front and side. It'll hold your 12 monthly issues neatly for easy reference, or else cleverly camouflage those copies of *Spicy Pix* and *Leather Lads Quarterly*.

Made of durable pseudoleatheroid, this handy binder will keep your issues fresh and crisp for years of midnight snickers. (Midnight *snickers*, get it?)

$3.85 for one; $7.10 for two; $9.90 for three. We pay the postage.

New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax.

cut out and mail to

National Lampoon, Binder Dept. NL 372
635 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022

Please send me:

—1 binder @ $3.85
—2 binders @ $7.10
—3 binders @ $9.90

I enclose $________ in check or money order.

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________ Zip________

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

JUNE, 1970/BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine, Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA: What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (well, is he?) and The Secret of San Clemente.

SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ: Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: A spin out on Memory Lane. Read reminiscences by Jean Shepherd; the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey; and The Death Song Game.

DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Prepare now for the next ghastly hollydaze with Gahan Wilson's Xmas Horrors, The Santology Handbook, I Remember Jesus, and Tricia and the Prince Comics.

JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Combat the Pink Peril with the Women's Lib Naughty Pinup Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, a special *Cosmopolitan* Parody, and the expurgated best seller . . . The Censorless Woman!

FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Litter in Michael O'Donoghue's Bummers, the *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha Classic Comic, Madison Avenue, Marijuana Packs, and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")!

MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: Tote that tome and lift that pinkie with Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, The Gracie Slick Handbook of Radical Dos & Don'ts, The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, The Mantovani Strain, and The Life and Times of Captain Bringdown.

APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: Good God, Professor, it's . . . it's . . . Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls Adventure Magazine, The Philosopher Detective, The Great American Cereal Box, and free Booblegum Cards.

MAY, 1971/THE FUTURE: Hop into our steam-powered Time Trolley and stumble backward into the World of Tomorrow. You'll be delighted that you won't live to see: the Zero Gravity Sex Manual (*The NASA Sutra)*, Time Warp Comics, the Special Pull-Out "If" Section, the 1906 *National Lampoon*, Attack of the 90-Foot Macrobes, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kicky lead-ins to stuff like *Natlamp*'s Inferno, Magic Made E-Z, The Prophet by Kahlil Gibrish, I Dreamed I Was There In Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millett Utopia Four Comix.

JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: Get it up, off, and out of your system with My Secret Life by David Eisenhower, The Breast Game, Dirty Dick & Jane, Filthy Sherlock Holmes, Are You a Homo? and Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?).

AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER: Have a bad trip without illegal substances with Defeat Comics, Welfare Monopoly, the Special Canadian Supplement, and *Right On!*, the flick Jane Fonda was making while you thought she was working for the revolution.

SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: Visit Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, meet high adventure with the Hardy Boys, laugh along with Children's Letters to the Gestapo, and test your wits with Commander Barkfeather's spicy rebuses.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: Have a few "brews," gross out some chicks, "moon" a townie, barf in the quad, and read the *Mad* parody, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, and 125th Street, the educational TV show that teaches ghetto kids their place.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: Step into Ghost Editor Michael O'Donoghue's gas chamber of horrors and meet The Phantom of the Rock Opera, The Mammal That Suckled Its Young, Dragula—Queen of Darkness, Dr. Jekyll's Surgical Supply Catalogue, and X-Rated Foto Funnies.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: Here's an issue you can stuff right up your stocking! And, mothers, for those "Naughties" on your list, it's cheaper than coal and more of a letdown! Read Blind-Date Comics, The Sweetest Story Ever Told, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, and much less. Batteries not included.

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED?: Find out with Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; Che Guevara's Bolivian Diaries; Buckminster Fuller's Repair Manual for the Entire Universe; and The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME: Go on the prowl with Ralph Nader, Public Eye; go on a Tour of the Big House with Angela Davis; go on the take with Dick Tracy; go to the Forbidden City with Chairman Fu-Manchu. Roll three consecutive doubles and go to jail.

To order these back issues, just check off the ones you want in the coupon below. Return the coupon to us with $1 in bill, check, or money order for each copy you'd like.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL372, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

Send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	No. of copies	Issue
______	JUNE, 1970	______	JUNE, 1971
______	AUGUST, 1970	______	JULY, 1971
______	SEPTEMBER, 1970	______	AUGUST, 1971
______	NOVEMBER, 1970	______	SEPTEMBER, 1971
______	DECEMBER, 1970	______	OCTOBER, 1971
______	JANUARY, 1971	______	NOVEMBER, 1971
______	FEBRUARY, 1971	______	DECEMBER, 1971
______	MARCH, 1971	______	JANUARY, 1972
______	APRIL, 1971	______	FEBRUARY, 1972
______	MAY, 1971	______	TOTAL

I enclose a total of $________ at $1 for each copy requested. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

My Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________ Zip________



Mona Gorilla



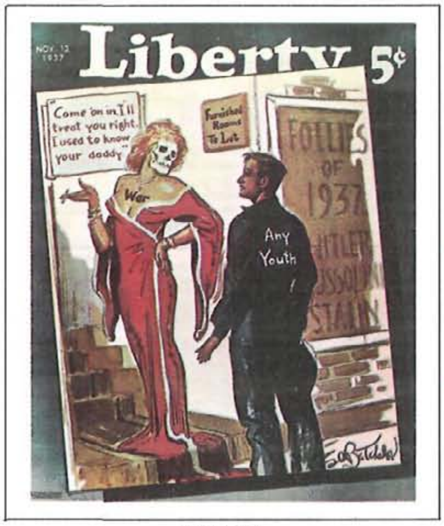
Calley Poster



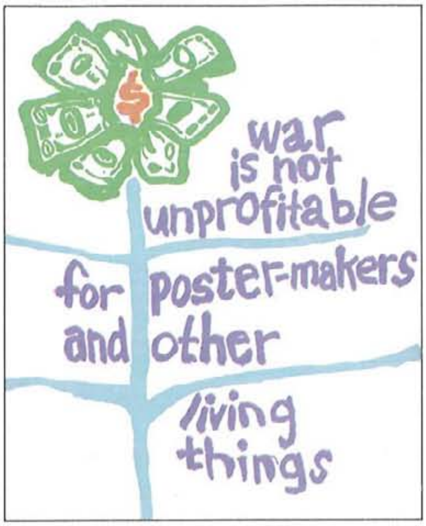
Is Nothing Sacred?



Pornography Poster



War Poster



War Is Not Unprofitable

SPECIAL BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

KAHLIL GIBRAN Author of "The Prophet"
Unbelievably priced at only **$1.00** *Each*



48. THE NATURE OF LOVE. By Andrew Dib Sherfan. The philosophy of Love of the immortal Gibran. An artful examination of his feelings & beliefs. *Pub. at $4.75*

49. THE BROKEN WINGS. Tender story of Gibran's love for Selma Karamy. *Pub. at $3.00*

50. A SELF-PORTRAIT. Ed. by Anthony R. Ferris. Intimate record of a restless, creative mind, as shown in his letters over the span 1904-1930. *Pub. at $3.00*

51. MIRRORS OF THE SOUL. Transl. & Ed. by Joseph Sheban. New collection of lyrical writings of the latter-day prophet of the Middle East. *Pub. at $2.75*

52. THE PROCESSION. Intimate portrait of the world famous author of "The Prophet." *Pub. at $2.75*

53. SPIRITS REBELLIOUS. Gibran expresses his innermost feeling on the spirit of rebellion against the oppression of man by man. *Pub. at $2.75*

87. Kahlil Gibran: SECRETS OF THE HEART. By "The Beloved Master," eleven moving stories in which reside his thoughts on, and cures for "the gaping wounds in the side of society." *Pub. at $3.75*

54. SPIRITUAL SAYINGS OF KAHLIL GIBRAN. These "sayings" reveal how ancient wisdom may be applied to modern problems. *Pub. at $2.75*

55. TEARS AND LAUGHTER. The very heart of the mystic East emerges in this selection of magnificent prose & poetry. *Pub. at $2.75*

56. THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS. Clearly conveys the spiritual message of Gibran the immortal. *Pub. at $3.00*

57. VOICE OF THE MASTER. Gibran airs his philosophical views on the "imponderables" — Of Marriage, Of Divinity, Of Man, Of Reason, Of Love. *Pub. at $3.00*

58. THE WISDOM OF GIBRAN. Ed. by Joseph Sheban. Brilliant compendium of Gibran aphorisms and maxims. *Pub. at $3.75*



28. THE CHECKERED FLAG. By Peter Helck. The only authentic history of road racing in America, from the first race in 1895 to 1916, when the last old Vanderbilt & Internations were run. Also covers 25 great European races with detailed tabulation. Text & hundreds of drawings by the author; fwds. by five noted racing personalities, more. 10¼" x 13½".
Pub. at $25.00 — *Sale* **$7.98**

8326. THE COLLECTED DRAWINGS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Appreciation by Arthur Symons. Ed. by B. Harris. 214 illus. The most unique, comprehensive collection ever published — full of Beardsley's beauty and decadance, sensuality and sin. Incl. all major works and many previously suppressed, complete catalog, informative text and a large section of wicked forgeries. 8½" x 11". Extraordinary value.
Only **$2.98**

14. THE AGE OF ROCK, 2. Ed. by Jonathan Eisen. The Rock music groups, generally & specifically, where they are & where they're going — the entire Scene: sex, drugs & licentiousness, from the contemporary into the beyond. 16 photos.
Pub. at $8.95 — *Sale* **$1.98**

25. GUIDE TO LOW-PRICED CLASSICAL RECORDS. By Herbert Russcol. Up-to-date guide dealing with records selling between $1.49 & $2.50 — over 3,000 records evaluated; over 300 composers covered, with a biography of each composer's life & works; over 1,000 compositions covered & described. 831 pages.
Pub. at $10.00 — *Sale* **$2.98**

26. TALES OF THE UNCANNY AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Algernon Blackwood. The most brilliant storyteller of mysticism presents his finest writing in this huge collection of hair-raising tales, many of which have become classics in the medium.
Special Import **$2.98**

27. GREAT LOVE STORIES OF ALL NATIONS. Ed. by Robert Lynd. Huge anthology of the world's most famous love stories in fact and fiction, 60 works gathered from the finest writings of Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Dickens, S. Maugham, de Maupassant, Dostoevsky, Homer, Virgil, many others. One of the richest & most riverse collections of love stories ever published. 1109 pages.
Special Import **$2.98**

K121. The French Picture Book of Sexual Love: L'AMOUR. France's magnificent pictorial portrayal of the varied positions of sexual love with 70 Full Color graceful action photos of an extraordinarily handsome couple specially posed in the nude by one of France's most imaginative photographers, Piero Rinaldi, with poetic text by Colin Wilson. For sale to adults over 21 only. *Only* **$9.95**



20. HOW TO MAKE HOME WINES AND BEERS. By Francis Pinnegar. Practical, step-by-step guide to making homemade wines & drinks at a fraction of retail cost — detailed instructions on equipment, fermentation & bottling, along with many photos & line illustrations of each stage.
Only **$2.98**

30. Bulfinch: MYTHOLOGY: The complete age of fable, chivalry and the legends of Charlemagne in one volume — all of the traditional tales of adventure and romance from the Trojan War to Robin Hood, from the classical through Medieval times; 679 pp; index.
Special Import **$2.98**

31. TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS AND MACABRE. By Algernon Blackwood. Companion volume to Blackwood's famous "Tales of the Uncanny and the Supernatural"—23 spine-chilling tales: WINGS OF HORUS, FIRST HATE, THE SACRIFICE, THE RETURN & 19 others in a subtle variety of moods.
Special Import **$2.98**

32. THE AGE OF EXPANSION: Europe & The World 1559-1660. Ed. by H. Trevor-Roper. Huge, deluxe volume exploring a vital era in the history of civilization; ten noted authorities provide a most up-to-date, brilliantly researched picture of a century in which Europe & the world were radically transformed. 604 illus., 185 FULL COLOR; 10½" x 14".
Pub. at $30.00 — *Sale* **$15.98**

33. THE BOOTLEGGERS: The Story of Prohibition. By Kenneth Allsop. New edition of this critically acclaimed study of Prohibition, with Chicago as the focal point during 13 years of decay in public morality & private standards — the *full*, detailed history of the Booze War. 19 photos.
Pub. at $7.95 — *Sale* **$1.98**

34. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF MODEL RAILROADING. By David Sutton. Complete guide to railroading lore filled with practical ideas & know-how; all phases of model railroading in detail, from layout design & track plans to scenery & mountain building & type of equipment to use. Over 600 photos; 8¾" x 11¼".
Pub. at $15.00 — *Sale* **$5.98**

S-4250. GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO. Re-live these good old days of The Shadow, Lone Ranger, Ma Perkins, Gang Busters, Fred Allen plus old-time commercials, historic news broadcasts, etc. Orig. broadcasts plus Jack Benny's narration.
Pub. at $9.96 2 Record Vols. Complete, Only **$3.96**

10. ADVENTURES INTO THE PSYCHIC. By Jess Stearn. Fully documented account of the occult field today, ranging from ESP, life & health readings & seances, to astrology, prophecy & telepathic crime detection — with psychic experiences of public figures, more.
Pub. at $4.95 — *Sale* **$1.98**

11. THE BIRDFEATHER ASTROLOGICAL SPACE BOOK. Tales of the Universe. By Barbara Birdfeather. New guide to understanding yourself through astrology, how self-discovery through astrology can work for you and change your life. Includes instructions on making your own personal astrological chart.
Pub. at $6.95 — *Sale* **$1.98**

12. THE FACE OF FOLK MUSIC. Text by Robt. Shelton; Photog. by David Gahr. The story of modern folk music, a huge encyclopedic work told in fascinating test & OVER 500 PHOTOS, covering the subject from its origin to today's pop offshoots. Evaluates hundreds of performers, with a photo of each one; 367 pages; 9¼" x 12¼".
Pub. at $14.95 — *Sale* **$6.98**

2. THE KAMA SUTRA OF VATSYAYANA: The Classic Hindu Treatise on Love & Social Conduct. Transl. by Sir Richard Burton. Long forbidden in the U.S., this enthralling classic is of great value to the student of the East and a delight to sophisticated readers.
Pub. at $5.00 — *Sale* **$1.00**

13. The Magic Religion: JESUS OF THE SPIRITS. By Pedro McGregor. Absorbing history, current trends and oustanding personalities of Spiritism, which today lists 10,000,000 followers. Sorcery, devils, exorcism, myths, initiation & incision ceremonies, fetish cults, & many other intriguing oddities fully described. With a rare glimpse at Palmelo, the only completely Spiritist city in existence.
Pub. at $5.95 — *Sale* **$1.98**

36. Nostalgia — THE UNIVERSAL SELF-INSTRUCTOR and Manual of General Reference. Facsimile of the classic 1883 edition. 6,400 unhurried articles comprise this informal cornucopia — reams of general reference on education, home & society, amusements — illus. with hundreds of drawings; maps, insignia, flags, arms, etc., (in color), & much more. 672 pp. 8¾" x 11".
Pub. at $22.50 — *Sale* **$6.98**

37. Larousse WORLD MYTHOLOGY. Ed. by Pierre Grimal. Superb illustrations & brilliant text by 23 noted authors who examine & analyze the form & function of myths from the rites of prehistoric man, through the system of Egyptian Gods, the ancient Near East, the Indian pantheon, & the gods & heroes of classical Greece & Rome. OVER 600 PHOTOS, 40 FULL COLOR; 545 pp; 8½" x 11¾".
Special Import **$9.98**



17. HOLLYWOOD AND THE GREAT FAN MAGAZINES. Ed. by Martin Levin. Unique memento of the movie magazines ofthe 1930's, a huge volume filled with photos, scoops, & inside stories — an authentic replication of Hollywood & its greats & near-greats of the past.
Pub. at $10.00 — *Sale* **$4.98**

WITH EMPHASIS ON THE UNUSUAL

Order Now! Save up to 400% over original published price!

1. THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE: Explicit & exciting sexual success manual, with exceptionally revealing text & over 196 un-retouched photographs — many in FULL COLOR. The world of human sexual experience, feeling, love, passion, ecstasy & much more. Every embrace, position, technique & act fully explained in words & pictures, a 21st century home study marriage manual presenting the means of giving & taking more pleasure than previously imaginable. 320 pp; 8½" x 11".
Pub. at $15.00 *Sale* $9.98



7. THE FILM TILL NOW: A Survey of World Cinema. By Paul Rotha, with a New Section by Richard Griffith. The bible of the film world, covering in detail American & Euopean film-making, from the early, unsophisticated films to the finest art & Hollywood productions of modern times. 175 photos, many rare & previously unpublished; 783 pages.
Special Import $4.98

18. THE ART OF MACRAME. By Joan Fisher. Practical & comprehensive guide to the craft of creative knotting, with text & many photographs & diagrams providing step-by-step directions regarding equipment, preparation, suggested projects, the various knots, color & design, hangings, & much more.
Special Import $3.98

21. ORGANIC GARDENING FOR HEALTH AND NUTRITION. By John & Helen Philbrick. Sound, step-by-step guide to raising nutritious, flavorful & healthful vegetables for the novice "backyard" gardener — covers every aspect from Planning (seeds, tools, soil analysis, crop rotation, etc.) to Harvesting, Cooking & Preserving.
Pub. at $3.95 *Sale* $1.00



K680. THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES. Compiled, annotated by Jules Feiffer. Reproduced in glorious color, the origins and early adventures of the classic super-heroes of the comics, including *Superman, Batman, Capt. Marvel, Capt. America, The Flash, Hawkman, Wonder Woman, The Spirit*, etc. 9¼" x 12¼".
Orig. Pub. at $9.95 New, compl. ed. Only $4.95

K643. THE HISTORY OF COMICS. By J. Steranko. Foreword by Frederico Fellini. The definitive history from *Krazy Kat* to the bloody pulps and *Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman* and all the other favorites in fully illus. oversize (10½" x 14") format with sparkling informative original text. Softbound.
Only $3.00

3. THE PERFUMED GARDEN of the Shaykh Nefzawi: The Arabian Manual of Love. Transl. by Sir Richard Burton. The world-famed 16th-century treatise of love techniques, physiology and sexual decorum.
Pub. at $5.00 *Sale* $1.00

4. HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF MAGIC. By Paul Christian. Brilliant survey of occult practices covering the secret lore of Egypt, Rome, India, Druidic Britain, Greece, & Persia — delves into the mysteries of the pyramids, sorcery, pacts with the Devil & werewolves. Fully illustrated with arcane diagrams & symbols; supplementary articles & notes.
Pub. at $10.00 *Sale* $4.98

16. NEW YORK. By Kate Simon; Photog. by Andreas Feininger. Fresh, exciting portrait of a fabulous city, New York in all of its moods & activities: The opera & the circus, the parks, museums, nightclubs, garment district, Greenwich Village, Park Avenue, Broadway, the airports, subways, etc. City life as it was and is, of places to see & things to do; 108 photos, 56 FULL COLOR; 9¼" x 12¼".
Pub. at $15.00 *Sale* $6.98

29. IMPERIAL TRAGEDY: Japan in World War II. By Thomas M. Coffey. The Japanese story of WW II, told within the framework of the first days and the last — the details of the days in December, 1941, & those terrible hours in August, 1945, as the Japanese lived them. 16 photos; 526 pp.
Pub. at $12.95 *Sale* $2.98

15. THE GREAT LOVERS. By Andrew Ewart. Candid accounts of the love affairs of world-famous notables, past and present: Napoleon, Dostoevsky, Wm. Randolph Hearst, G. B. Shaw, the Duke of Windsor, et al; 85 PHOTOS; many paintings and drawings. 399 pages.
Pub. at $7.95 *Sale* $2.98

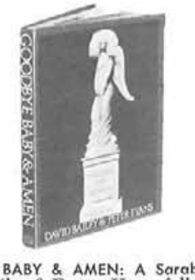
19. FONDUE COOKERY. By Alison Burt. New ideas for main courses, something special for dessert, suggestions for exciting suppers — this attractive, superbly illusrated book contains fondue recipes of all kinds: traditional Swiss, cheese, Boutgignonne, sauces, much more. 16 FULL COLOR photos; guide to equivalent weights and measures.
Special Import $2.49

23. A GAMUT OF GAMES. By Sid Sackson. By the country's leading game inventor, an exciting collection of 38 unique games, old & new, none available in any other book: two handed bridge, tic-tac-toe replacements, brain stretching pencil & paper & card games, inductive logic games, etc. line drawings; 7¼" x 10¼".
Pub. at $6.95 *Sale* $2.49

24. 1922 MONTGOMERY WARD CATALOGUE. Intros. by R. E. Brooker & Louis Sobol. Reprinted in its original form, Montgomery Ward's Golden Jubilee catalogue — a panoramic view of fashions, facts & fancies, fads & foolishness of the nostalgic 20's. Thousands of illus. showing everything that was a part of American life; 672 pp; 9½" x 13½".
Pub. at $12.95 *Sale* $4.98



S-4194. Segovia, Montoya, John Williams: MASTERS OF THE GUITAR, Classical, Flamenco, folk guitar treasury featuring Segovia, Montoya, Williams, Manitas De Plata, Alirio Diaz, Laurindo Almeida, other great performers. 75 compositions in all.
$35.00 Value *7 Record Set, Only* $9.95



8. GOODBYE BABY & AMEN: A Saraband for the Sixties. By Bailey & Evans. Huge, fully illustrated, swinging survey of the 60's, its characters, events & accomplishments, an era of miracles & vengeance, of intemperance, barbarism & bewildering twists, & talent too: how it all fermented, flourished & finally finished; over 170 photos; 11¼" x 14½".
Pub. at $15.00 *Sale* $4.98

833. SEXUAL SELF-STIMULATION. By R. E. L. Masters. Examines history and techniques of male and female masturbatory practices including physical aspects and the erotic fantasies employed. Filled with remarkable case histories.
Pub. at $7.50 *Only* $3.95



S-2694. Krips' COMPLETE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES. Now, arranged in sequence for automatic record changers, you can hear any symphony complete without turning a record over. These are the famous London Festival definitive recordings. 7 magnificent records plus handsome 2-color softbound Pictorial History of Composer's life. Originally released in different format at $40.00. Now only ¼ of the original price!
Stereo *Only* $9.95

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21st CENTURY BOOKS
Dept. NL372, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below.
MINIMUM ORDER $3.

On orders totalling $3 to $10 add 35¢ for shipping charges. On orders over $10 no charge for shipping. Add 35¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find $__________. Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Books.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 7%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	S4250	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32	33	34	K680
36	37	48	49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56	57	58	87
K121	K643	833	8326	S2694	S4194	

NAME __________
(please print)

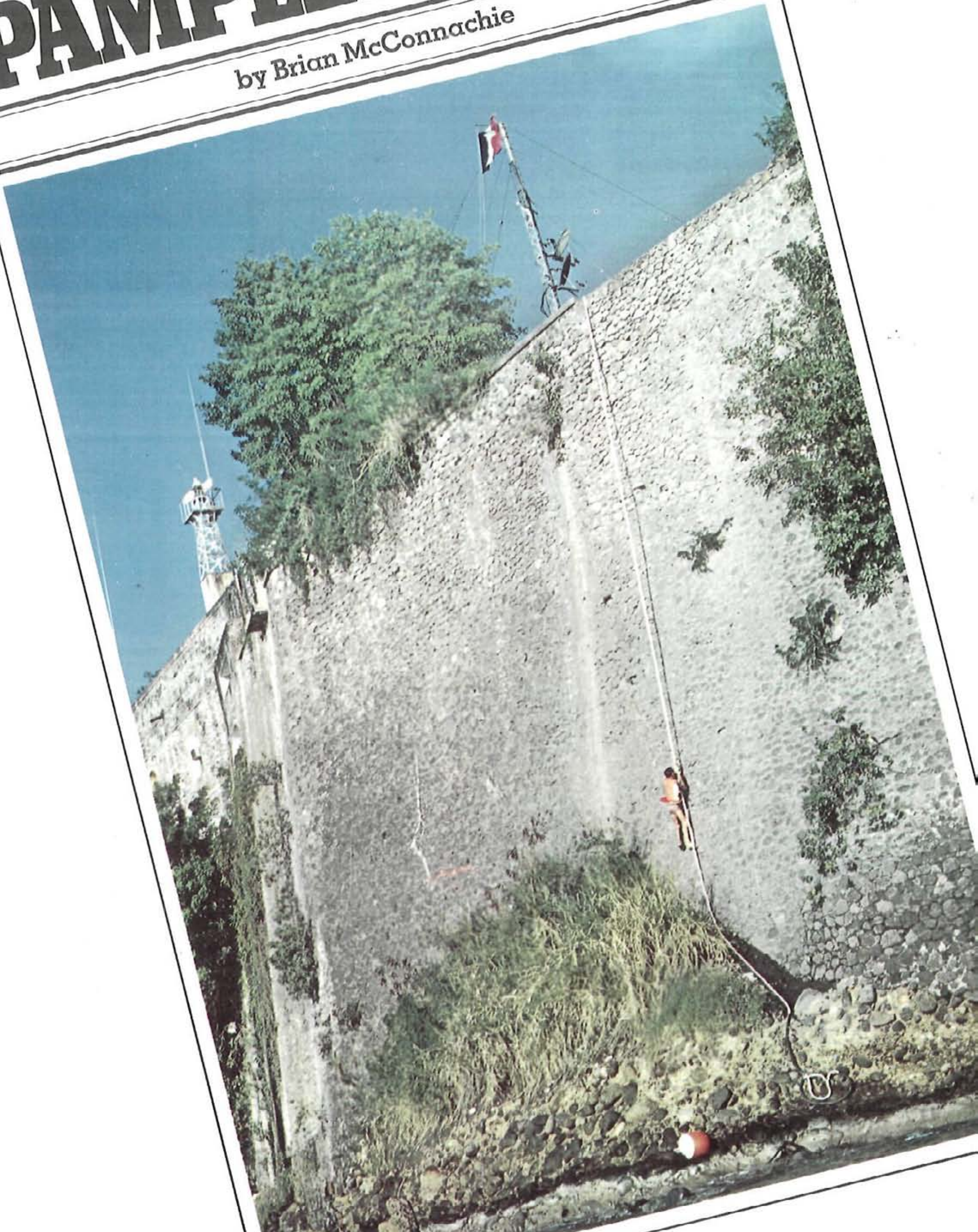
____
(address)

____
(city) (state) (zip)

~~||||~~ ~~||||~~ ~~||||~~ months on the best-seller list!

PAMPLEMOUSSE

by Brian McConnachie



photograph by Michel Choquette

An adventure so rife with daring-do and nip-and-tuck it makes folderol and brouhaha namby-pamby by comparison!

A BAD BATCH

I swore on the pen of the table of my aunt that I would be free again *and avenge the injustice that tried to* squeeze the young life from me as a child might squeeze the rich cream filling from a fresh éclair. My trial lawyer constantly reassured me, "There is no proof. You will be free. Justice will be done. No cause for worry. God will punish them if they hurt you. You will be safe."

I was falsely charged with the death of P—— . The truth is, no one was responsible for the death of P—— . He fell. First he fell from his hotel window. Five times. Then the oaf fell down the steps of Montmartre into Pigalle. From there he managed to drag his body into a cab and ride to the Left Bank, where he decided to stop for dinner at his favorite spot, the third level of the Eiffel Tower. But most unfortunately, during the appetizer, he lost his balance and fell to the pavement below. He was indeed a clumsy monsieur, though I never met the fellow—a fact that was attested to by my friends who attended the trial to shout the real truth into the record.

"*J'accuse*," yelled my counsel. "*J'accuse*, double and redouble *j'accuse*. I am accusing all that is disordered and toplofty. I am accusing all that is not this or not that. I am accusing the Truth of being a bundle of nerves too sensitive to the onslaught of contradiction. And, Monsieur Egalité, Fraternité and Liberté, I will prove beyond any doubt that my client not only did not eat the strawberries, he did not even *see* any strawberries. And further . . ."

In a chorus of help, my friends shouted, "No, no, Your Honor. No strawberries. Not that either. And he didn't kill Andre Devinent, too . . ."

". . . ORDER, ORDER . . ."

". . . and he wasn't responsible for the flowerpot murders of Loudun."

". . . and on the night in question, my client . . ."

". . . ORDER, ORDER, ORDER . . ."

". . . undergoing a simultaneous brain-tumor and appendix operation . . ."

". . . or that headstrong heiress from faraway Boston . . ."

"ORDER, ONCE AND FOR ALL, *ORDER!!! Now, where are we? Ah* yes. In light of the difficult and unfortunate relationship that evidently exists, I grant custody of Dorothy, their only issue, to her natural mother . . ."

The court erupted in cheers. "She gets to keep Dorothy. She gets to keep Dorothy . . ."

"Ah . . . Your Honor . . ."

"Quiet. And you, Monsieur Smugface in the defense booth, get life for being a little too clever for your shiny trousers. NEXT CASE."

In the state of shock, I was taken from the Dreyfus wing of the Hall of Justice down the stairs to the waiting van. It raced through the streets that I would walk no more. Once back at the Marie Antoinette holding center, I was led to my cell. An old guard, moved to pity by the severity of my sentence, offered me a bottle of Cognac and some Dutch chocolates. "Chin up, Pample. Things could be worse. You could've gotten life."

"I did."

"Pining away in a cell. No hope of ever seeing your loved ones again. This way. What? Oh. Well, you could've been born two hundred years ago . . . as a girl with cancer of the boombooms and dead at twenty-five."

That I am alive it is true. But I can be no sort of man if I be not free. And if not I escape free to be, what manner life worth its salt in frog's legs merits ferrets funt. Let me out!! Back and forth in my cell I paced. Onetwothreefourfive *bonk* "Ouch." Onetwothreefourfive *bonk* "Ouch." Lying on my cot at night, I would relive the trial and plot my revenge. I go number two in the bidet of French justice and its sister, French imprisonment.

The next day in the barbershop I saw Duval. He was serving a fifteen-year sentence for drawing pictures of prostitutes on a tablecloth. The prisoners were not permitted to converse. He reached into his pocket and took out a handful of escargots and handed them to me. I knew what I was to do.

The following morning after the guards had made their rounds, I placed the snails on my crotch. But they kept falling off. I finally taped them on. "Guard, guard. Crabs. Get me to the Victor Hugo Delousing Room. *I'm being eaten alive.*"

Duval was there waiting for me. We could talk. "So, Pample, they got you."

"Yes, but not for long. I will live again as a free man or be killed trying to die. No. I would rather be free than happy with . . . somebody . . . else . . . CHAINS DO I SPORT NOT FOR A CODPIECE OR CLAMPS MY SOCKS . . ."

"Listen, we don't have much time. Get all the money you can and hide it up your derrière. The guards won't look there, it's very un-French. The money will help finance an escape."

It was arranged. My mother arrived with 20,000 francs concealed in a crêpe suzette flambée. That much was easy. The unfortunate part was the small denomination of the bills. Squeezed together as tight as possible, they measured the circumference of a wine bottle. Sparing myself further unpleasant memories, permit me only to say I began walking stiff-legged on the balls of my feet.

Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten *bonk* "Ouch." Must keep up my strength. Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten *bonk* "Ouch." The door to my cell was opened and a priest entered. "For what crime are you here, my son?"

He surely had heard too many pleas of innocence, so I saw no reason to defend myself.

"I saw God's mother naked—in an apparition—twice. And let's see what else . . ."

"Are you sorry?"

Painfully pacing back and forth on my tiptoes, "I'll say. Listen, Father, I appreciate your coming but I know absolutely nothing of religion. Not one end of the church from the other, so save your prayers. But you can do me a favor if you would. Tell Duval to get transferred to Caen. From there the prison ship sails to Guiana. We must stick together."

"Okay, Pample. But for penance, recite two 'Our Fathers' and one 'Marseillaise.' "

It was done. We were to leave for the prison at Caen in one week.

continued

CAEN DO, CAEN YOU?

Our crowded van made an unscheduled stop to assist some stranded travelers. Laden with cameras and phrase books, they jabbered away about some "autobus berlitz kaput." We smiled and nodded yes. They made no sense.

We were herded off the van and raced across the courtyard to the director's office. We waited at attention and in silence. He entered. "There are only two doors out of here. One goes to the cemetery and one goes back over there someplace. Bend or you'll break. There will be no nonsense. Guards, knock some of these people out. I get nervous talking to so large a group."

"Oh, monsieur, avez-vous une chambre avec salle de bain?"

"WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHO THE HELL ARE THESE PEOPLE?"

"Où est la tour eiffel?"

"Knock those people unconscious. Knock EVERYBODY unconscious."

I shared my cell with a Mr. and Mrs. Rojack from Silver Springs, Maryland. They were pleasant if you like the crazy ones. They would always want to know if the tip was included or if I was their luggage. And there was usually something, like a stomachache, in the soup of their mother-in-law. I knew they weren't cons and shouldn't be in jail, but considering what little sense they made, they were better off here than out there. I showed them where they should put their money. And their camera. And their phrase book.

Christmas Day came. I had been there four months. The guards came around and gave us each a garlic crouton and a smash over the head. I had had it! "Merry Christmas, you BASTARDS. I wet in the aperitif of your youngest virgin sister."

The guards froze and looked at one another. "I don't have a younger virgin sister, do you?"

"Not me. I think Jules does. Hey Jules, there's a con filthy-talking your sister. Oooo, you're going to get it."

A guard came running toward me, screaming, "WHAT, WHAT? MY SISTER. WHAT ABOUT MY SISTER?"

"Ah . . . *où est la tour eiffel?"*

I woke up in a half a foot of water. They had thrown me into the blackest dungeon. My hands and feet were bound behind me and every muscle and bone cried. Judging from the routine behavior of the rats that took up residence in my pockets, I estimated I had been there at least two weeks. I could not hold out much longer. I was, how we say, holding a Delux ticket for the next Grim Reaper Special and would soon be growing grass hair.

Victor, the con in the next cell, told me the ship was leaving in three weeks and I had better make plans to be on it. The only space left was on D deck, but it would have to do. I called a guard to make an arrangement. Somewhat to my relief, he took 5,000 francs. I suggested he take more, but he said no.

The day came. Our dungeon doors were opened and I met Victor. He was a musician serving a thirty-five-year sentence for playing a drum solo at *l'Opera*. He knew his way around and told me to stick close to him.

We were led to the main yard and lined up. They made us strip and then dress from the little pile that was in front of each con: ankle socks and a black mask. Then from the director's office came an Italian film crew, and they told us to walk around and act natural. When they were done we dressed, lined up in a column of twos, and were marched to the ship. A group of schoolchildren was at the dock, and they chanted to us: "Go to the devil, oh beast and brute. / And corrupt not the souls of the little recruit." That was the last I saw of France.

Once aboard, Duval, Victor, and I raced below to get good bunks. Victor had made the trip before and told us to report sick once we landed. The infirmary is easier to escape from than the cells. Don't be sent to the islands. From there, no man has ever escaped. And few have had the strength to live to a natural death.

The Americans who fell into this adventure were getting very jumpy. Yelling and waving their arms about some cover charge and the Great Coca-Cola of the American Express. Americans are strange but they are generous and write good World War I songs. We patted them on the back and told them it was okay. Then we all sang "Over There." They smiled weakly and seemed to quiet down. They would be better off with us.

After twelve days the prison ship made its way up the Haricots River, and we disembarked at the penal colony. Those reporting sick collected to one side. Duval complained of water buildup and spotting. I drew pupils on two hard-boiled eggs and taped them over my eyes. I told them I was "feeling funny." Victor, taking no chances, plunged a knife into himself. We were all sent for observation.

The orderly, Ricard, was a friend from Paris. "How goes it, Pample? Chin up. I'll take care of you here. Let me know if you plan to break. I can help." The doctor came in wearing something around his neck that could only be described as a colon boa. "Now there's no reason to get upset. I . . . that's the worst hyperthyroid I've ever seen. I'm a different kind of doctor. I'm a Doctor of Romance Languages. But I know what I'm doing. And you there are getting an operation. Let's see if we can't remove some of your extra intestines and relieve that pressure on your eyes."

I decided we break that night.

Ricard agreed to get us a boat and hide it in the bushes by the bank. There were two Arabs guarding each ward, and there were two guards at the entrance to the building. At midnight we would jump our Arab guards, change clothes with them, go downstairs past the other Arab guards, and climb out the far bathroom window.

Since there were only two Arab robes to put on, Duval decided to go as a ghost. He cut two holes in his bed sheet and tried it on. It looked quite good. Then Victor argued that he wanted to go as a ghost. It wound up with all of us going as ghosts. We ran through the wards screaming, "Oooogglie Booogglie." Most of the patients just threw their bedpans at us and rolled over. But enough were honestly frightened to cause an effective diversion. We slipped past the unguarded entrance and made it to the wall. Once over, we headed for the river. Instead of one boat there were three small



paddle-boats. Two swans and a frog. Victor and I took the swans, and Duval the frog.

Throughout the night we paddled toward the mouth of the river. When the sun began to rise, we headed to the far shore. We got about four hundred yards . . . and landed in a leper colony. We pulled our boats onto the land and hid them in the tall grass. A group of lepers watching us shook with laughter, until they noticed a pile of *petites choses* building at their feet. They came over to us. "You must be the escaped cons. The guards have already been here looking for you. We will hide you. My name is Timmy. I'm the head leper. Besides being lepers, all of us here are also orphans."

"Oh, how sad." "That's terrible." "We're so sorry."

Timmy and his followers began to laugh. "I'm only kidding. We're not orphans."

We followed them to their village, where they patched Victor's knife wound. They told us of their problems with the mortgage payments. The bank in Paris had threatened to foreclose on their colony.

I offered them a comfortable amount.

They thanked us for our generosity by giving us food, arms, and . . .

"A bag of ladyfingers. Ha ha ha. I'm only kidding," said Timmy. And directions. We traveled along the beach by night and hid behind its tree line by day. In addition to the food, the lepers gave us seasoned coconut leaves. A mild spirit that produced strength and heightened our senses—a good defense for escaped cons.

"How long have we been walking? It seems about two years. Now I know why they call it South America," said Duval.

"Hahaohho WHAT hahahoho . . . ?"

Victor dropped his body flat and listened with his ear to the ground. "Two squads of soldiers . . . an armored car . . . sixteen Arabs . . . some bloodhounds . . . and a hunting pig . . ."

"You can tell all that by listening to the ground?"

"No, just ran over me."

"Yyyyaaaaahhhaaahhha that's a good one. I have one. There were two Belgium termites, and they——"

"Hold it where you are, monsieurs. We have you surrounded."

We roared with laughter. Though to this day, I can't understand why. As the guards closed in, Victor shouted for everyone to stop and look at the water: Carmen Miranda was rising from the sea pushing a shopping cart.

I broke and ran for the thick brush. Victor and Duval were laughing too hard to even stand up. I hid motionless for several hours. The guards finally gave up and took Victor and Duval away. The map I had showed a village of Indians two days away. They had a fearsome reputation, but perhaps they would befriend me. It was a chance I decided to take.

Who is the better voice of human relations: the politician or the pieman, the Pope or the plumber's helper? I was banished from a so-called civilized country, but it was among these savage Indians that I first saw the true meaning of civilization. Where life is a directionless vine-swing filled with laughter and feather hats. Running naked through the woods, screaming at the top of our lungs, we understood what it all means. And then the regrettable day of parting came. So as not to witness its sorrow, these wonderful people removed their loincloths and ran laughing into the woods.

As a gift, they left me jars of peanut butter and cling peaches.

Perhaps the security these people gave me dulled my sense of survival, for I was picked up by a police jeep two days later. "Where dee you get dat peeena butter, meester?"

"Indians gave it to me."

"Day don give no peeena butter to nobody, Frenchie, we goona put you in jail."

I was thrown into a cell with two good cons who proved helpful to me. Leo and Hans. They were some funny mecs. Hans was always saying silly things and Leo was always hitting him over the head with a hat. But they were willing to try a break. Hans wanted to dig a tunnel straight down. I waited for Leo to realize we were on the third floor. Then he hit him with the hat.

It was agreed we should dress up as a very tall person and step over the wall. We sewed our blankets together. I would be on the bottom, Hans on my shoulders, and Leo on top. From under Leo's arms flowed the enlarged blanket that concealed Hans and me.

Staggering under the weight, I made for the north wall as Leo whistled a song of his own composition.

"Hey you, stop. Who are you?"

"Me? You're talking to me?" I was about to collapse. I broke into a run towards the wall. Leo shouted back to the guard, "It's all right. I'm okay. Get dizzy sometimes. Go to cellblock 11. There's trouble. You'll be needed." I hit the wall at full speed. Leo went flying over, Hans cracked his skull, and I broke my nose. The top of the blanket was knotted in the barbed wire. Hans's limp body fell around my shoulders. I pulled myself up the blanket and onto the wall. I tossed Hans down to Leo, but his back was turned and Hans crashed onto the pavement. I tried to jump clear of him but missed. There was a black Dodge automobile parked across the street and the platinum blonde behind the wheel waved frantically for us to get in.

"Which one of you is Nick?" she asked. "He is," we both answered, pointing to one another.

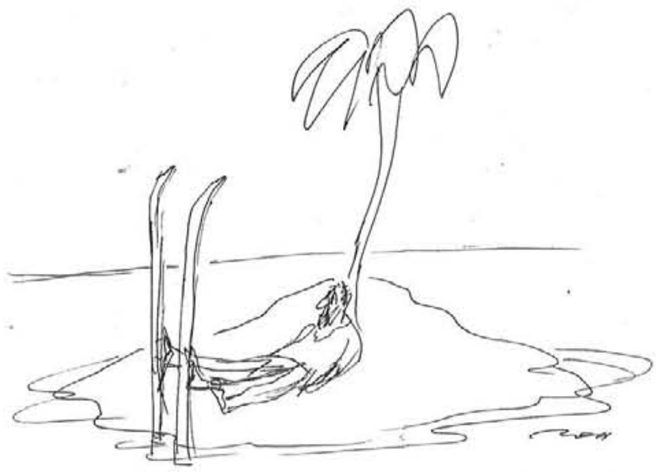
She raced through the streets, circled the town fountain twice, and headed out the west road. Once outside of town, we covered the car with shrubbery and waited one hour. Hans was still unconscious. We uncovered the car, and she raced into town, around the fountain twice, and pulled up in front of a large gray building.

"I gotta get directions," she told us.

Within seconds she was running from the building with a squad of police in chase. With Hans still unconscious, we decided to feign death. We let our tongues loll out, stiffened our bodies, and bulged out our eyes. "Okay you cons, get out of there." We had to hold out. I couldn't be caught again. I had gotten this far. I would not return to prison. My purpose in life is to be free.

"They look dead. Take their bodies and burn them."

continued



"Hey, where are we? I must have dozed off. Oh, the police, thank goodness you're here. Did you catch those kidnappers? It's sure good to be home again."

"So, Pamplemousse, we meet again. There is quite a reception for you that the French have planned. Tomorrow we ship you back to the colony.

EVERYBODY LOVES A LIFER

There were twenty-seven recaptured convict cases to be heard before mine. The hot, still air was thick with desperation. The cons coming out were being given heavy sentences. The lightest was three years in solitary to someone who had accidentally fallen out of a window. I would handle my own defense. If I was to remain alive, I would have to get a minimum punishment. No one could survive more than two years in solitary. I borrowed a pair of pince-nez and a handkerchief for wiping my mouth and hunched my back very Zolaesque. I entered the court.

"Is that you, Pamplemousse? Stop that. Pamplemousse, you are charged with escaping from prison, running around after lights-out, stealing bed sheets, ruining the warden's paddle boats, strolling about when you should have been in jail, being absent during an intestinal operation, consorting with known criminals, driving in a Dodge, and impersonating Emile Zola. How plead you?"

"How would you noble judges like to be in a best seller?"

"Sure." "You bet." "Swell." "You're on."

My sentence was reduced to only one year in solitary on Devil's Island. It would be tough, but good fortune was with me. Duval was on the island and had been made a trustee. I was given a cell with a view, a cooler, a copy of *Babar the Elephant*, and the works of André Gide. The time passed on. Eleven months to go. *Babar*'s tough to get into but it's worth it. Ten months. Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten *bonk* "Ouch." That Gide character should be locked up, not me. Eight months. I break wind and pass water all over the Cannes Film Festival. I will be free. Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten *bonk* "Ouch." Five months. *Babar*'s better the second time. Three months. Who was that Dorothy person? Stone walls do not a prison make. Fat, fat, the water rat. One. When I get back, I'm going to dig up P—— and throw the bastard off a roof. OUT.

I was led from the solitary block down the hill to the regular prison. My request to be put in with the meanest cons was granted. They would be the ones brave enough to try an escape. I walked down the dim hall to my new cell. The cons were playing cards. Their heads turned as I entered. "PAMPLE, how goes it? Chin up, things could be worse." It was Victor. The other cons were: Fauchette, a truffle poacher; Cizzaire, a pirate; and the Rojacks from Silver Springs, Maryland.

"Pample, with you here we will plan a break, no?"

"No, not yet. I must see the way things are."

"Fauchette here is quite a digger. He claims he can tunnel to the mainland."

"Good. How long will it take?"

"One hundred and thirty years. But it's a sure thing. No slipups. A clean break."

"Nothing doing. I have a tale of adventure such as few could even imagine, much less survive to write. And I don't have all day."

"Mrs. Rojack has indicated she'd give us many sons to carry on the work."

"No. We go by sea. But how. . . ."

The next day we strolled to the far end of the island where the guards' children were allowed to swim. And there was the answer. Casually we cartwheeled our way towards them. Ah, little mademoiselles and monsieurs, you have the makings of fine short adults. And not only that, you also have big sea toys for floating. What's this one, a poodle? And that one's a long loaf of bread. Oh, and look. One shaped like a soufflé. How wonderful your toys are.

"You are the one they call Pamplemousse. We, the little French children of Devil's Island, know of you and your remarkable exploits. Your one obsession for freedom, careless of the incredible odds against you——"

Another child interrupted. "Can I say it now? When can I say it?"

"Not till I'm through. Your straightforward loyalty, your command as a leader——"

"I'm going to say it now. Hi, Pample, chin up. Things could be worse."

"Yet throughout this magnificent adventure, the likes of which have not been recorded since Greek mythology, you have maintained yourself as a gentleman and have never once——"

"Ah, kids . . . we really have to be going. . . ."

"Shut up, Duval. I want to hear this. Go ahead, kid."

Snatching the inflated bread, Duval ran into the water. He splashed furiously through the breakers and, once beyond, stood up and waved to me. For a moment I froze. There was my freedom—but these wonderful children. . . . Grabbing the soufflé, I snapped out of it and ran to the sea. I centered myself on it and paddled towards Duval. As I looked back, I saw Victor's unsuccessful attempt to wrestle the poodle away.

JUST A LATIN FROM MONTBATTON

By sunset we were beyond the sight of land. When night came we froze. And by the day's sun we baked. One, two, three days without food or water . . . and not sure we were floating toward the mainland. Our skin had turned to a black crust.

To what God do I pray? The one who was born in the house of the donkeys and cows? The fat one who sits and smiles? Or the one with the white beard and the limp? Perhaps all. For, by a miracle, we were rescued and delivered to a safe port.

Many years have passed and I live now as a respected free man. Far from the injustice of the in-Seine. (Ha ha, I am so happy, I joke.) My life since has been, how shall I say, not undrunk from Fate's Adventure Cup? Indeed not. And fortunately, these newer adventures can be found in the cloth-covered magazine I edit: *Bondage Quarterly*. Perhaps a subscription would be just what the monsieur of the many medicines ordered, no? □



Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant

Mykonos— **14 Karamanlis Avenue, Nixos, Mykonos** *Pearl of the Aegean Sea*

"All prices in real money!"

According to an old Greek legend, the island of Mykonos is a piece of paradise that fell out of the sky and landed in the Aegean Sea. In fact, the word "Mykonos" in ancient Greek means "piece-of-paradise-that-fell-from-the-sky." According to the legend, the thunder that is heard during summer storms are the footsteps of Zeus as he searches for the missing corner of heaven. The story also holds that the goddess Hera discovered the island one day but took pity on the happy islanders and sent the clouds that often surround Mt. Karamos to hide their island from the prying eyes of Zeus. Even today, at the Festival of the Virgin of the Goats, native dancers costumed in traditional dress (bring your cameras!) perform colorful dances to rid the island of devils and burn olive leaves so that Zeus will be blinded by the smoke.

Another Greek legend tells of two lovers, Humerus and Fistula, who were killed by a wild merino as they met in a woodland tryst. As the tale goes, Aphrodite, the goddess of love, was so impressed by the depths of their feeling that she changed Humerus into an olive tree and Fistula into an almond vine, and this is why the olive trees in Mykonos are always entwined with almond vines. We're glad to report that the only wild merinos left on Mykonos are in the Karamanlis Zoo in Nixos (bring your cameras!).

According to a more recent legend, there is said to be a treasure of gold, silver, and jewels worth millions of dollars buried somewhere on the south coast of Mykonos by Barbary pirates, but so far no one has turned up a single penny of it. While we're on the subject, Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant honors all major credit cards!

Although a full-fledged paradise in every sense of the word, Mykonos is also very much a part of the twentieth century. From this peaceful island comes more than half of the world's lampblack, which is so important in the manufacture of shoe polish, asphalt, and blackboards. It also supplies most of the olives used in martinis. On the west end of the island is a U.S. naval weather station (sorry, no pictures allowed). Mykonos still looks much the way it did when Ulysses stopped here, but progress has brought many improvements. For example, there is now one telephone for every five inhabitants, the highest ratio in the southern Mediterranean!

The island of Mykonos is actually just the tippy-tip-top of an undersea mountain higher than Mt. Everest! The annual rainfall is 114 inches and the mean temperature is, would you believe, 81 degrees! Any way you look at it, it's a swell place to be. And when you get hungry, there's no better place to go than Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant. As the old Greek proverb says, "A man may live without love, for what is passion but pining?/ He may do without fame without any whining,/ But show me the man who can live without dining!"



Oedipus says: "Beachcomber Jerry's dishes will knock your eyes out!"

From Hephaestus' Oven

Halicanarsus Platter
A man-sized sirloin served still sizzling on a fresh, toasty-warm bun, with a mountain of golden French fries and individual tomato slice nestled on a bed of moist lettuce 3.50

Prometheus Platter
Tender, juicy slices of prime sirloin resting on crisp toast points and smothered in a delicate mushroom sauce. Choice of French fries or giant Idaho baked potato kept cozy in its own shiny foil wrap 3.25

Sophoclesburger Platter
Charcoal-broiled to your taste—½ lb. of prime chuck from Apollo's herds. Comes with French fries 2.50

Antigoneburger Platter
The same fine hamburger, but covered with a generous dollop of tangy cheddar cheese. Comes with French fries 2.75

Theseusburger Platter
Crispy strips of Grade A lean bacon lend a mouth-watering flavor. Comes with French fries 2.75

...and a favorite from the ship's galley...

The Ulysses
A toothsome, glowing, grilled-cheese sandwich, made with pasteurized American cheese and served with a treasure trove of crackling fresh potato chips 2.50

Taste-tempting Triple-Deckers... With a Native Touch

What should you eat on the beach? The sandwiches there!

The Helen of Troy
Slices of moist turkey, baked Virginia ham, tart Swiss cheese, creamy peanut butter, fresh chopped egg, and Russian dressing. Served with olives 2.25

The Agamemnon
Choice pieces of spicy corned beef, slices of prime roast beef, strips of crisp bacon, mingled with layers of fresh tuna-fish salad and cottage cheese. Served with olives 2.50

The Delphi
Slices of selected luncheon meats, American cheese, fresh tongue, and Virginia ham, with a generous helping of chicken salad and cream cheese. Served with olives 2.50

(Potato chips included. Served on delicious, chewy, white bread.)

From the Wine-Dark Sea ...they're fin-tastic...!

Socrate's Choice
Delicately cooked tender filet of sole, done to golden perfection and served with individual container of spicy tartar sauce, mountains of French fries, and a tossed green salad 3.50

Treasure-Hunter's Surprise
Fresh jumbo Florida shrimps, served piping hot in a rich butter sauce, with French fries and salad 3.75

Pick of the Isle
A lavish combination platter containing shrimps, deep sea scallops, and filet of sole. With French fries and salad 4.25

Shangri-La Paradise Specials ...heavenly dishes, fit for a king...

The Winged Victory of Samothrace
Golden pieces of Southern-fried, plump, Grade A chicken, served on top of a mountain of French fries. A finger-licking treat! 3.25

The Scow 'n' Cow
A prime charcoal-broiled junior sirloin served with a tender rock-lobster tail, with French fries and drawn butter. The best of both worlds! 5.75

From the Happy Peasant's Bowl

Peloponnesian Dream
Two all-beef frankfurters cooked to a delicate turn and served with a sea of piping hot Boston baked beans. With French fries or creamy whipped potatoes 2.25

Menelaus Delight
A rich hearty beef stew, thickened with choice garden vegetables and served in a casserole, with tossed green salad on the side 2.25

Hellenic Treat
Juicy slices of baked meat loaf, surrounded by mounds of steaming spaghetti with spicy tomato sauce 2.25

From the Elysian Fields ...perfect for gods and goddesses who are watching their weight!

The Macedonian
Our special health salad: Cottage cheese, Jell-O, fruit salad, and tomato slices, on a bed of lettuce. Served with melba toast 2.75

The Zorba
Mounds of diced luncheon meat, American cheese, avocados, cole slaw, tuna-fish salad, cream cheese, and pear portions, on a bed of lettuce. Served with Hellman's mayonnaise 3.25

The Lotus-Eater
A volcano of delights, including strips of turkey, bacon crumbs, nuggets of ham and tongue, swirls of Swiss cheese, assorted fruits and vegetables, and a huge scoop of cottage cheese 3.50

Beverages

Coffee	.15
Tea	.15
Milk	.15
Cocoa	.20
Coca-Cola	.15
Fanta	.15
Sanka	.20
Iced Tea or Coffee	.25
Chocolate Milk	.20

Desserts

Pound Cake	.40
Ice Cream	.40
Our Special Jell-O	.35
Fruit Salad	.40
Rice Pudding	.35
Ice Cold Melon	.35
Layer Cake	.45
Assorted Fruit Pies	.45
A la mode	.25 x-tra

Visit Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La restaurants in Tahiti and Bali. Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant in Capri opens fall, 1972.



A Leisure Property of Tonexo Industries, Inc.

Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant

Bali— 40 Jakarta Road, Singaradja, Bali *Pearl of the Indian Ocean*

"All prices in <u>real</u> money!"

According to an old native legend, the island of Bali is a piece of paradise that fell out of the sky and landed in the Indian Ocean. In fact, the word "Bali" in Indonesian means "piece-of-paradise-that-fell-from-the-sky." According to the legend, the thunder that is heard during tropical storms are the footsteps of Savitar as he searches for the missing corner of heaven. The story also holds that the goddess Siva discovered the island one day but took pity on the happy islanders and sent the clouds that often surround Mt. Gunung Agung to hide their island from the prying eyes of Savitar. Even today, at the Festival of the Gibbous Moon, native dancers costumed in traditional dress (bring your cameras!) perform colorful dances to rid the island of evil spirits and burn mango leaves so that Savitar will be blinded by the smoke.

Another Balinese legend tells of two lovers, Ramayang and Benung, who were killed by a wild tiger as they met in a forest tryst. As the tale goes, Ravinar, the goddess of love, was so impressed by the depths of their feeling that she changed Ramayang into a mango tree and Benung into a cashew vine, and this is why the mango trees in Bali are always entwined with cashew vines. We're glad to report that the only wild tigers left on Bali are in the Feneng Zoo in Singaradja (bring your cameras!).

According to a more recent legend, there is said to be a treasure of gold, silver, and



Buddha says: "Beachcomber Jerry's food is so good I've stopped being a vegetarian!"

From the Krishna's Broiler

Bramaputra Platter
A man-sized sirloin served still sizzling on a fresh, toasty-warm bun, with a mountain of golden French fries and individual tomato slice nestled on a bed of moist lettuce 3.50

Harirama Platter
Tender, juicy slices of prime sirloin resting on crisp toast points and smothered in a delicate mushroom sauce. Choice of French fries or giant Idaho baked potato kept cozy in its own shiny foil wrap 3.25

Buddhaburger Platter
Charcoal-broiled to your taste—½ lb. of prime chuck from the sacred cows. Comes with French fries 2.50

Nirvanaburger Platter
The same fine hamburger, but covered with a generous dollop of tangy cheddar cheese. Comes with French fries 2.75

Pranyanaburger Platter
Crispy strips of Grade A lean bacon lend a mouth-watering flavor. Comes with French fries 2.75

...and a favorite from the ship's galley...

The Ferdinand Magellan
A toothsome, glowing, grilled-cheese sandwich, made with pasteurized American cheese and served with a treasure trove of crackling fresh potato chips 2.50

Taste-tempting Triple-Deckers... With a Native Touch

What should you eat on the beach? The sandwiches there!

The Dalai Lama
Slices of moist turkey, baked Virginia ham, tart Swiss cheese, creamy peanut butter, fresh chopped egg, and Russian dressing. Served with a slice of mango 2.25

The Vishnu
Choice pieces of spicy corned beef, slices of prime roast beef, strips of crisp bacon, mingled with layers of fresh tuna-fish salad and cottage cheese. Served with a slice of mango 2.50

The Gurkha
Slices of selected luncheon meats, American cheese, fresh tongue, and Virginia ham, with a generous helping of chicken salad and cream cheese. Served with a slice of mango 2.50

(Potato chips included. Served on delicious, chewy, white bread.)

From Vedatta's Nets...they're fin-tastic...!

Siva's Choice
Delicately cooked tender filet of sole, done to golden perfection and served with individual container of spicy tartar sauce, mountains of French fries, and a tossed green salad 3.50

Pearl-Diver's Surprise
Fresh jumbo Florida shrimps, served piping hot in a rich butter sauce, with French fries and salad 3.75

Pick of the Archipelago
A lavish combination platter containing shrimps, deep sea scallops, and filet of sole. With French fries and salad 4.25

Shangri-La Paradise Specials ...heavenly dishes, fit for a king...

The Bird of Paradise
Golden pieces of Southern-fried, plump, Grade A chicken, served on top of a mountain of French fries. A finger-licking treat! 3.25

The Surf 'n' Turf
A prime charcoal-broiled junior sirloin served with a tender rock-lobster tail, with French fries and drawn butter. The best of both worlds! 5.75

From the Happy Villager's Bowl

Balinese Dream
Two all-beef frankfurters cooked to a delicate turn and served with a sea of piping hot Boston baked beans. With French fries or creamy whipped potatoes 2.25

Krakatoa Delight
A rich hearty beef stew, thickened with choice garden vegetables and served in a casserole, with tossed green salad on the side 2.25

Oriental Treat
Juicy slices of baked meat loaf, surrounded by mounds of steaming spaghetti with spicy tomato sauce 2.25

From the Enchanted Gardens ...perfect for gods and goddesses who are watching their weight!

The Tennayang
Our special health salad: Cottage cheese, Jell-O, fruit salad, and tomato slices, on a bed of lettuce. Served with melba toast 2.75

The Fan Dancer
Mounds of diced luncheon meat, American cheese, avocados, cole slaw, tuna-fish salad, cream cheese, and pear portions, on a bed of lettuce. Served with Hellman's mayonnaise 3.25

The Tuan
A volcano of delights, including strips of turkey, bacon crumbs, nuggets of ham and tongue, swirls of Swiss cheese, assorted fruits and vegetables, and a huge scoop of cottage cheese 3.50

Beverages

Coffee	.15
Tea	.15
Milk	.15
Cocoa	.20
Coca-Cola	.15
Fanta	.15
Sanka	.20
Iced Tea or Coffee	.25
Chocolate Milk	.20

Desserts

Pound Cake	.40
Ice Cream	.40
Our Special Jell-O	.35
Fruit Salad	.40
Rice Pudding	.35
Ice Cold Melon	.35
Layer Cake	.45
Assorted Fruit Pies	.45
A la mode	.25 x-tra

Visit Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La restaurants in Mykonos and Tahiti. Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant in Capri opens fall, 1972.

jewels worth millions of dollars buried somewhere on the east coast of Bali by Chinese pirates, but so far no one has turned up a single penny of it. While we're on the subject, Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant honors all major credit cards!

Although a full-fledged paradise in every sense of the word, Bali is also very much a part of the twentieth century. From this peaceful island comes more than half of the world's pumice, which is so important in the manufacture of emery wheels, tennis balls, and dental floss. It also supplies most of the mangoes used in chutney. On the north end of the island is a U.S. naval weather station (sorry, no pictures allowed). Bali still looks much the way it did when Ferdinand Magellan stopped here, but progress has brought many improvements. For example, there is now one toilet for every three inhabitants, the highest ratio in southern Asia!

The island of Bali is actually just the tippy-tip-top of an undersea mountain higher than Mt. Everest! The annual rainfall is 156 inches, and the mean temperature is, would you believe, 76 degrees! Any way you look at it, it's a swell place to be. And when you get hungry, there's no better place to go than Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant. As the old Balinese proverb says, "A man may live without love, for what is passion but pining?/ He may do without fame without any whining,/ But show me the man who can live without dining!"



A Leisure Property of Tenexo Industries, Inc.

Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant

Tahiti— **430 Quay d'Isle, Papeete, Tahiti** *Pearl of the Pacific Ocean*

"All prices in real money!"

According to an old Polynesian legend, the island of Tahiti is a piece of paradise that fell out of the sky and landed in the Pacific Ocean. In fact, the word "Tahiti" in Polynesian means "piece-of-paradise-that-fell-from-the-sky." According to the legend, the thunder that is heard during tropical storms are the footsteps of Tatakato as he searches for the missing corner of heaven. The story also holds that the goddess Malekula discovered the island one day but took pity on the happy islanders and sent the clouds that often surround Mt. Fakaofo to hide their island from the prying eyes of Tatakato. Even today, at the Festival of the Large Stones, native dancers costumed in traditional dress (bring your cameras!) perform colorful dances to rid the island of unfriendly ghosts and burn breadfruit leaves so that Tatakato will be blinded by the smoke.

Another Polynesian legend tells of two lovers, Nukefetau and Raivavae, who were killed by a wild hog as they met in a forest tryst. As the tale goes, Eromanga, the goddess of love, was so impressed by the depths of their feeling that she changed Nukefetau into a breadfruit tree and Raivavae into a macadamia vine, and this is why the breadfruit trees in Tahiti are always entwined with macadamia vines. We're glad to report that the only wild hogs left in Tahiti are in the Jardin Zoologique in Papeete (bring your cameras!).

According to a more recent legend, there is said to be a treasure of gold, silver, and jewels worth millions of dollars buried somewhere on the north coast of Tahiti by Bluebeard, but so far no one has turned up a single penny of it. While we're on the subject, Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant honors all major credit cards!

Although a full-fledged paradise in every sense of the word, Tahiti is also very much a part of the twentieth century. From this peaceful island comes more than half of the world's bauxite, which is so important in the manufacture of soft-drink cans, paper clips, and tinfoil. It also supplies most of the breadfruit used in Hawiian Punch. On the north end of the island is a U.S. naval weather station (sorry, no pictures allowed). Tahiti still looks much the way it did when Captain Cook stopped here, but progress has brought many improvements. For example, there is now one spoon for every inhabitant, the highest ratio in western Polynesia!

The island of Tahiti is actually just the tippy-tip-top of an undersea mountain higher than Mt. Everest! The annual rainfall is 143 inches and the mean temperature is, would you believe, 79 degrees! Any way you look at it, it's a swell place to be. And when you get hungry, there's no better place to go than Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant. As the old Polynesian proverb says, "A man may live without love, for what is passion but pining?/ He may do without fame without any whining./ But show me the man who can live without dining!"



Charlie the Cannibal says: "I'd rather have a meal at Beachcomber Jerry's than eat a missionary!"

From the Volcano God's Lava-Pit

Rarotonga Platter
A man-sized sirloin served still sizzling on a fresh, toasty-warm bun, with a mountain of golden French fries and individual tomato slice nestled on a bed of moist lettuce 3.50

Rurutu Platter
Tender, juicy slices of prime sirloin resting on crisp toast points and smothered in a delicate mushroom sauce. Choice of French fries or giant Idaho baked potato kept cozy in its own shiny foil wrap 3.25

Manaburger Platter
Charcoal-broiled to your taste—½ lb. of prime chuck from the fabled Bonga beef. Comes with French fries .. 2.50

Naruaburger Platter
The same fine hamburger, but covered with a generous dollop of tangy cheddar cheese. Comes with French fries 2.75

Tutoaburger Platter
Crispy strips of Grade A lean bacon lend a mouth-watering flavor. Comes with French fries 2.75

...and a favorite from the ship's galley...

The Captain Cook
A toothsome, glowing, grilled-cheese sandwich, made with pasteurized American cheese and served with a treasure trove of crackling fresh potato chips 2.50

Taste-tempting Triple-Deckers... With a Native Touch

What should you eat on the beach? The sandwiches there!

The Tongareva
Slices of moist turkey, baked Virginia ham, tart Swiss cheese, creamy peanut butter, fresh chopped egg, and Russian dressing. Served with a slice of breadfruit 2.25

The Funafuti
Choice pieces of spicy corned beef, slices of prime roast beef, strips of crisp bacon, mingled with layers of fresh tuna-fish salad and cottage cheese. Served with a slice of breadfruit 2.50

The Nuku Hiva
Slices of selected luncheon meats, American cheese, fresh tongue, and Virginia ham, with a generous helping of chicken salad and cream cheese. Served with a slice of breadfruit 2.50

(Potato chips included. Served on delicious, chewy, white bread.)

From the Outrigger...they're fin-tastic...!

Tatakato's Choice
Delicately cooked tender filet of sole, done to golden perfection and served with individual container of spicy tartar sauce, mountains of French fries, and a tossed green salad 3.50

Spear-Fisher's Surprise
Fresh jumbo Florida shrimps, served piping hot in a rich butter sauce, with French fries and salad 3.75

Pick of the Atoll
A lavish combination platter containing shrimps, deep sea scallops, and filet of sole. With French fries and salad 4.25

Shangri-La Paradise Specials ...heavenly dishes, fit for a king...

The Gift of the Feather God
Golden pieces of Southern-fried, plump, Grade A chicken, served on top of a mountain of French fries. A finger-licking treat! 3.25

The Beef 'n' Reef
A prime charcoal-broiled junior sirloin served with a tender rock-lobster tail, with French fries and drawn butter. The best of both worlds! 5.75

From the Happy Native's Bowl

Tahitian Dream
Two all-beef frankfurters cooked to a delicate turn and served with a sea of piping hot Boston baked beans. With French fries or creamy whipped potatoes 2.25

Makemo Delight
A rich hearty beef stew, thickened with choice garden vegetables and served in a casserole, with tossed green salad on the side 2.25

Tropical Treat
Juicy slices of baked meat loaf, surrounded by mounds of steaming spaghetti with spicy tomato sauce 2.25

From the Sacred Rain Forest ...perfect for gods and goddesses who are watching their weight!

The Torarua
Our special health salad: Cottage cheese, Jell-O, fruit salad, and tomato slices, on a bed of lettuce. Served with melba toast 2.75

The Hula
Mounds of diced luncheon meat, American cheese, avocados, cole slaw, tuna-fish salad, cream cheese, and pear portions, on a bed of lettuce. Served with Hellman's mayonnaise 3.25

The Moorea
A volcano of delights, including strips of turkey, bacon crumbs, nuggets of ham and tongue, swirls of Swiss cheese, assorted fruits and vegetables, and a huge scoop of cottage cheese 3.50

Beverages

Coffee	.15
Tea	.15
Milk	.15
Cocoa	.20
Coca-Cola	.15
Fanta	.15
Sanka	.20
Iced Tea or Coffee	.25
Chocolate Milk	.20

Desserts

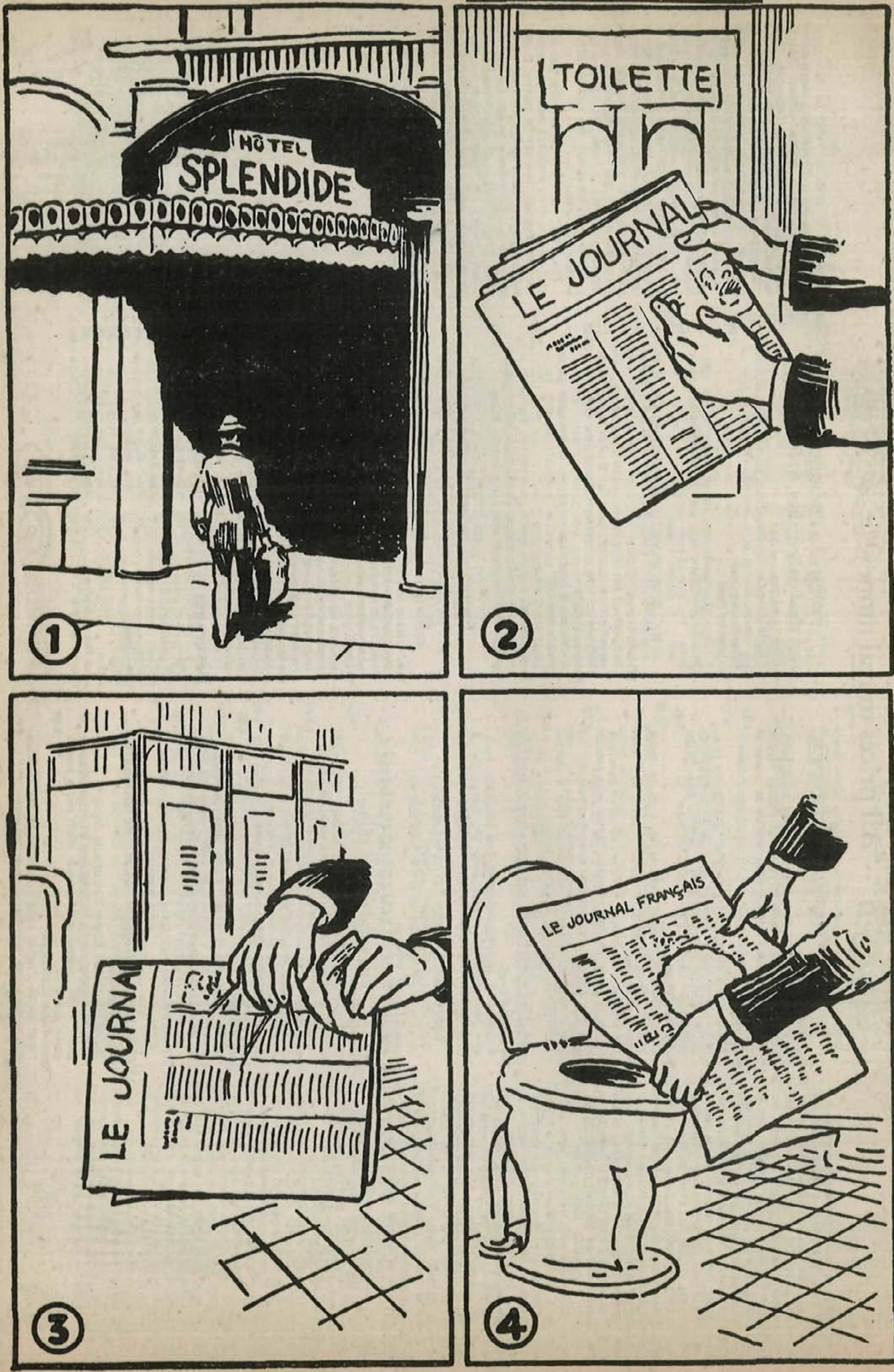
Pound Cake	.40
Ice Cream	.40
Our Special Jell-O	.35
Fruit Salad	.40
Rice Pudding	.35
Ice Cold Melon	.35
Layer Cake	.45
Assorted Fruit Pies	.45
A la mode	.25 x-tra

Visit Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La restaurants in Mykonos and Bali. Beachcomber Jerry's Down-Home Shangri-La Restaurant in Capri opens fall, 1972.



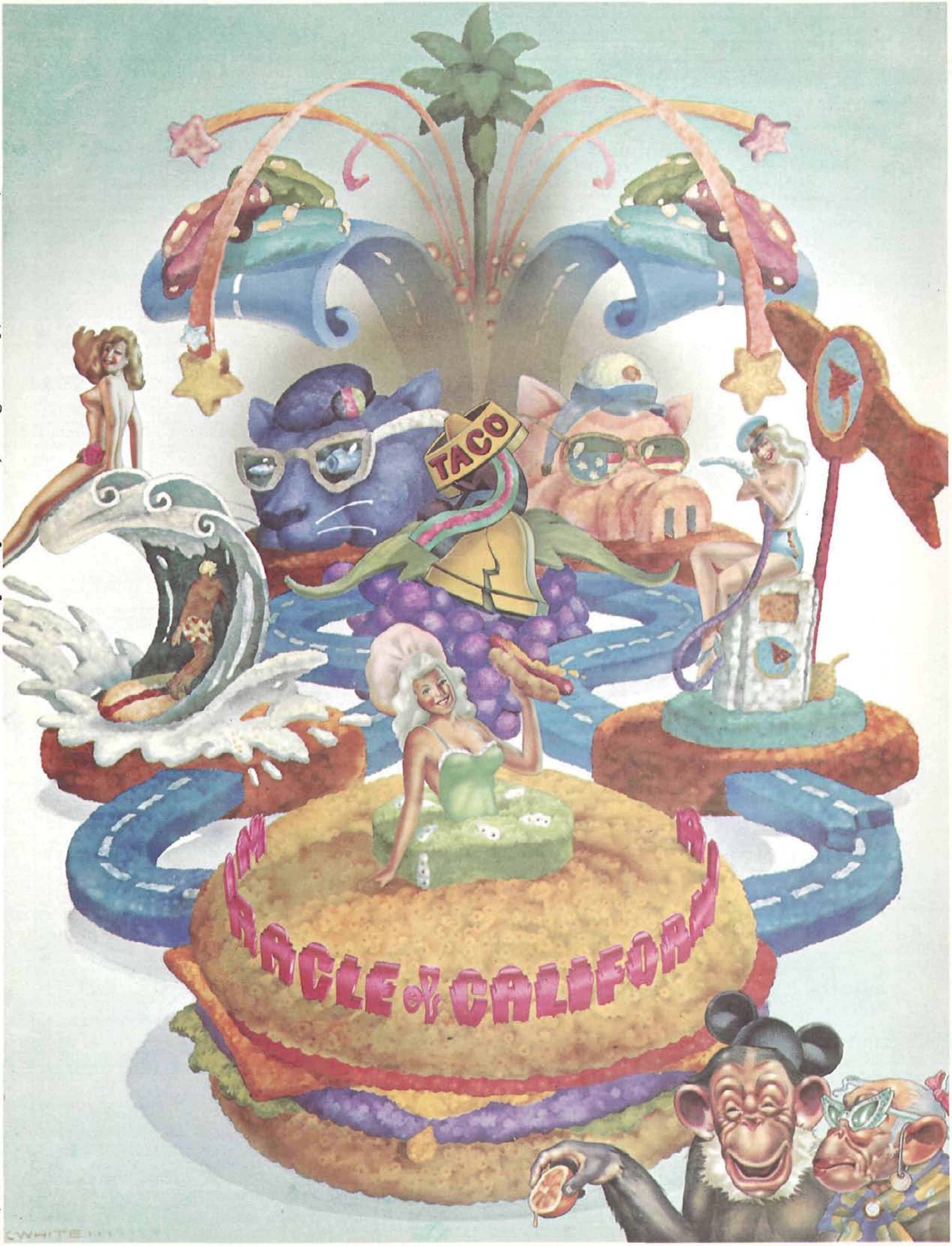
A Leisure Property of Tenexo Industries, Inc.

PUBLIC SERVICE FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON



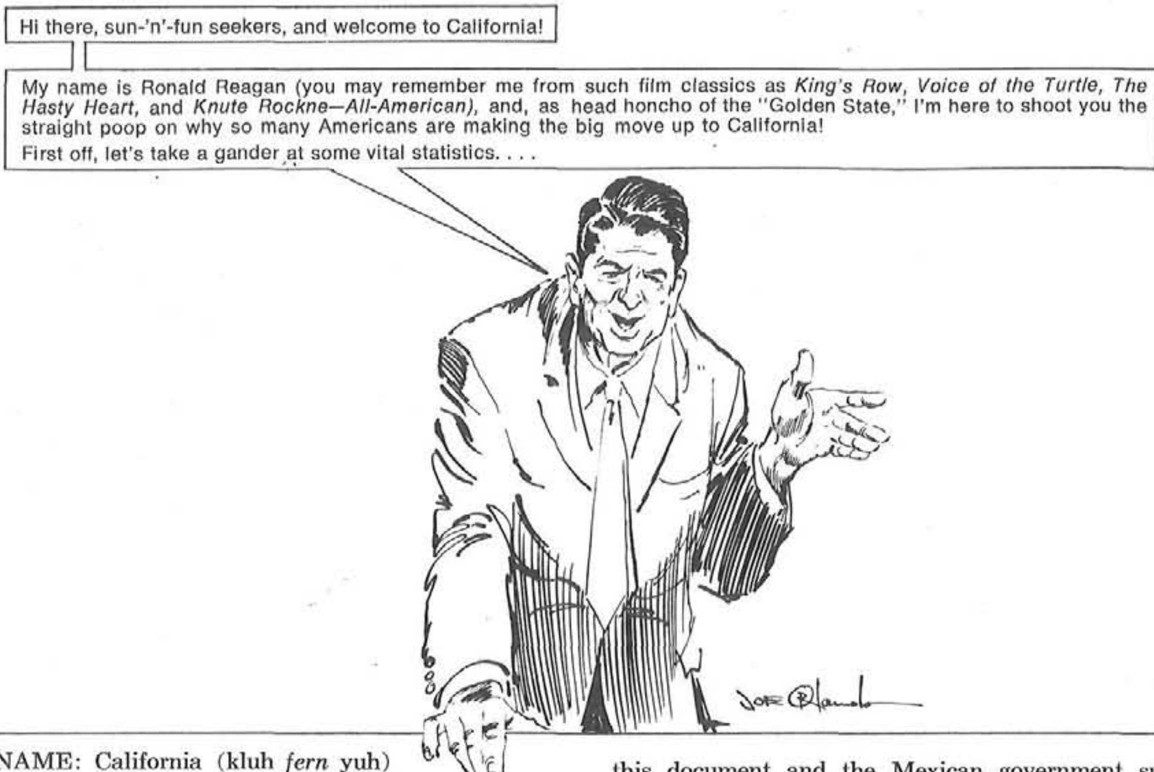
WHEN ABROAD: SAFETY FIRST

by Tony Hendra, Doug Kenney, Michael Elias, and Robert Garland



Float by Charles White III

Going West, young folks? Turn the page and save yourself the trouble. . . .



NAME: California (kluh *fern* yuh)

OFFICIAL STATE MOTTO: *Eureka*! (literally, "Change your shirt!")

UNOFFICIAL STATE MOTTO: Give them an inch, and they will surely take a mile.

STATE FLAG: A bear baiting a red star

STATE BIRD: California Valley quail

STATE FLOWER: Avocado

STATE SONG: "Give Them an Inch, and They'll Surely Take a Mile, Boys"

STATE FRUIT: Richard Nixon

1970 POPULATION: 19,696,840

WHITE: 89.9%

NONWHITE: 10.1%

POOR: 8.5%

PRISON INMATES: 1.6%

SECTORS OF THE ECONOMY: Manufacturing, 28%; wholesale and retail, 31%; aerospace, 14%; topless, 4%; Scientology, 8%; car wash, 7%; gas-station attendants, 16%; police, 22%; bottomless, 9%; Taco-Bell, 19%.

HISTORY: California was discovered in 1542 by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese in Spanish employ, while looking for the legendary Medaglia d'Oro ("City of Gold"), and a place to take a leak. Finding the latter and thus symbolically claiming it for Spain, this new land was found by Sir Francis Drake in 1579, who symbolically counterclaimed it by pissing on an Indian. California was next infested in 1812 by Russian fur trappers, who greeted the Indian's grandson and symbolically made him into a hat and then, with the Declaration of Apathy, ceded the entire region to Mexico in return for carfare back to Moscow. In 1848 the American government discovered a loophole in this document and the Mexican government subsequently discovered bullet holes in eleven thousand of its citizens. This remarkable coincidence contributed greatly to California's acquisition by the United States, who pensioned the hat's descendants with a lucrative cigar-store-advertising franchise in the Mojave desert. A year later the cry of "Eureka!" ("Change your shirt!") was heard at John A. Sutter's sawmill and signaled a migration of gold-hungry settlers and laundry-hungry Chinese. At this time both claim-jumping and Chink-jumping were invented. Many surplus Chinese were employed by the transcontinental railroad project, but much friction resulted and they were soon phased out and replaced by more durable iron rails. The year 1906 wrought havoc upon Californians in the form of the San Francisco earthquake, although Clark Gable received unreserved critical acclaim for his performance as a collapsing post-office. In this century California has led the country in the export of fruits, vegetables, sheep, and lug nuts and has characteristically pioneered in the field of civil rights throughout the years, with such forward-looking legislation as the 1882 Chinese Exclusion Act, the 1913 Alien Land Act, and the mass imprisonment of over 200,000 Japanese-Americans in the Alien Internment Act of 1942.

MOTOR VEHICLES: 19,696,840

MOTOR VEHICLE DEATHS: 26.4 per 100

DOGS & CATS: 50,000,000

INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER EDUCATION: 27

COLLEGES & UNIVERSITIES: 240

ART MUSEUMS:

OLDEST LIVING THING: Inyo National Forest bristlecone pine; Pat Frawley

BEST DANCER: George Murphy

KLASS KLOWN: Katherine Koleman

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED: San Andreas Fault


KEY
NATIONAL FOREST PRESERVE
PEOPLE'S PARK
INDIAN RESERVATION
EX INDIAN RESERVATION
WINE INDUSTRY
COON HUNTING
PIG HUNTING
GOOD EATING
FLYING SAUCERS
RELIGIOUS FANATICS
MILITARY BASES
WOPS
BEACHES
RICH HIPPIES
PRISONS
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT SANTA CRUZ
ZODIAC KILLER VICTIMS
CALIFORNIA
CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC
DONNER PASS
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE
MARIN COUNTY
BERKELEY
FOOD STAMP
SACRAMENTO
FRISCO
OAKLAND
TONY BENNETT
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK
McDonald's
HOWARD JOHNSON'S
A+W ROOT BEER
COLONEL SAUNDERS
Taco Bell
THE BARN
BIG SUR
MR. MILLER!
FRESNO
DISNEYLAND
SAN SIMEON
ROSEBUD
SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY
CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME
BAKERSFIELD
MOJAVE DESERT
HOLLYWOOD
VINE
OINK!
WESTWOOD-BRENTWOOD BEVERLY HILLS
LOS ANGELES
PALM SPRINGS
EAST L.A.
MADE IN JAPAN
SANTA CATALINA ISLAND
ORANGE COUNTY
POWAH!
MT. PALOMAR
SAN CLEMENTE
SAN DIEGO
SAN DIEGO ZOO
1972 REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION
TIJUANA
FIESTA DEL FEDERALES
GRINGOS' FREE HAIRCUTS

Sure Californians Are Vegetables, But a Northern Californian Is a Hip Vegetable!

Northern California: "Land of the Midnight Yawn"

First off, don't be taken in by the old saw that Northern and Southern Californians hate each other like cancer of the colon or big words! Of course, some Southern Californians get a little sore that their neighbors to the north control all the banks and capital, but everything balances out in the end because Northern California is the dumping ground for L.A.'s hippies! And this famous jest proves that north-south animosity is all in good fun:

Q. How many Californians would you need to start a civil war?

A. Two. A Southern Californian to pull the trigger, and a Northern Californian to teach him how.

Leave Your Heart (And Your Wallet) In San Francisco!

San Francisco, or "Frisco," as the residents prefer to call it, has passed far beyond "Consciousness III" level and attained a consciousness level dubbed "Pier One," named after a chain of stores through which Friscanos can decorate their "pads" with goods imported exclusively from liberated Third-World nations such as Mexico, Taiwan, and Puerto Rico. Reflecting the sophistication of the East Coast, Frisco (or "The Bronx of the West") is a city of "firsts," being the proud home of:

1. The California Golden Seals—the world's worst hockey team! Without their get-the-puck-outta-here ineptitude, California could not boast of having a team in last place in every national hockey league!

2. The nation's worst French restaurants!

3. The "San Francisco sound"! A pathetic conglomeration of bands so lame they could not have found gigs anyplace else but in a crowded ghetto of bored freaks. Fricassees are rocked to sleep by such as the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, and the founders of spic-rock, Santana. And, if you get the chance, don't forget to drop by the shrine with Jerry Garcia's finger embalmed in a jar of Ripple.

4. Mayor Joseph Alioto! What other city can boast a mayor running for reelection on his federal indictment for jury tampering?

5. Picturesque Chinatown! . . . where its inhabitants recently proved that Chinks don't like bussing any more than real people do!

Berkeley—"The Cornell of the West"

What better way to capture the Bohemian, free 'n' easy atmosphere of Northern California than to visit the University of California at Berkeley and take a pleasant stroll down colorful, exotic Telegraph Avenue? Affectionately nicknamed "The Street of the Seven Snoopy Posters," Telegraph Avenue is a constantly changing tapestry of typical Northern California life-styles.

Things to Do in Berkeley:

Listen to the "Dead" at Provo Park
Throw a frisbee
Do James Taylor imitations in Sproul Plaza
Get ripped off by the cardplayers on Telegraph Ave.
Punch a Hare Krishna freak
Lunch at Top Dog ("New York Dog" 10 cents extra)
Rush to Moe's Bookstore for a copy of *New York on $5 a Day*
Split to the coast





WELCOME TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
... THE AMERICAN DREAM COME TRUE!

Southern California *is* Los Angeles—*Pueblo de Nuestra Senora Regina de Los Angeles de Porciunucula* (literally, "Village of Our Lady Queen of the Angles of the Little Pig") or, as it's often known, "The City of the Angles," or "The Little Pig," or simply, "Pig City."

Who are Angelenos? Originally, L.A. was populated by criminals from the South and Midwest, the most celebrated survivor of this generation being the mayor of Los Angeles, Sam Yorty (or, as he is more often affectionately known, "that asshole Yorty").

Architecture

L.A. is justly famed the world over for its sumptuous architectural treasures, many of which date back as far as August. These include the Watts Towers, Cal Worthington, the San Diego/Santa Monica Freeway Interchange, and Johnnie's Fat Boy Burger. The central achievement of L.A. architecture is, however, the beautiful California Tract Home.



The culmination of the miracle that is Southern California and the expression of its deepest cultural aspirations, the sturdy tract home often stands on its own land. There are believed to be only 27,000,000 examples of this form of architecture left in existence. To preserve it for posterity, Sir Angus MacHacklelaird of Strathmore and Ballycuddy recently dismantled a house in Santa Ana and had each numbered piece shipped back to Scotland to be assembled on his Aberdeen estate!

Proposed Monument to California War Dead. Los Angeles Municipal Cultural Adviser, Ronald McDonald, sees this monument echoing the theme "We are all meat."

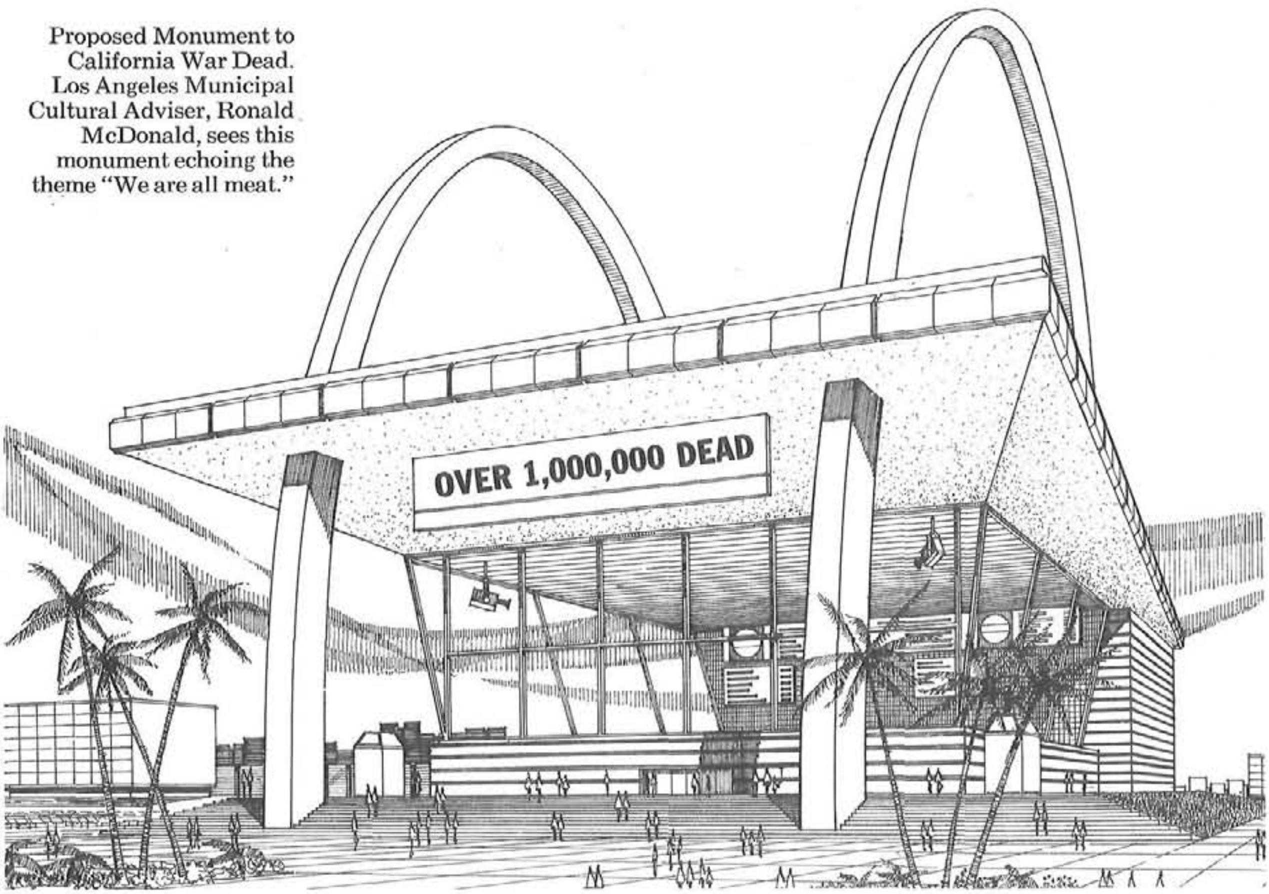
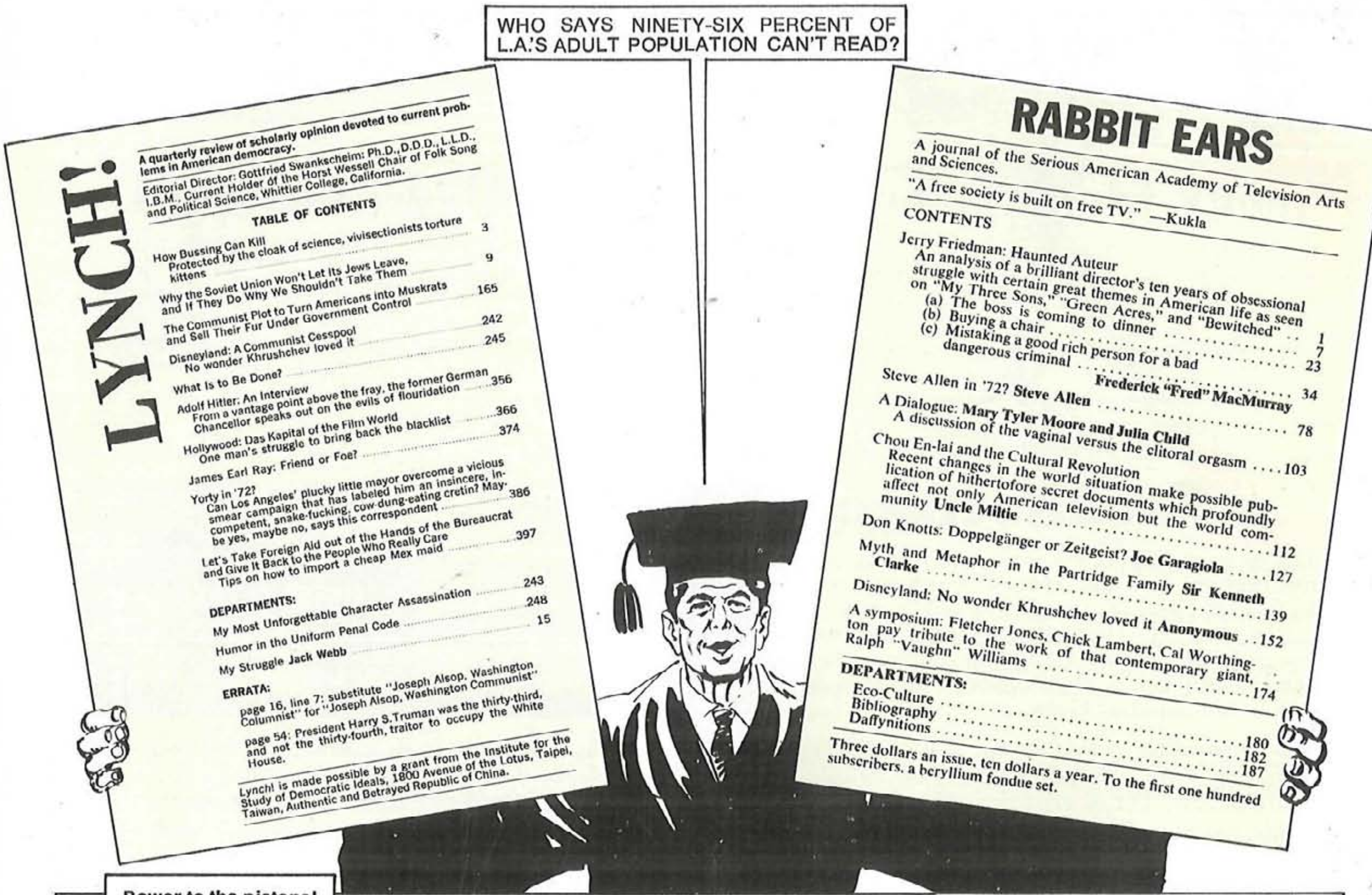


illustration by Harry Fischman and Jeffrey Prescott



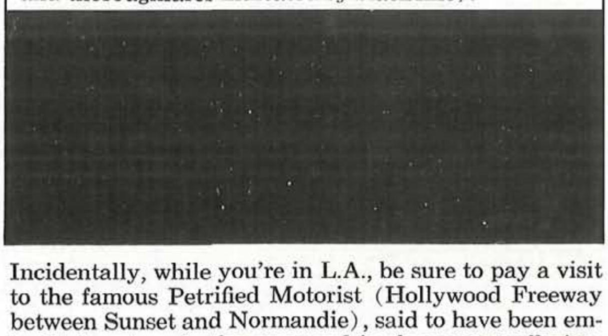


In California we just don't think of you! We think of your car, too! There's no discrimination between man and machine as there is in other, less-enlightened cities with their annoying "parks" and dingbat "vegetation." Not in L.A. No sirree bob. Two thirds of all usable acreage and three out of five Angelenos are devoted to making the city a happier place for your buggy. Here it can come and go as it pleases, unhampered by awkward trees, homes, and so-called "life." Freeways are routinely kept clean of dangerous oil and blood. Your favorite auto can even go pedestrian-hunting if it likes,* drop by its favorite church for a quiet moment of meditation, or canvass the neighborhood, drumming up support for equal citizenship and the vote for all autos with more than ten thousand miles on the speedometer.



Cars at play on the San Berdoo.

The highways and byways of L.A. (major arteries and thoroughfares indicated by black line).



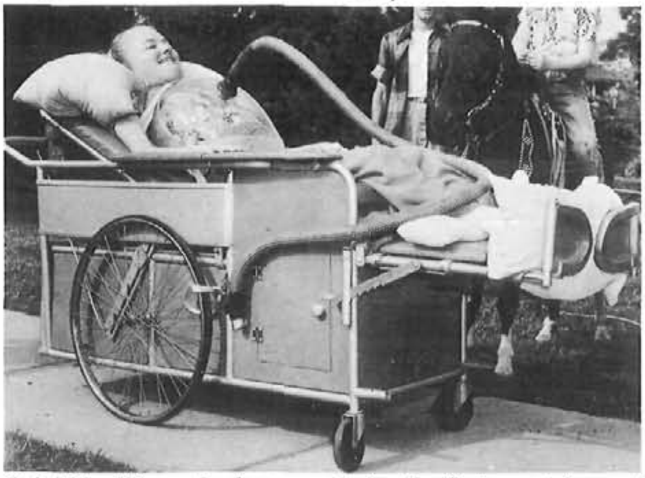
Incidentally, while you're in L.A., be sure to pay a visit to the famous Petrified Motorist (Hollywood Freeway between Sunset and Normandie), said to have been embedded and perfectly preserved in the same traffic jam since time and California's freeways (whichever came first) began.

*Open season all year round. Division of Highways Grand Prize still in effect for the car that catches the fabled and elusive Ray Bradbury.

Where Are the Smogs of Yesteryear?

One criticism that is always leveled at L.A. by diehard Easterners is that we have no seasons. Well, you smart-aleck New Yorkers, it's happened! One day last December, L.A. residents woke up to find their city covered with a beautiful yellow-brown mantle of . . . ? You've guessed it. L.A. had its very first smogstorm. Delicate filigrees of onion-colored gunk hung from the branches of their aluminum Christmas trees. Vomit-cheeked children frolicked in the smogdrifts, building smogmen and smogloos. They smogballed and smogsledded. Occasionally one would stop in innocent wonder at the beauty of a smogflake (no two of which are alike). No one went to Bear Mountain that day. Instead they spoke of the magic whir of skis over pus-tinted hillsides and swapped broken leg and lung stories over steaming cups of hot buttered scum.

Unfortunately, by Christmas, the inevitable rhythms of the big city turned the soft curves of the smogdrifts into piles of dirty smush, but this year the weatherman predicts over twenty inches of smog, so get those galoshes and gas masks ready!



L.A. kids all know to dress snugly for the first smogstorm of the season.

Principal Imports of Southern California: water, power, food, drink, clothing, machinery, raw materials, ideas

How to Talk Southern Californian

Californians use great economy in communicating with one another, so much so that they have no word for their own language, which is thought to be a highly developed and compressed offshoot of our own "English." Its rules are simple, however, and once you get the hang of it, the keys to Paradise are yours.

The main rule is: *never complete a sentence.* This is banned by municipal ordinance in L.A. and can lead to your arrest, imprisonment, and the revocation of your mouth.

Aside from this very important "don't," all you need to know is one phrase and one word:

Lezgoabeach (lez-go-a-beach)

AND

Wha?

Here is a sample conversation wherein these two verbal tools display their remarkable versatility:

JOE: Lezgoabeach.
TED: Wha?
JOE: Lezgoabeach.
TED: Wha?
JOE: *LEZGOABEACH*!
TED: Okay, lezgoabeach.
JOE: Wha?

These handy phrases can be used in response to any question or situation, however unusual or complex. For example:

Q. To be or not to be.
A. Wha?
Q. That is the question.
A. Wha?
Q. Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—
A. Wha?
Q. er—outrageous fortune—that the flesh is heir to—
A. Wha?
Q. Lezgoabeach.

See how easy that was? All other vocabulary requirements can be found on the AAA Owners' Repair Manual or the Guide to the Freeways of Greater Los Angeles.

Have fun, and . . .

Lezgoabeach!

The California Experience (Adults)

Here's a typical day in the thrill-packed life of the average denizen of L.A.:

10:00 Get up. Check calendar for day of the week.
11:00 Drive to supermarket for coffee.
12:00 Arrive home with coffee.
1:00 Call friend to come over for coffee.
3:00 Call to see if friend is still coming over for coffee.
4:00 Friend calls to suggest you come over to his place.
6:00 Cool enough to go outside.
8:00 Drive to supermarket for Fritos.
9:00 Arrive home with Fritos.
10:00 Dinner (Fritos and coffee).
11:00 Check calendar for month and year.
12:00 Bed.
(On weekends substitute "Lumber City" for "supermarket.")

The California Experience (Junior Division)

3:00 Get up.
3:07 Shoot up.
4:00
5:00
6:00
7:00
8:00
9:00
10:00
11:00
12:00

Illustration by Randall Enos



Who says Southern Californians think "recycling" is what a Hell's Angel has to do when he forgets his old lady's six-pack. Taco look at this!

Official Vintage Rating for California Wines

(Hearty mountain Burgundy of selected wineries)

WINERY:	ALMADEN	WEIBEL	BEAULIEU	B & V	GALLO	PAUL MASSON	CHRISTIAN BROS.	VINTAGE
	5	1	4	2	3	6	1	MONDAY
	2	5	0*	6	0*	5	1	TUESDAY
	4	2	4	5	0	7	5	WEDNESDAY
	1	4	6	1	4	2	7	THURSDAY
	7	3	3	7	0*	1	2	FRIDAY
	S A T U R D A Y S O F F							

0 = SWALLOW AT OWN RISK
7 = NONTOXIC
* KEEP AWAY FROM EYES. IF TAKEN INTERNALLY, *DO NOT* INDUCE VOMITING. CALL DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY.

Jobs Jobs Jobs Jobs!

There's been a lot of loose talk going around lately that, since the reduction of Southern California's aerospace industry and the threatened legalization of homosexuality, job opportunities aren't what they used to be here. Nothing could be further from the truth! As every wide-awake boy and girl knows, Southern California is the SHOW BIZ CAPITAL OF THE WORLD!

Some of the Many Opportunities Available to You in the Show Biz Capital of the World:

Professional TV Show Audience Member! Every day America's daytime television game programs need literally hundreds of actors to fill up the seats for such nationally known video treats as "Hollywood Squares," "Jeopardy," and "Password." And who knows, if you can pass the intelligence test given to each audience member before the show (distinguishing sugar from salt by taste alone), you may get a chance to try for the big prizes with your favorite star (as long as your favorite star is Totie Fields).



Movie Star! The college kids pictured below know that working their way through college baby-sitting or waiting on tables is strictly dullsville. Why spend hours of drudgery when you can get a big part in an *actual Hollywood movie* after a single audition? All you need is talent, proof of age, and your own vomit bag.



Shakespearean Actor! If there's one thing Southern Californians can't get enough of, its *culture*! I mean, we just have to have a big dollop of it with our morning Postum, or we just waste away. And what better way to bring home the bacon than to bring a rasher of serious drama to our millions of eager culture-vultures? No experience necessary, although three-fingered thespians are preferred.



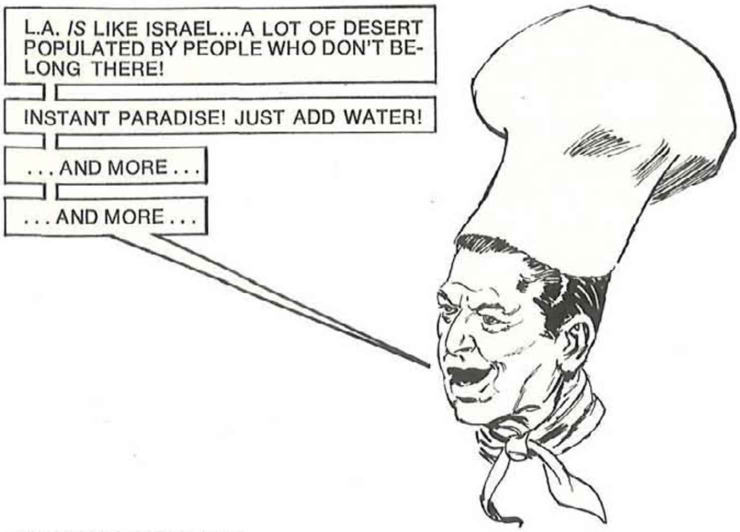
How to Pick Up a Chick in L.A.

Shriners Take Note!

1. Picker-upper sights pick-uppee in rear-view mirror.
2. Picker-upper guns motor, discreetly tailing her to next stoplight to make sure she isn't Robert Young in drag.
3. Picker-upper screeches to a halt on her left ("Sunny-side, not Suicide") and yawns, racing the motor rhythmically.
4. If the liaison has been established (signaled by emptying the ashtray at the next light), the two then proceed side by side to the next stoplight. Another exchange of yawns and bored looks indicates acquiescence.
5. The picker-upper then takes the lead and drives to his place in Laurel Canyon, followed by the pick-uppee.
6. They park and go up to his bedroom.
7. Then the cars fuck.

Retirement Paradise

Last, but not least, senior citizens have found in Southern California a place to lay aside the cares of this hustle-and-bustle world and idle away their remaining moments in perfect contentment. As of our last census, Southern California is the proud keeper of 4,768,983 golden-agers (oops! Better make that 4,768,982).





"Grow old with me, the best is yet to come. . . ."



. . . and a Californian's best friend is not forgotten.

ORANGE COUNTY
Whether you're planning to move to L.A. or are simply visiting, you shouldn't miss paying a call on Orange County, first, of course, checking to see you have proof of American citizenship—an autographed first edition of *None Dare Call It Treason* will do. Deeply religious, these quaint inhabitants believe in capital punishment for traffic violations and think that if you go further than Catalina Island to the west or the Nevada state line to the east, you will fall off the earth.

Other Places of Interest in Southern California

SAN DIEGO
A suburb of Anaheim.

SANTA BARBARA
A tight (and tight-assed) little colony of big shareholders in such companies as Mobil, Standard, Getty, Sunoco, and Shell, this city had the courage to demand that the oil rigs ruining its beaches be moved somewhere else. Site of the worst private art collection in the western hemisphere. Habitual hangout of such as Rudi "bald as a coon's ass" Gernreich.

BAKERSFIELD
A running joke of Southern Californians, Bakersfield is a fabrication of the Division of Highways and is nothing more than a name on the San Diego Freeway signs. If it did exist, it might resemble a scabby collection of oil rigs inhabited by a scummy pack of rednecks who made it big in the Country-Western field. DO *NOT* FOLLOW SIGNS TO BAKERSFIELD.

PALM SPRINGS
New home of Frank Sinatra. Scheduled to become the Las Vegas of California as soon as the politically ambitious Sinatra becomes a Senetra ha ha.

SAN CLEMENTE
Don't drink the water. Nixon may have pissed in it.



SEYMOUR SUCKS

Another fascinating aspect of Southern California kulture is the Chicano-American or, as they prefer to be called, "wetbacks." These picturesque subhumanoids rarely rise from their characteristic stooping position* and may be found in almost any decaying section of the Greater Los Angeles area. WARNING: Wetbacks are not to be fed. They are regularly fed by the rangers.

*Hence the common Southern Californian expression: "That stoopéd wetback."

There is much more to Southern California than the space of this supplement allows, but the rest of it belongs to the Air Force or the Marines. . . .

Principal Exports of Southern California: customized dune-buggies, "Medical Center"*

*The idea for "Medical Center" was imported.

Swan Song of the Open Road

by Sean Kelly

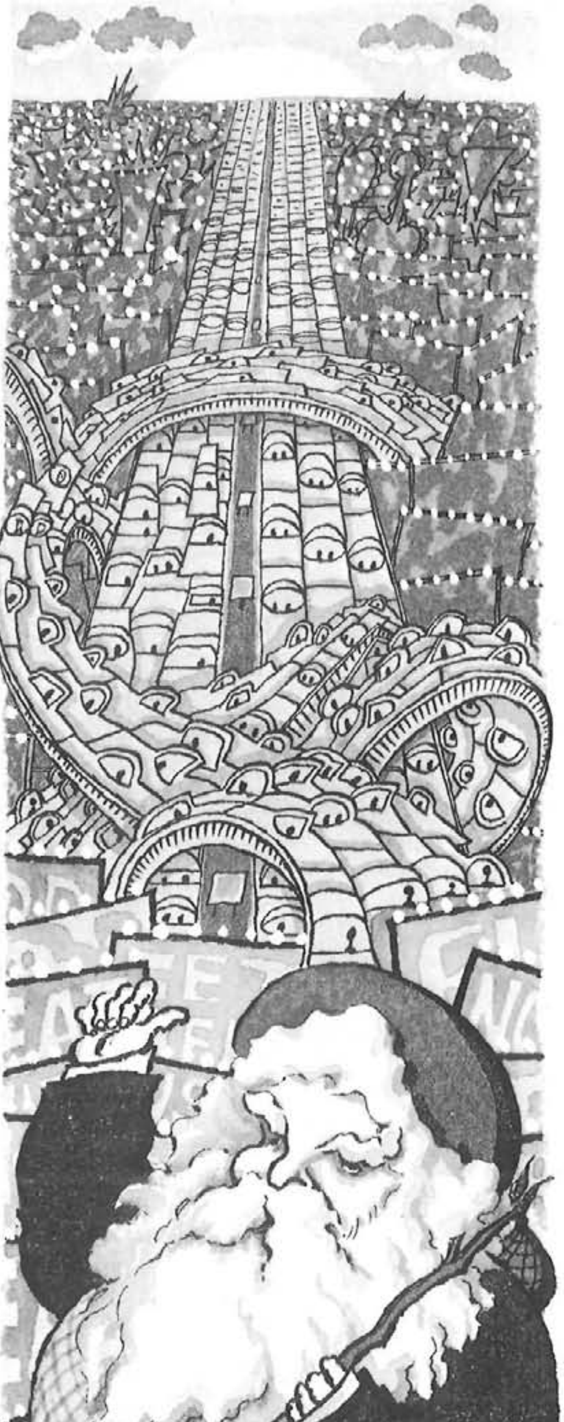
It is I, Walt Whitman, who addresses you once
   again, *mes enfants* !
I have shed my eighty years of sleep as a hairy
   great mastadon shakes off snowflakes.
(Did you think I was dead?)
No! I had dozed off merely, tranquilized by the
   sonorous sound of my own barbaric yammer,
Wafted to infantile slumber, into the cradle,
   endlessly talking, as it were,
Myself my own mesmerist, my own beard muffl'd,
   a bardic drone my lullaby.

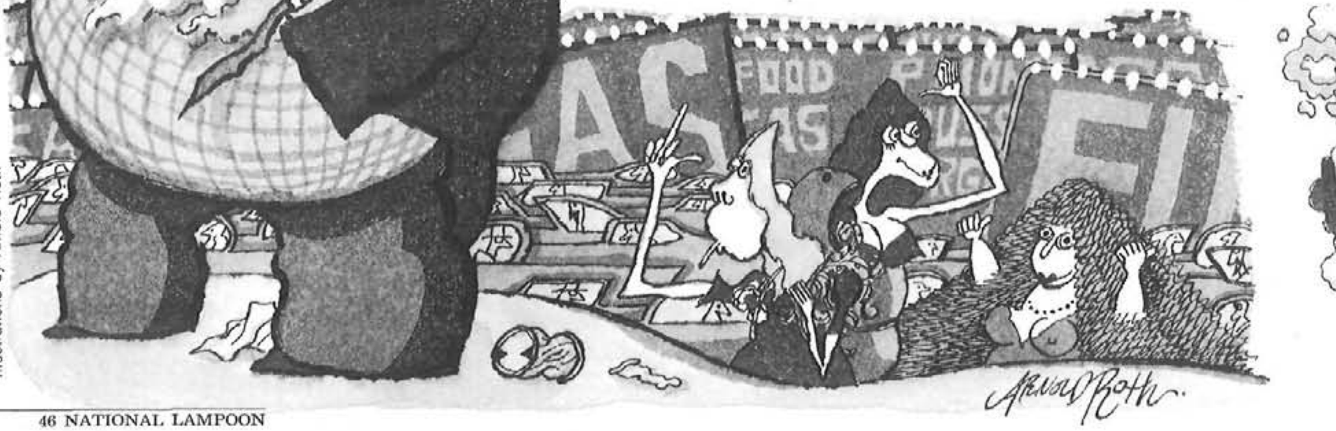
But lo! I am returned. Like the poor, I am with
   you always.
And once more I take to the open road.

I, Walt Whitman (with an "h," my good man,
   get it right),
Whom you may call genius, camerado, or, for that
   matter, sweetheart,
Set out once more on the roads of my America!

Allons! come travel with me! was my clarion
   cry of old.
To the rat I urged, Leave the sinking ship!
To the munitions worker I said, Drop what you
   are doing,
But not until I, Walt Whitman, am safely out
   of the way!
To the carpenter I said, A new saw.
To the cobbler I said, Give up nothing but your awl!

I, Walt Whitman, made those awful puns up out of
   my own picturesque head.
They erupted from me like boils from the neck of a
   shoe salesman.
And now I set forth to see if those words—which,
   like every word that falls from my lips,
   seems beautiful to me—
If these rich lip-drippings of mine found a place in
   the whorl'd spitoons of the ears of this my
   America!





Illustrations by Arnold Roth

Hitchin' down the freeways of my soulful moody mind
(Baby why'd you treat me so unkind?)
I'll miss your paisley curtains and your morning buttered toast
But my highway toes are thumbin' to the coast.

Shootin' up the highways on the road map of my wrist
(Baby, I've just scratched you off my list)
I'll miss your tie-dye bed sheets and your pretty spearmint mouth
But my highway toes are thumbin' me down South.

Farewell to New York City
With its streets that flash like strobes,
Farewell to Carolina
Where I left my frontal lobes.

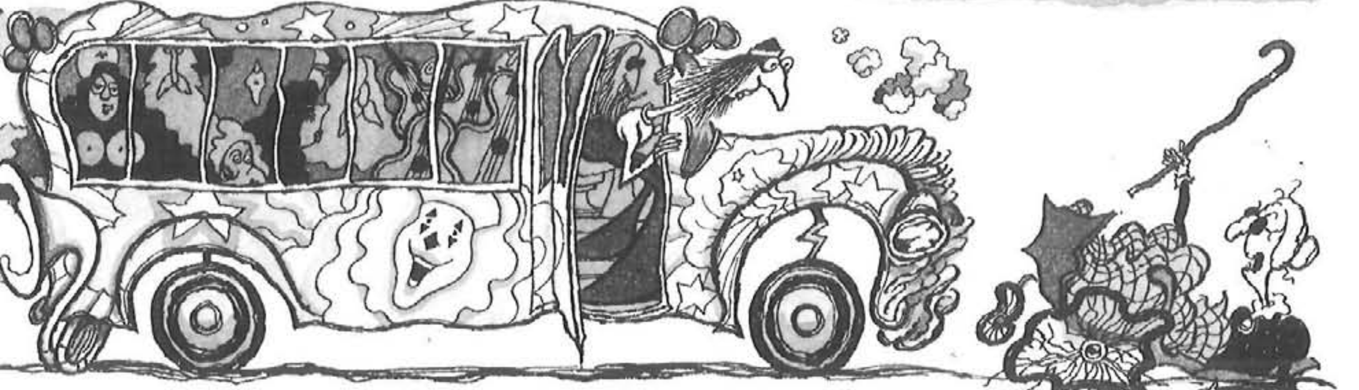
Alone but for my agent, a photographer from *Life*,
A film crew and another popstar's wife,
Can't you hear them contracts callin', I'm too sensitive to stay,
And my highway toes are thumbin' me away.

That plaintive carol I heard sung by a skinny young fellow, one of the bleary-eyed gang of jostling roadside companions.
He stood shivering and singing in the melting slush of springtime on the Stockbridge to Boston turnpike,
With eleven miles behind him and nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine more to go.

O Joy! O throbbing heart! O twitching loins of me!
For I behold the thoroughfares thronged with young people, both male and female!
(At least I assume some are male and some are female.)
Their still spittle-wet thumbs stuck out, khaki knapsacks clutched to their lean and pimpl'd bodies,
***Some with infants strapped, howling, to their* denim'd limbs,**
Free! Democratic! Unemployed!
Staggering in droves across the nation, migrating from Mannahata to Longa Beacha,
Their myriad squalid lives a vast and ragged living monument to me.
(You know who.)

Babb'ling beatniks spastic'ly steering stolen cadillacs, grotesquely decal'd autobuses crammed with hysterical dope zealots, photogenic Oakies in meticulously reconstructed Model T pickup trucks, pig-eyed Angels in pancake makeup perched on chrome-plated choppers. *continued*





continued

Mistily political hoboes lounging in the doors of boxcars chanting into the tape recorders of Library of Congress researchers:

Had a wife that nagged me 'n' a kid that bawled
So I hit the road, 'n' now I'm called
Irresponsible. Folk hero. Take your pick.

Thought I'd be a poet, but that didn't pay
Took some music lessons, but I couldn't play
Found a gi-tar, started singin'. Professional.

Once I joined a strike 'n' the strike got busted
But the po-leece shrink said I'm maladjusted,
Copped a plea. Sanity Clause. Yes, Virginia.

Bin ridin' the rails since the Great Depression
Now I'm goin' down to Newport, got the folk concession
Tied up. Make a bundle. Woo-wee!

Jus' me 'n' muh gi-tar 'n' muh gal named Sally
Headin' out to Oklahoma, start a tenpin alley
Call it Dust Bowl. Strike it rich. Yahoo!

Sung the same damn songs for Wobbly toughs
Peace-rally creeps 'n' eco-buffs,
Three generations. Music lovers. My ass.

Bushy-bearded are many of these vagabond versifiers, triumphantly queer are most of them,
And all excel at publicizing the singular wonderfulness of their own superdemocratic personalities.
They are my heirs, my echoes, my descendants, the disciples I foretold,
Homesteaders and real-estate agents along the rough, verbose trails which I, Walt Whitman, pioneer'd!
On the road, on the make, on the take, the bottle, the dole,
And on the front pages of the literary supplements of America!
Wherever I look I meet myself, the self I sang
And behold! My name is legion!



By the shores of an eight-lane trout stream in sunstruck California
I chanced upon one young bard
From whom with equal, democratic facility spewed prose and poetry,
With never a jot or tittle blotted, with never a pause for thought,
In a surge of divine inspiration with a Simon and Schuster deadline to meet,
His muse crouched cross-leggéd by his side, rolling innumerable joints,
He brought forth such poems as these in mind-bogg'ling abundance:

Share the Wealth
I will make a pact with you, Rod McKuen.
We have competed for markets long enough.
I won't make any more albums if
you'll stop publishing verse. O.K.?
I am the coke and you are the cola.
Let there be commerce between us.

Very, Very Beautiful
The royalty cheques pile up
like a slow-motion movie of trout
landing on the banks
of a recently dynamited stream.

St. Valentine's Dance
Anybody can catch the crabs.
Postmen, fashion models,
even nice girls like you.

If you think you might have them,
I've found it helps a little
to consider them a variety
of restless, nomadic dandruff.

Not the young folk only, but also their great-belly'd elders as well take part in this pointless, perpetual pilgrimage!
Ah! what a plethora of gleaming vehicles lurches and lumbers by me as I loiter in the roadside ditches!
The air that serves me with breath to speak grows rich and thick and gritty with the fumes of their exhaust,
Our old feuillage withers and rots in the wake of these wanderers!
Campers, mobile homes, microbuses, dune buggies, motorcycles, tent trailers, station wagons, trail bikes, go-carts, skidoos, tow trucks.
Upon the fields and forests like a rash, like the spreading pustules of a plague of pastoralism,
Appear the pop tents, pup tents, wall tents, umbrella tents and chemical toilets,
Swarm the boy scouts, bird watchers, nature lovers, field trippers, mountaineers, skiers, canoeists, spelunkers, herbalists, archeologists, scuba divers, archers, anglers, forest rangers, rock collectors, lifeguards, game wardens, campfire girls, beachcombers, Sierra Club photographers, hermits and search parties.
Beneath their bare and bunion'd feet, climbing boots, hiking boots, wedgies, waders, harachis, sneakers, cleats, topsiders, snowshoes, flippers and health sandals,
No leaf of grass remains untrod!

Yet unperturbed (*Me, imperturbilé*) I beckon still.
I am the maker of lists! I am the Great Cataloger!
I urge my disciples to tarry not in the task before us.
It is our free and democratic duty to get the whole earth cataloged!

***Allons encore*! The road stretches and yawns before us!**
Infinitely, indefinitely,
Endlessly and without end,
Forever and forever going on like this,
Like me,
Walt Whitman....

My Blue Heaven

by Anne Beatts

September 3. Today, not without regret, I dosed the remaining field mice with chloral hydrate. I don't want Matthews poaching on my territory while I'm gone. Dr. Laurie kindly offered to drive me to the airport.

September 4. Imagine me actually talking to Professor Ernest Neuberger for nearly three hours in the lobby of the Honolulu Hilton this afternoon. He was most enlightening on how bat sonar is affected by changes in atmospheric pressure.

September 5 and 6 (A.M.). Yesterday, immediately after the plane landed, we were transferred to a "chopper," which brought us across from the mainland to the Marine Biological Research Center. We had no chance to pay a visit to the city of Saigon. Dr. Eliot (actually a Naval Commander, but he prefers to be called "Doctor") says we will find everything we need here. The other newcomer besides myself is Captain Hauser, a ballistics expert. I am the only civilian in the group. I am billeted with Lieutenant O'Malley, Dr. Eliot's lab assistant. Last night, tired from my trip, I went directly to my bunk after a quick tour of the laboratory, which seems adequately equipped. A strange noise kept me awake all night: an intermittent high-pitched whistle, accompanied by low sighs. Could it be that one of the servants is sick?

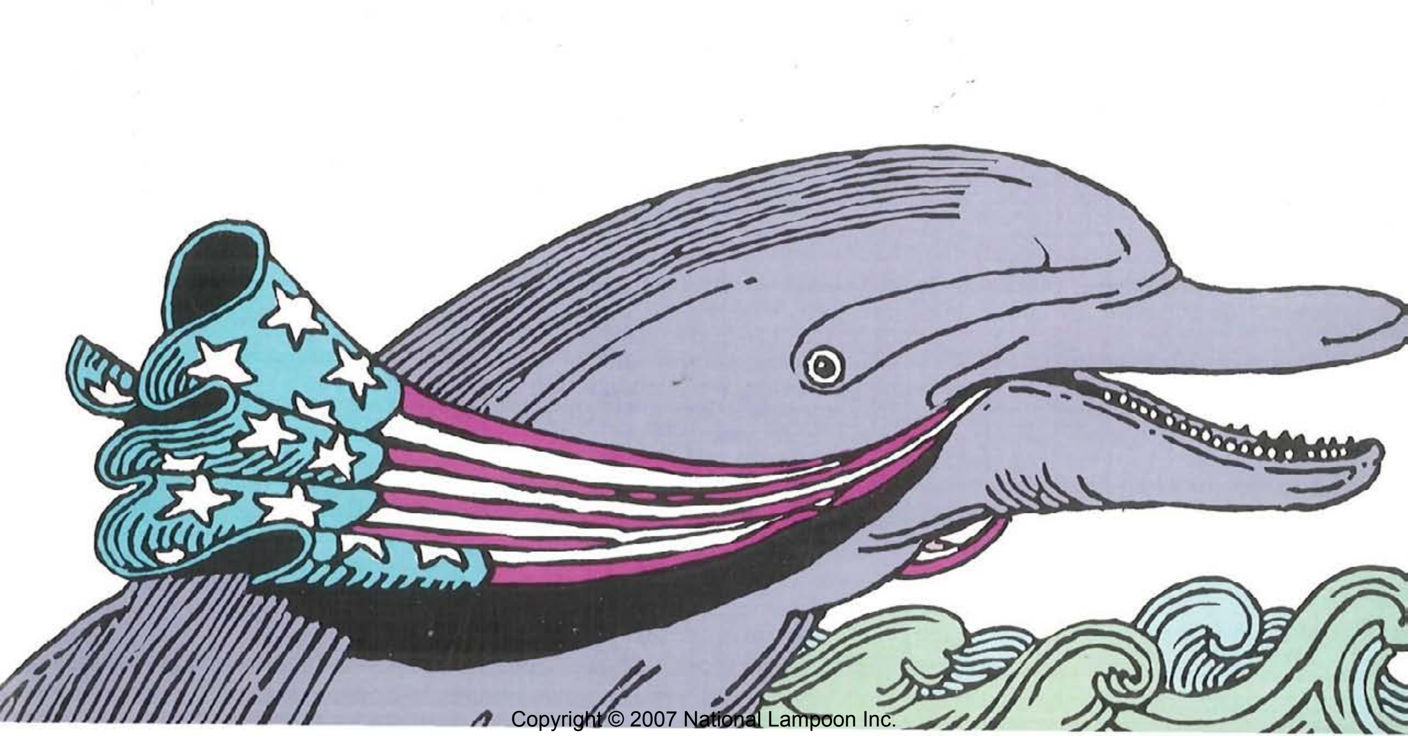
September 6 (P.M.). My first inspection of the specimens. Both are Tursiops Truncatus, or bottle-nosed dolphins, six to eight feet long and about two hundred pounds in weight. They have a way of leaping out of the water suddenly that can be very startling. The sounds I heard during the night came from Baby, the male specimen, who has been placed in isolation in the smaller pool in order to facilitate interspecies communication.

September 7. The noises kept up all last night. Apparently the male delphinid, Baby, is signaling his desire for the presence of the female delphinid, Elvira Madigan, now in a separate pool. The dolphins were given these names by my predecessors, a Swedish-American couple. I personally dislike attempts to humanize laboratory animals. Would it not have been simpler to call them A and B?

September 9. I have started setting up sound equipment. Whenever I approach the edge of the pool housing the male dolphin, the latter leaps up out of the water, arching his body and opening his mouth so that every one of the precisely one hundred needle-sharp interlocking teeth lining his upper and lower jaws is clearly visible. A considerable amount of water is splashed out of the pool with each leap. By the end of the day my lab coat is wringing wet. Damp clothes

continued

Illustrations by Michael Gross



are unhealthy even in warm climates, and I am already starting to feel a chill. Would take my temperature, but the Vietnamese servants who insisted on unpacking my things for me seem to have stolen my thermometer.

September 10, 11, 12, and 13. Noises still continue.

September 14. My lack of sleep is preventing me from operating at peak efficiency and thus severely restricting my research activities. For the good of the project, I have decided to silence the male specimen's nocturnal protests by reuniting him with the female specimen.

September 15. When let into the large pool the male dolphin, Baby, was very energetic, bounding in huge leaps from one end to the other, ricocheting off the sides, emitting loud, raucous squawks, and nudging and bumping the female with its rostral beak.

September 16. NB: the male dolphin has a flattened, triangular-shaped penis, which is concealed within a slit or pouch beneath the abdomen. Swimming over the female dolphin, who turns on her side or back to receive him, he inserts it rapidly into a similar slit containing the female sex organs. After his long separation from Elvira, Baby was not content with one such conjunction, but coupled with her repeatedly. Have installed hydrophones to pick up and transmit to my tape recorder any sound that the animals make underwater. Have found thermometer but mislaid douche bag. Temperature: normal.

September 17. Dr. Eliot has taken both animals into a separate enclosure that he and Captain Hauser use for their experiments in auto-directed weaponry, or "target practice," as Captain Hauser calls it, no doubt facetiously. Only naval personnel are permitted to enter the enclosure, so I spent the day sorting slides in the lab with Lieutenant O'Malley. It seems she borrowed my douche bag.

September 20. Captain Hauser acted quite strangely tonight at mess. First he picked up my napkin and pretended to find lipstick stains on it. When I pointed out that this was impossible, since I never wear any makeup, he said that I had no sense of humor. I must admit that the joke, if any, was completely lost on me.

September 21. I spoke to the cook about buying me a bathing suit on his next trip into town for supplies. Something practical that will dry easily. In studying the two animals I am becoming convinced that the male, Baby, is the more intelligent and will respond better to my tests. I have succeeded in training him to whistle four bars of "The Anvil Chorus" on cue.

September 23. Compelled to use Elvira because Dr. Eliot requisitioned Baby for the day. He too appears to find Baby the superior specimen.

September 24. Lieutenant O'Malley, who is following a diet, suggested I join her in an attempt to lose weight. I told her I felt perfectly healthy at 140 pounds and asked if I could enlist her help in performing an experiment. Using a respirator, I plan to put one of the dolphins under deep anesthesia and examine its brain in order to assemble neurological data. There is still the question of which animal to choose as a subject.

September 27. When I told Dr. Eliot about the experiment, he assumed I would be using Baby. I pointed out that since Elvira was more docile, she might be easier to hold down while the anesthetic was administered. Dr. Eliot said that the choice of subject was my responsibility.

September 28. My bathing suit arrived today. A French bikini. I am positive I am the victim of a practical joke of some sort. When I protested, the cook just shrugged and said I had asked for something that dried easily. Captain Hauser is probably at the bottom of this. I am surprised that the Navy is willing to tolerate these schoolboy pranks of his. Lieutenant O'Malley says if somebody gave her a bikini she would wear it "like a shot." But then she has the gregarious temperament that goes with red hair.

September 29. Lost the female delphinid, Elvira Madigan, by anesthetic death due to failure of respiration. Proceeded with examination of the brain and dissection.

September 30. Avoided seeing Baby today, since Dr. Eliot is working with him. Continued the task of dissection, preparing and mounting slides of the cortex, etc. I didn't feel up to dinner, so I had a Hershey bar alone in my room.

October 1. A distinct change in Baby's behavior pattern. On my arrival he didn't leap out of the pool to splash water on me or utter any of the high-pitched vocalizations that are his customary greeting. He ignored my presence and swam slowly round and round in a small circle at the bottom of the pool, only raising his head occasionally to take in and expel air. I feel unreasonably depressed by his attitude. This is what comes of developing attachments to laboratory animals. Decided to skip dinner again tonight. I notice I have another gray hair.

October 2. The Filipino boy who takes care of the pools and feeds the dolphins says Baby is refusing his food. I have no appetite myself and just picked at my supper.

October 3. Baby will eat nothing, not even the raw sardines that he usually loves. His eyes, ordinarily a bright, lustrous blue, are clouded over and greenish-looking. What if he dies, too? At dinner Captain Hauser said that if I keep dieting like this I will soon be wasted away to a skeleton. "I like my women *zoftig*," he added. The nerve. Later, Dr. Eliot came over to the poolside to assure me personally that I would not be held responsible for the death of any of the specimens. He said that new animals could easily be procured. How cold and unfeeling all scientists are!

October 4. Borrowed the Waring blender and concocted a nourishing fish soup. Tomorrow I will get into the pool with Baby and try to coax him to swallow it. Tonight I tried on the bikini in front of the bathroom mirror.

October 5. The condition of the male delphinid is improving. When I arrived at the pool and took off the wrap covering my bikini, Baby greeted me strangely. Weak as he was, he rose up on his hind flukes and moved backwards away from me down the pool, meanwhile clapping his flippers together as though he was applauding and uttering a series of sharp, piercing whistles. After that, when I got into the water with him I had no difficulty in persuading him to take the soup.

October 8. Spend some time each day in the pool with Baby. Have noticed that with increasing exposure to water, human skin becomes more sensitive to tactile stimuli.

October 11. If I don't get into the water with him during the first half-hour of my visit, Baby chases me round the edge of the pool, throwing himself upon the side, nipping at my legs, and barking raucously. He is careful never to hurt me with his teeth. He is certainly more intelligent than a dog or a horse.

October 13. I have made a few modi-

fications to the sound system. Now every noise Baby makes triggers an electronic switch that turns on a tape recorder and feeds back a recording of my voice. So every time he speaks he will hear me speak back, even if I am not there. I couldn't think of what to record, so I finally recited Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. . ." into the tape recorder, simply because it is a poem that I have known by heart since the sixth grade.

October 14. I was checking the connections of the sound system when Captain Hauser stopped by the pool to ask if he could bring me anything from Hawaii. He will be flying there for a few days. I was just going to ask him for new spools for my tape recorder. The next thing I knew, Baby had jumped up and knocked Captain Hauser into the water. It may be unprofessional of me, but I felt a certain satisfaction at seeing him climb out, dripping wet.

October 15. Lieutenant O'Malley left for Hawaii with Captain Hauser—to visit a sick friend there, she said—so I am alone with Baby and Dr. Eliot. At dinner I questioned Dr. Eliot about his research with Baby. He said that it involved "reconnaissance" but didn't offer to let me see the work in progress. On the other hand, he became very expansive on the subject of future cooperation between dolphins and mankind. He said that soon no naval officer would want to engage in battle without them. He said that a fast-moving dolphin might sneak up on an enemy submarine and shout something threatening into the listening gear, like "Give up and go home!" (in Russian or Chinese, of course). This eerie voice from the sea could not fail to have a detrimental effect on enemy morale.

October 17. When I tried to leave the pool today, Baby caught my bikini top in his teeth and almost pulled it off before I could get free. When he plays little pranks like this, it is hard to reconcile his little-boy qualities with the sensitive spirit I know he must possess. But Baby is no mere he-man. These last tapes are proof enough of that. The Barrett Browning sonnet seems to have stirred him to his very soul.

October 18. No doubt about it. Baby is repeating the poem after me, at a much higher pitch. Even on the first listening, I could easily pick out a distinct approximation of "How do I love thee"—"da da di da di"—in perfect rhythm with my voice. Have told no one about this.

October 19. Captain Hauser back from Hawaii today with Lieutenant O'Malley, who is very suntanned. I hinted to her that big things had been happening with Baby while she was away, but she said she didn't want to hear any more fish stories. She brought me a bottle of Lady Clairol Born Blonde Creme Rinse, to protect my hair from discoloration by the sun, she says. Her hair looks redder than ever.

October 20. Dr. Eliot needs Baby's services, and there is nothing I can say about it. Spent the day replaying the tapes. Baby is making a genuine effort to communicate. It is up to me to respond . . . to try to teach Baby all that the human race has learned through the centuries: art, literature, the wonders of civilization, and the mysteries of the human heart as well.

October 21. Baby did not return until late this afternoon. Lieutenant O'Malley was having a small cocktail party in the mess hall, to which she had invited some of the officers from the U.S.S. *Virginia*, so I was unable to do more than walk by the pool on my way there. Baby was just lying there quietly, resting, his great silver body shining through the clear water.

October 22. No entry.

October 23. No entry.

October 24. As I write this, alone in my room, the deep purple and orange of a Pacific sunset unfolds above the silver sea. Actually, I am not alone because Lieutenant O'Malley is lying on the next bunk cleaning her false eyelashes, but it seems as though I were still alone in that beautiful underwater world which no one but Baby can share. At last I am truly his, all his. And he, I think, is mine. We have been close before, but never so close as this. At the end of the day, when we know we must part, even then I can't bear to leave him. I busy myself with unessential little tasks around the pool, until the Filipino attendant arrives with his bucket of raw fish, and Baby barks a long farewell.

October 26. I am sure that Baby feels as I do. After our session today I went right to the lab and listened to the last reel of the Barrett Browning tapes. To his final recitation of the poem, he adds a sentence of his own: "I love thee, Betsy." His pet name for me. Nobody else but my mother, and one or two of the field mice, has ever called me that.

October 27. I can't be imagining it. And even if I am, looking into Baby's eyes tells me all I want to know. Only that and the touch of a flipper, or the occasional flick of his tail as he swims by, are evidence enough of his affection. What need have I for flowers, candy, or identification bracelets?

October 29. Today I worked a washer loose from one of the hose connections leading into the pool and slipped it on my finger, while Baby looked on in unspoken agreement. The world may not know what it means, but Baby and I know.

October 30. Thinking of home today. How I wish I were stepping off the train, with Baby in a glass tank at my side and a warm welcome waiting at 110 Elm Street! I know the idea might take some getting used to, especially for Mother, but once she realized what a good husband Baby would make, she'd learn to accept him for what he was.

November 1. I find Baby's delphinese pronunciation more difficult to understand in person than on tape. Still, there is nothing more deeply satisfying than to hear him, at moments of great passion, tenderly repeating my name over and over in his high-pitched, quacking whistle.

November 3. I must look up some modern poets if our relationship is to progress.

November 7. Baby is working with Dr. Eliot. Decided to give myself a lift by trying the Born Blonde Creme Rinse that Lieutenant O'Malley gave me.

November 8. He liked my hair!

November 11. A sea widow again. I know I should catch up on my lab reports, but I just don't feel in the mood. I spent the day leafing through some of the movie magazines Lieutenant O'Malley's sister sends her. While she was out I practiced trying on her false eyelashes. I wonder if they would stay on under water.

November 12. Baby still working with Dr. Eliot. I must learn not to be too resentful of the demands of his job. Nevertheless, I wonder what he finds to do all day that's so fascinating.

November 13. Our first fight. I said I didn't like hanging around all day, doing my nails and wondering when he was going to get back. He just ignored me. I suppose he'd rather I kept busy doing something useful, like dusting off the microscope slides.

continued

continued

November 15. Baby very restless and aggressive today, sneaking up behind me and bumping me with his beak. I told him I had a headache and went home early. I wonder if he cares for me at all. Sometimes I feel he's just using me.

November 16. Today Baby was very passionate for a change. But afterwards, when I wanted to talk about Us, I could tell he was thinking of something else. Elvira, perhaps. I wonder if he is ready for another serious relationship so soon?

November 18. If only Baby would open up to me. I'm afraid he feels I'm rushing him. I know he needs time to find himself.

November 22. Another squabble today. No wonder we are bickering. The strain of this furtive, clandestine existence is beginning to tell on both of us. We can't go on meeting like this.

November 25. Thanksgiving. I wanted to share the meaning of this great American holiday with Baby, so I sneaked him some turkey that I had hidden in my napkin. He left most of it, but then his spirits are low these days. If we could only have celebrated the holiday together in our own home, things might have been different. I can see it now—Baby taking a little swim in the garden, which I have decorated with seashells. Meanwhile, inside the specially pressurized underwater kitchen, I am cooking up a batch of tempting goodies. Later, with the little ones tucked away for the night, I would read aloud from our coffee-table set of the Great Books of the Western World. I'd polish his skin three times a day if he wanted me to. I'd have a hot dinner waiting for him every night. There's no reason why my career would have to suffer. I could always find time to work at home.

November 26. My heart is pounding and my hand is shaking so much I can hardly write. Marilyn, Baby's new mate, arrives from Marineland in two weeks. I have not had the courage to break the news to Baby. My poor darling doesn't know that these may be the last two weeks we'll ever spend together! Where can I go? Whom shall I turn to? Now, even our few moments of stolen happiness are threatened.

November 30. Dr. Eliot has invited me to come along the next time he and Baby work together. He says it will be "a delicate business." Dr. Eliot and I will be on board ship while Captain Hauser monitors the test from shore. Apparently Dr. Eliot and Captain Hauser feel that my presence on board will encourage Baby, who will be at large in the ocean, to return to the ship. Something tells me this may be the opportunity we have been looking for.

December 1. The test is scheduled for tomorrow morning. Tonight for the first time I found out exactly what it is that Baby does. It's very dangerous work. I'm sure that's the reason he's been keeping it a secret. He knows how much I worry.

December 2. The test was postponed until tomorrow because of the bad weather. I am just as glad. When I think of Baby out there, alone in the middle of the ocean, a live torpedo lashed to his beak, heading for the practice target (a Vietnamese fishing boat), I grow cold with fear. What if the shell should explode before he succeeded in placing it? What if he couldn't get away in time? Would I have the courage to leap into the water and join him at the last? I like to think so. But how brave he is! How selfless, defending his country at the risk of his own life, without even a uniform to pin a medal on. At least he will always be a hero to me!

(letter attached)

December 12, 1971

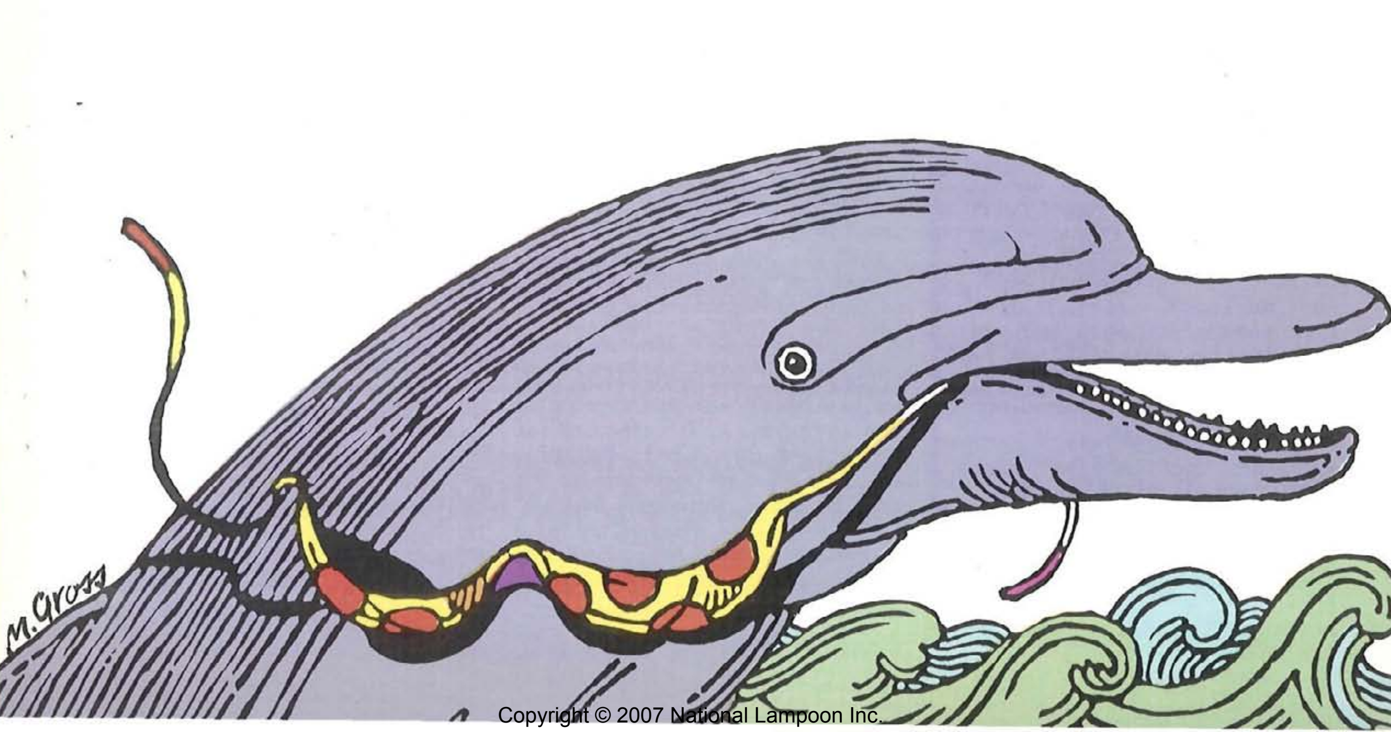
Dear Mrs. Burgess:

It has now been definitely established that Dr. Burgess' death was caused by a freak accident in which a runaway dolphin torpedoed the base ship instead of the target. In the resultant explosion your daughter; our chief of staff, Dr. Eliot; and three crew members perished, as did the dolphin itself.

Although I was unable to locate the "field-mouse notebook" you referred to in your cable, I did find the enclosed notebook among Betsy's personal effects.

Once again, allow me to offer my deepest sympathies.

Sincerely,
William Hauser, Capt. U.S.N.



ning Courier-Record

South Bend, Indiana March 3, 1905

Arthur Morton to Preside
Mary's Church Bazaar

Arthur Morton has
erself to carry on the
opic efforts of her late
who is remembered for
erous good works, in-
enerous contribution
Mary's Seminary
shortly before his

pointed chairwoman
Mary's Church Annual
aar and Raffle, Mrs.
mediately provided
of *benevolence* by
of two large,
ese vases.
f a willow-pattern
een treasured pos-
the Morton family
am Morton returned
n from a voyage to
ng, which he under-
896. Although one of
t-high vases is slight-
both are in excellent
d retain their Ori-
while remaining
able.

vas dazed
ed when
on Par-
parently,
tors to
the cov-
name on
tumbled
ot be re-
had de-
one of his
oyage, and
naturally
outcome,
he first-

im his
ability
and
argu-
an-
e of
ow
o
-
1
t
s.
I
ck-
on-
or
nd
ey
nst
ow
ble

dis-
f this
bells
other
ty of
ere



Mr. Andrew Prettibone is shown applying the rope tie to the Great Zucchini, who has been appearing at the Gaiety Theater.

FIT TO BE TIED!

A "Knotty" Problem for the Great Zucchini

Noted Escapologist Bested by Local Resident in $500 Wager at Gaiety Theater

Spectators at Robert Gezeldher's Gaiety Theater yesterday afternoon were afforded considerable amusement by the Great Zucchini's unsuccessful attempt to free himself from a rope tie in which he had been placed by Mr. Andrew Prettibone, a member of the matinee audience. Although partially concealed by a screen, it was obvious to all that he was in difficulties. The more he writhed and contorted his body, and the more strenuous grew his exertions onstage, the louder were the roars of laughter from the seats, until the bearded illusionist had to admit defeat.

The Great Zucchini, who bills himself as "Master of Escapology, Prince of Legerdemain, and Prestidigitator Extraordinaire," culminated a less than dazzling display of magic by defying anyone present to tie him up so that he could not escape his bonds. He offered a purse of $500 to anyone who should be successful in doing so.

Within a few minutes he had no lack of challengers, but when those who had volunteered saw that they were expected to put up $500 of their own money as a surety, the crowd at the front of the stage quickly thinned out, leaving only Mr. Prettibone. The latter, a young dental assistant and a lifelong resident of this city, placed his $500 in an envelope, sealed it, and delivered it into the hands of the visiting escapologist as evidence of his good faith. The Great Zucchini then declined to produce an identical sum, saying that his word was "good as his bond."

Mr. Prettibone proceeded to truss and tie the vaudeville artist thoroughly, with a length of rope that he had brought with him for the purpose. Mr. Prettibone then resumed his seat.

A good three-quarters of an hour elapsed, during which time the "Master of Escapology" was unable to free himself. Even the *most dedicated efforts of the or*ganist failed to drown out the jeers and catcalls that could be heard in every part of the house.

Mr. Prettibone then asked if the Great Zucchini conceded the contest, and obtained an answer in the affirmative. He stepped onstage and with a clasp knife released the perspiring self-liberator from his bondage.

Declaring that he was not a man to bear a grudge, Zucchini personally handed over a pair of complimentary tickets for the evening's performance to Mr. Prettibone, who was informed that he would receive his $500 prize, in addition to his original $500, in a special presentation ceremony.

When Mr. Prettibone returned to the Gaiety Theater, on Broad Street, for the 8:30 o'clock show yesterday evening, he discovered that the performance had been canceled. The Great Zucchini was nowhere to be found.

The lanky dental assistant confessed that the $500 cash represented his life savings, which he had set aside for dental school and had withdrawn from the bank that day "in a moment of weakness."

Theater manager Mr. Robert Gezeldher is aiding South Bend police officers in their search for the Great Zucchini, also known as Mycroft Partner.

Horse Shies

Buggy Tips Over

on P...

that the horse may have been made skittish by the sound of a cyclist's bell, magnified by the echoes of the bridge.

The buggy w...

farm, where he borrowed a wagon and drove home. He turned ...

THE GREAT ZUCCHINI



Presents All Original Mystical Innovations Of His Own Devising As He Has Performed Them Himself Before The Crowned Heads Of Europe Including:

THE REMARKABLE HANDCUFF RELEASE
Escapes From Regulation British Police "Darbies" and Leg-Irons!

"Off with the cuffs within minutes... Police confess themselves baffled."
—The Northumberland Herald

OCCULT GRAPHOLOGY
Your Character Revealed From Your Signature! The Hidden Brought To Light! Your Future Foretold! Readings That Have Influenced The Financial Careers Of Prominent Businessmen, Bankers, And Stockbrokers!

"Uncannily accurate...we were mystified."
—The San Francisco Examiner

COMBINATION STRAITJACKET AND SEALED VAULT ESCAPE
The Man No Vault Can Hold Escapes Miraculously, Leaving Locks Intact!

"Magical Powers Aid Him In Getting Out Of Vault."
—The Philadelphia Enquirer

ALSO:

THE SWEDISH SWEATBOX
KING TUT'S COFFIN
THE CABINET OF TRANSFORMATIONS
COLOR TELE-PATHY
AMAZING SLEIGHT OF HAND
UNPARALLELED FEATS OF MESMERISM

This Performance Is One Of A Kind And Should Not Be Missed!

Police Red-Faced
Manacles Missing
Entertainer Sought

Mr. Myron Partner, an American music hall artiste who calls himself "The Great Zucchini" for professional purposes, was taken into custody yesterday by P. C. Barnes for billposting without a permit. After questioning, he was released with a warning.

Shortly afterwards, the police were confounded by the discovery that six pairs of handcuffs, one pair of leg irons, and seven shillings' worth of postage stamps were missing from the station house. It was surmised that Mr. Partner had made off with the cuffs. Within minutes, an extensive search for the American entertainer was underway. So far, however, no clues as to his whereabouts have been uncovered. The police confess themselves baffled as to the motive behind this curious theft.

Clubmen Troubled by Rash of Forgeries
Suspicion Falls On Conjuror

A number of cheques apparentl bearing the signatures of membe of the exclusive Fortyniner's Clu are being cashed for large amoun in some of the city's most re spected establishments, Club Se retary and official spokesman M Geoffrey Bigelow revealed toda Secretary Bigelow described th forgeries as "uncannily accurate.

"At first we were mystified. W couldn't understand why our clu members had been singled out a victims of this pernicious form c thievery," said Mr. Bigelow.

"Then we recalled that, a fe weeks ago, we had all witnessed conjuring turn in which the Gre Zucchini gave a demonstration c *what he described as Occul* Graphology, after collecting an examining the signatures of a those present."

Police detectives fear that Zuc chini, otherwise known as Mycro Pratner, may be responsible fo the outbreak of bad cheques.

Merchants and banks in Sa Francisco and the vicinity are ad vised to take special caution wi any cheques purportedly signe by the following: Messrs. Geoffre Bigelow, Howard Wayne, Arnol Wreakin, Lester Wreakin, Her Arbuthnot, Jerome Hastin

$50,000 Missing from First National Bank
Day Before Transfer to New Vault

When officials of the First National Bank on Chestnut Street opened the vault after banking hours yesterday afternoon with the intention of transferring all funds to a newly constructed vault in the same building, they discovered that fifty thousand dollars in large bills was missing.

One man in town was beyond suspicion. That was the vaudeville artist who bills himself as "The Great Zucchini." As Bank Manager Winston Sharwell jestingly remarked, he had an "airtight alibi." At the only time when the robbery could have taken place, Zucchini was tied up in a straitjacket and locked in the new vault.

Readers of this paper will be familiar with the challenge that Zucchini had issued to Mr. Sharwell on Wednesday. He offered to put the new vault to the test by allowing himself to be locked inside it overnight. In order to make his task the more difficult, he entered the vault with both arms pinioned by an insane restraint. Zucchini, who describes himself as "The Man No Vault Can Hold," boasted that he would be out before morning.

The next morning found the would-be escapist inside the vault, with the straitjacket still in place. He appeared to have collapsed from fatigue and lack of oxygen, and was rushed to his hotel.

Zucchini, who seemed much abashed by his failure, said that he saw no need to attempt any more bank-vault escapes in the near future, and would be retiring from the magical profession for a few months at least.

Police Commissioner Powers has called upon county and state law-enforcement officers to aid him in getting back the stolen bills. "At least Zucchini showed our clients that their money will be out of danger in the new vault," said Mr. Sharwell.

rk Times.

THE WEATHER.
Fair Saturday; Sunday, probably showers; moderate, variable winds.
For full weather report see Page 23.

1912.—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES. ONE CENT In Greater New York, Jersey City, and Newark. { Elsewhere, TWO CENTS.

MANY NEEDLESSLY DIED ON TITANIC; LIFEBOATS LAUNCHED

Senate Committee Gets Fact from Lost Ship's Second Officer.

MORE LIGHT ON THE TRAGEDY

Man in Milk Can Survives Disaster

Survivors Add to Their Stories of the Wreck—Some in Hosp...

...vada. The investigation w... Waldorf-Astoria, that is ... owned by the estate ... Astor, one of the victims ... The committee will meet ...

The seriousness of the ... Senate Investigating Co... Titanic disaster was dis... when Senator Smith at f... to let any of the office... members of the crew ... steamship get beyond ... the United States Gove... were all to have sailed ... Red Star liner Lapla... settled that the great... would be permitted to ... er, but the tw... officers among the ... subpoena, together w... not be permitted to ...

I, The Great Zucchini,
Propose to Perform My Daring, Hazardous,
Never-Before-Attempted

MILK CAN ESCAPE

for the edification and amazement of passengers and crew alike.

Gagged, Bound, and Handcuffed, I will permit myself to be lowered into a Giant Milk Can. The can will be Sealed and Padlocked. Then, Imprisoned within this Steel Receptacle, I will be Dropped into the Frigid Waters of the Mighty Atlantic! And, whilst the Can is Keelhauled the Length of the Ship, I will endeavor to Release myself from my Bonds and perform my Escape! Fellow Passengers, Ship's Officers, and Members of the Crew are Cordially Invited to witness this Thrilling Spectacle, on the Quarterdeck at Eleven-Thirty Tonight. A Select Group of International Notables has agreed to act as an Investigating Committee to examine the Milk Can before the Feat is Attempted. The Ship's Doctor will be standing by in Event of a Mishap.

Captain E. J. Smith
H.M.S. Titanic
White Star Line

Sir -

I am acceding to your request that the ship be held on a true course during your escape attempt this evening, so that there will be no danger of the rudder's fouling the cable which attaches your "submarine vessel" to my ship.

Since I understand that not a few wagers are being laid, involving large sums of money, I myself will be standing by on the aft deck at seven bells tonight to ensure there is no skullduggery.

Permit me to wish you the very best of luck.

E. J. Smith

April 14

Dear Sirs:

I remarked in a copy of the *Times*, which was sent to me in the trenches, an advertisement for a certain music-hall performer, appearing at the Grand Theatre in Islington, whose reprehensible character and shoddy conduct deserve to be brought to public attention. I am referring to the American escapologist who calls himself "The Great Zucchini."

I first heard this name on board the Titanic—a vessel whose sad fate need not be repeated here. Zucchini had determined to perform one of his escapes during the voyage, and a great deal of betting naturally took place as to its outcome, particularly among the first-class passengers.

The loudest to proclaim his lack of belief in the reliability of Zucchini's credentials, and the first to back up his arguments with ready cash, was another American by the name of Buckley. I like to see a fellow given a sporting chance, so when Buckley claimed that Zucchini was bluffing, I took him up on it, never realizing that this was playing into his hands.

Imagine my horror when I tumbled to the fact that Buckley was one of Zucchini's confederates. The itinerant conjuror was going to flub the escape and collect on the bets that Buckley had deliberately placed against him, thus fleecing their fellow passengers of a considerable sum.

Before I could reveal the disgraceful machinations of this seedy pair, the alarm bells sounded. Naturally, all other thoughts, save for the safety of the women and children, were swept from my mind.

I had thought both scoundrels perished, but it seems that Zucchini is still at large. For the public protection, it is high time that he is exposed as the fraud and trickster he truly is.

All my energies at present are devoted to the service of King and Country. But Mr. Zucchini may rest assured that he has not heard the last of me. When this little affair is over, I have a score to settle with him.

Brig. J. Townsend
British Expeditionary Force
The Somme
July 10, 1916

THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTA FE

Railroad Company

MENU

Wednesday, June 20, 1919

Dinner Eight o'clock P.M.

Pâté de Foie Gras de Strasbourg aux Truffes

Vichyssoise

Brook Trout Amandine

Boeuf Wellington

Little Lima Beans Braised Endive

Pommes de Terre au Four

Salad with Russian Dressing

Nesselrode Pie Pêche Melba

Assorted Cheeses

Liqueurs and Coffee

An After-Dinner Entertainment Will Be Presented by Professor Zucchini, Famed Clairvoyant and Prestidigitator Extraordinaire

My Dearest Letty,
All is in readiness. Soon boundless happiness will be ours. Pray do not be startled by a sudden bump in the night.
Your very own,
[signature]

... farm, where he ... wagon and drove home. He returned later to retrieve the ... horse may ... made skittish by the sound ... cyclist's bell, magnified by t...

Railroad Heiress Vanishes Mysteriously

Pullman Car Disappears Without Trace

SANTA FE — Miss Leticia Wade, the twenty-two-year-old daughter of Elijah Wade, the Railroad King, was reported missing Tuesday. Miss Wade had been a passenger on her father's railway line from Topeka. However, when the train arrived at 11:00 A.M. on Tuesday, it was no longer pulling Miss Wade's private Pullman car. In its place in the line of cars was a boxcar loaded with turnips and belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It appears that the boxcar had been substituted for the missing Pullman at some point along the route.

Miss Wade was last seen on Monday night at dinner, which she chose to take in the main dining car rather than in her private Pullman. Following the after-dinner entertainment, Miss Wade retired to her own car at 10:06 P.M., according to Conductor Frank Kennedy.

An extensive search for the Pullman has turned up not one shred of evidence as to its whereabouts. All principal railway companies across the nation are cooperating in a concerted effort to locate the missing car.

There has been much speculation regarding the manner of the Pullman's disappearance. Officials of the Santa Fe Railroad feel safe in ruling out the possibility of an accident, since a derailment could not have passed unnoticed by the remainder of the passengers.

It is believed that Miss Wade had with her some of her personal jewelry, valued at over $15,000. The Pullman car itself contained works of art from England, Germany, and Italy, crystal chandeliers imported from Paris, a gold-plated b... tub with ...

RUNAWAY RAILWAY HEIRESS TURNS UP

Father on Track of Variety Artist

ATLANTIC CITY — Beautiful Leticia Wade, only daughter of Midwest Railroad King Elijah Wade, who vanished six months ago, taking with her an entire Pullman car, turned up again today in Atlantic City's Hotel Edgewater. She herself contacted the police to ask them to search for another missing person, a Mr. Mycroft Partner, who, she disclosed, has been her constant companion since the day of her disappearance from the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad.

According to Miss Wade, Mr. Partner had told her he was "going for a walk" yesterday morning. She remained in her hotel room for twenty-four hours before she summoned the courage to contact the police. At this writing, Mr. Partner has not been located. A professional illusionist and conjuror, he goes under the stage name of "The Great Zucchini."

Miss Wade's father, Mr. Elijah Wade, upon being notified that his daughter had been found, announced that he planned to come East immediately from Topeka. He has offered a $1,000 reward for any information pertaining to the whereabouts of Mr. Partner.

"I know Daddy is awfully annoyed that I signed over those bonds," Miss Wade told reporters. "But I don't care about that, or about losing my jewelry. All I want is to see my Zucky again."

The Pullman car itself was discovered a month ago, in Montreal, Canada, where it had been purchased by a Mr. Jean Drapeau, with the unique idea of converting it into a restaurant.



Miss Wade and her traveling companion, photographed recently by a boardwalk photographer

Last Impressions Are the Most Important

Suicide Notes of the Near-Great and the Near-Near-Great
by Commander Barkfeather and Doris O. Perception

We felt on the other hand that a closer examination of ourselves showed us to be white, and that while, to be sure, this had once had validity, now it could only be considered unclean. The very concept of uncleanliness (COU) led us inevitably to the conclusion that our minds were irredeemably programmed along middle-class lines (IPAMCL), and a brief glance below confirmed the suspicion that we were male. We realized that since the drafting of the Port Huron Statement--in itself a pretentious polysyllabic piece of chauvinism--nothing had changed and that essentially we had failed in our attempt to become a black working-class woman (BWW). So we offed ourself.

All power to the people!

Tom Hayden ☮

SUICIDE NOTE

Andy Warhol

THIS PHOTOGRAPH MAY NOT BE-- ETC.

suicide is asking God to close his eyes and giving him a big surprise... Conita

from the desk of
David Susskind

Dear Joyce,

You will probably wonder why I, who oppose violence and bloodshed and war toys, have opted to die by my own hand. Let me explain. Everyone despises me--the Negroes (or "Afro-Americans," as they now like to be called), the gals (or "women," as they now insist upon), the fairies (or "gay activists," as they now prefer), the JDL, the Indians, the Hell's Angels, the Chicanos, the superstars, the swingers, the war vets, the grape-pickers, the longhairs, the hardhats, everybody! They all agree that I am a complete and utter asshole.

It's just possible that my death might serve to bring this country together; that black and white, left and right would join hands to spit on my grave and that, springing from this common ground, might come meaningful dialogues and change instituted through existing channels.

David

P.S. Honey, check with the funeral cosmetician and see if he can get this shit-eating grin off my face.

Hemlock Surprise

5 fly agaric mushrooms
2 mandrake roots
1 teaspoon silver nitrate
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup picrotoxin
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon ferric dimethyl dithiocarbamate
salt and pepper
2 cups crushed hemlock bark

Wash mushrooms and mandrake roots thoroughly and dice. Place in saucepan and add silver nitrate, picrotoxin, ferric dimethyl dithiocarbamate, salt and pepper. Cook for 15 minutes at low heat, stirring occasionally. Beat hemlock bark until fluffy and fold into mixture. Cool. Turn oven to moderate (350° F.). Do not light. Drink mixture and place head in oven until dead.

Cheerio, toodaloo, and all that!

Graham Kerr

At Last! The Event the World Has Been Waiting For!

They Said He Was Too Old to Live and Too Stupid to Die, *But He Called Their Bluff*!

See the Whole Heartwarming Truth in

Jack Warner Kicks His Own Bucket

(Coming soon to a theater near you)

"I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE ENJOYED ANYTHING MORE." —Pauline Kael

"THRILLING!" —Andrew Sarris

"A MAJOR STEP FORWARD IN CINEMA." —Penelope Gilliatt

DATELINE HOLLYWOOD

WHAT CUTE AS A TWINKIE SHARP AS A CARDIAC SCANDAL-SNIFFER WAS MAKING LE BISTRO SCENE LAST NIGHT WITH THAT FABBY SAVVY GRIM REAPER? JUST GOOD FRIENDS? MR. MANTLE WASN'T TALKING BUT THE LADY IN QUEST ION CLAIMS THIS TIME IT'S FOR KEEPS. NO PLANS FOR THE FUTURE SAYS SHE (BEYOND TAKING A LONG TRIP TOGETHER!), ADDING SHE'S AS MUCH IN THE DARK AS WE ARE. HMMM. OUR LITTLE BIRDS TELL US THAT IF THE REASON FOR THE ROMANCE HASN'T A LOT TO DO WITH A CHARACTER CALLED KILGALLEN, IT'S CERTAINLY THE ONLY STORY SHE HAS LEFT IN HER.

RONA BARRETT

DF

"Do you know what it's like to face death and have someone else's whole life flash before you?

David Frye

Mrs. Amy Vanderbilt
requests the pleasure of your company
at the funeral of
herself
on Wednesday morning, the second of February
at ten o'clock
St. Thomas Episcopal Church
New York

R.s.v.p. unnecessary

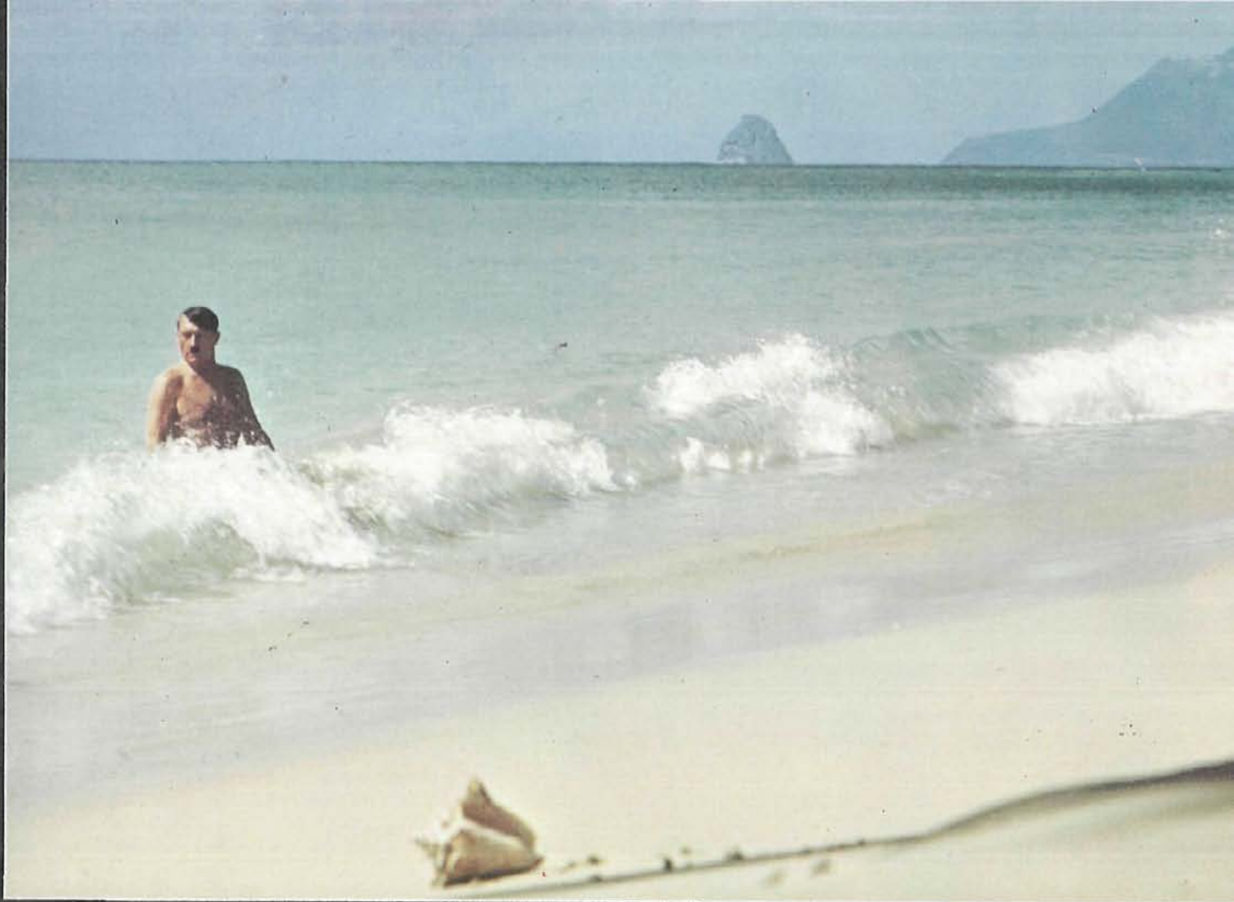
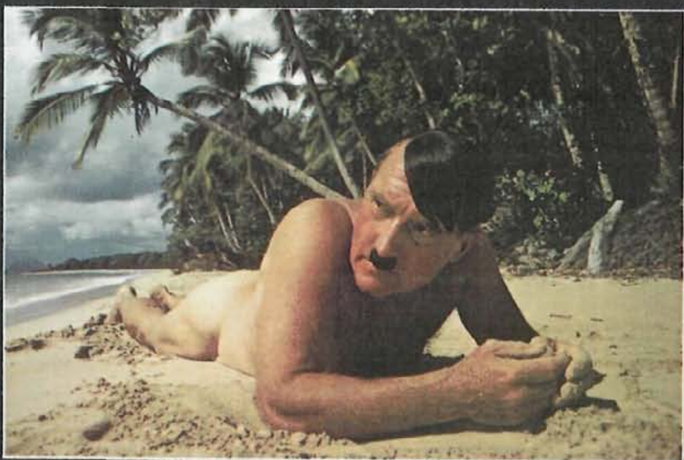


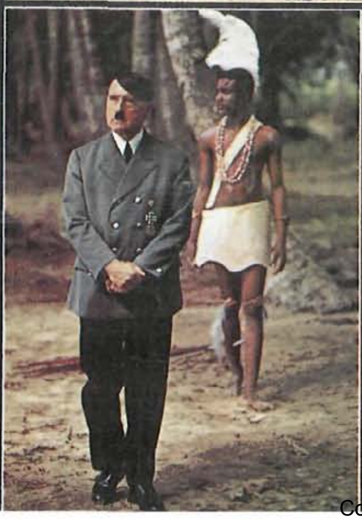
STRANGER IN PARADISE

All of us dream
of a return to paradise,
of an escape from the hustle
and bustle of everyday life.
But few of us are
fortunate enough
to find paradise on earth.

Here is one man who has.

Photostory by Michel Choquette



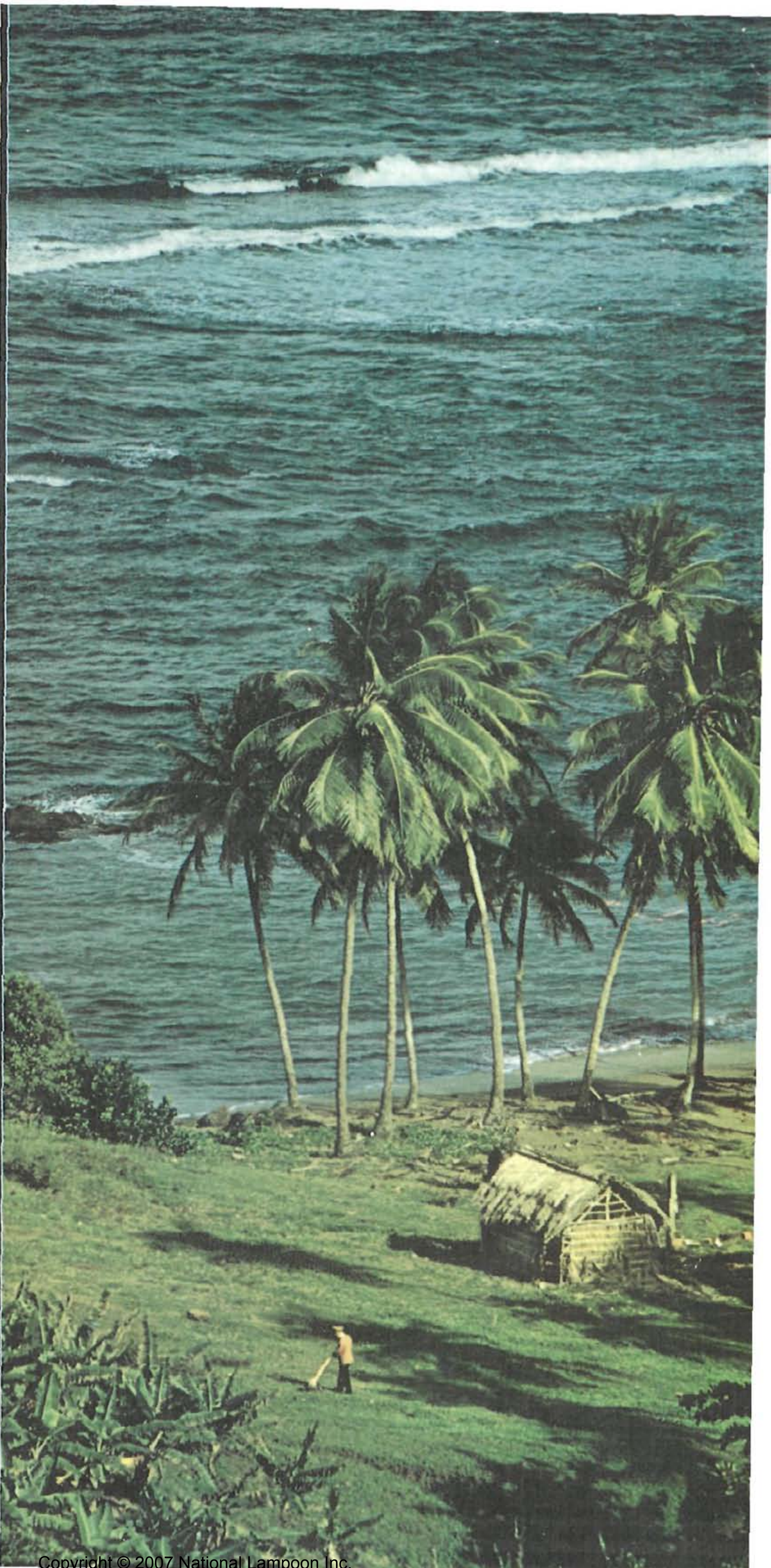

In the peace and seclusion of a small, uncharted tropical island, a modern-day Robinson Crusoe has elected to spend the winter of his years. He leads a simple life of simple pleasures. His wants are few, and the climate is warm.

He keeps himself in top physical condition by taking a refreshing dip in the ocean each day, while his faithful native companion, whom he has christened Freitag, waits on the beach.

Much of his time is spent in cultivating his garden, a well-trimmed plot of land that he has reclaimed from the jungle. He still lives in the same primitive but comfortable hut that he built himself when he first came to the island.

From the natives he has learned to extract colors from bark and herbs so that he can pursue a pastime of his youth, painting.

The aboriginal inhabitants love and revere this friendly white man, one of the few they have ever seen. In the photo at left, the natives indicate the spot where, tradition has it, he came from the sea in a great silver fish, many years ago.



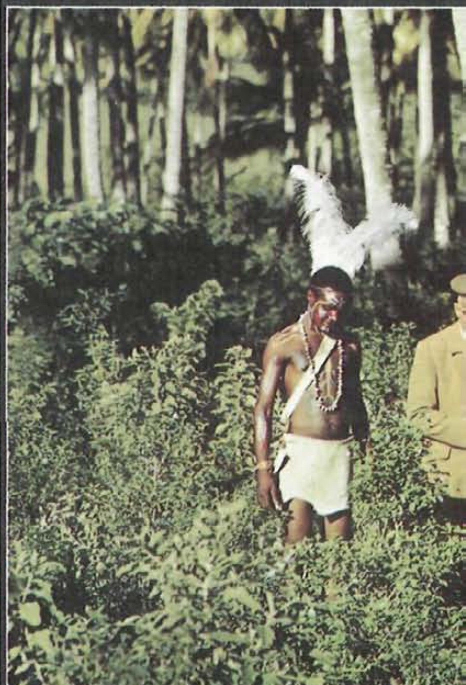


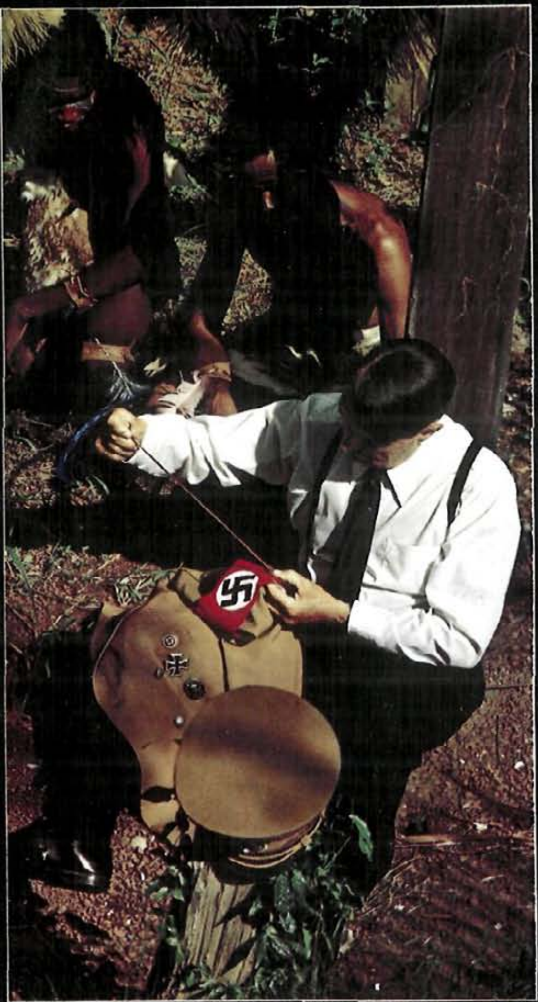
Although this self-exiled hermit lives a life of leisure, he is no believer in indolence. He is an early riser, getting up at dawn to join in the hunt for edible snakes.

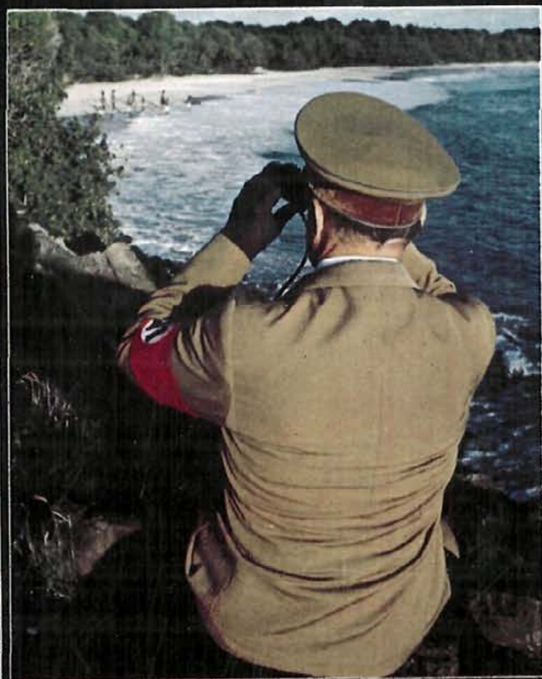
Later, from his clifftop eyrie, he looks on while Freitag leads a select group of natives in calisthenics. It is his philosophy that the island's young men should channel their energy into worthwhile pursuits.

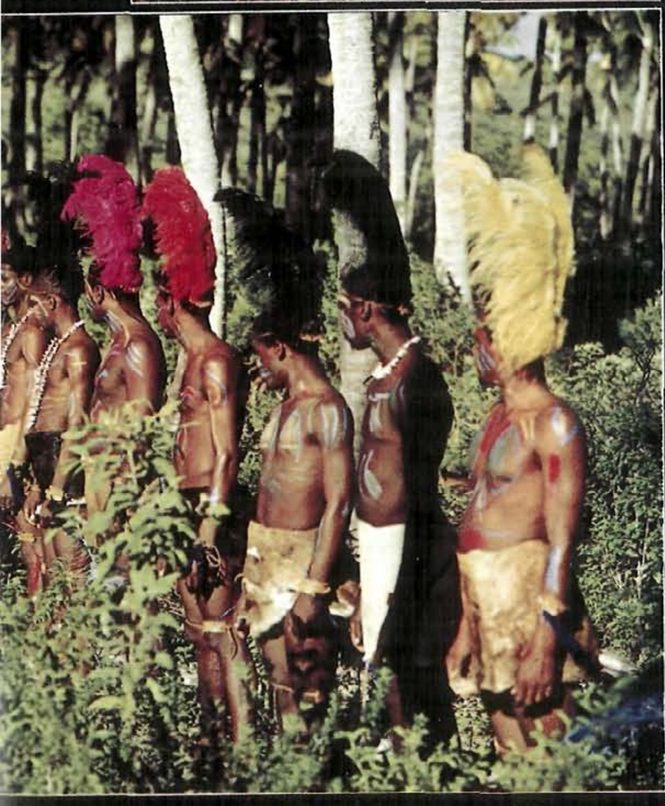
He himself is a stickler for neatness, and never neglects his household chores. He washes his clothes in the stream, using the age-old method of pounding them with rocks. He has become an expert at darning and mending.

Each day he gives the roof of his hut a going-over with a handmade rake. He likes to set an example of cleanliness and order.



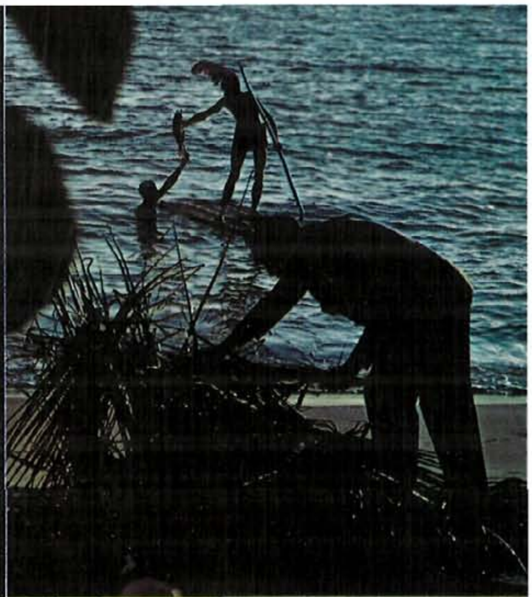








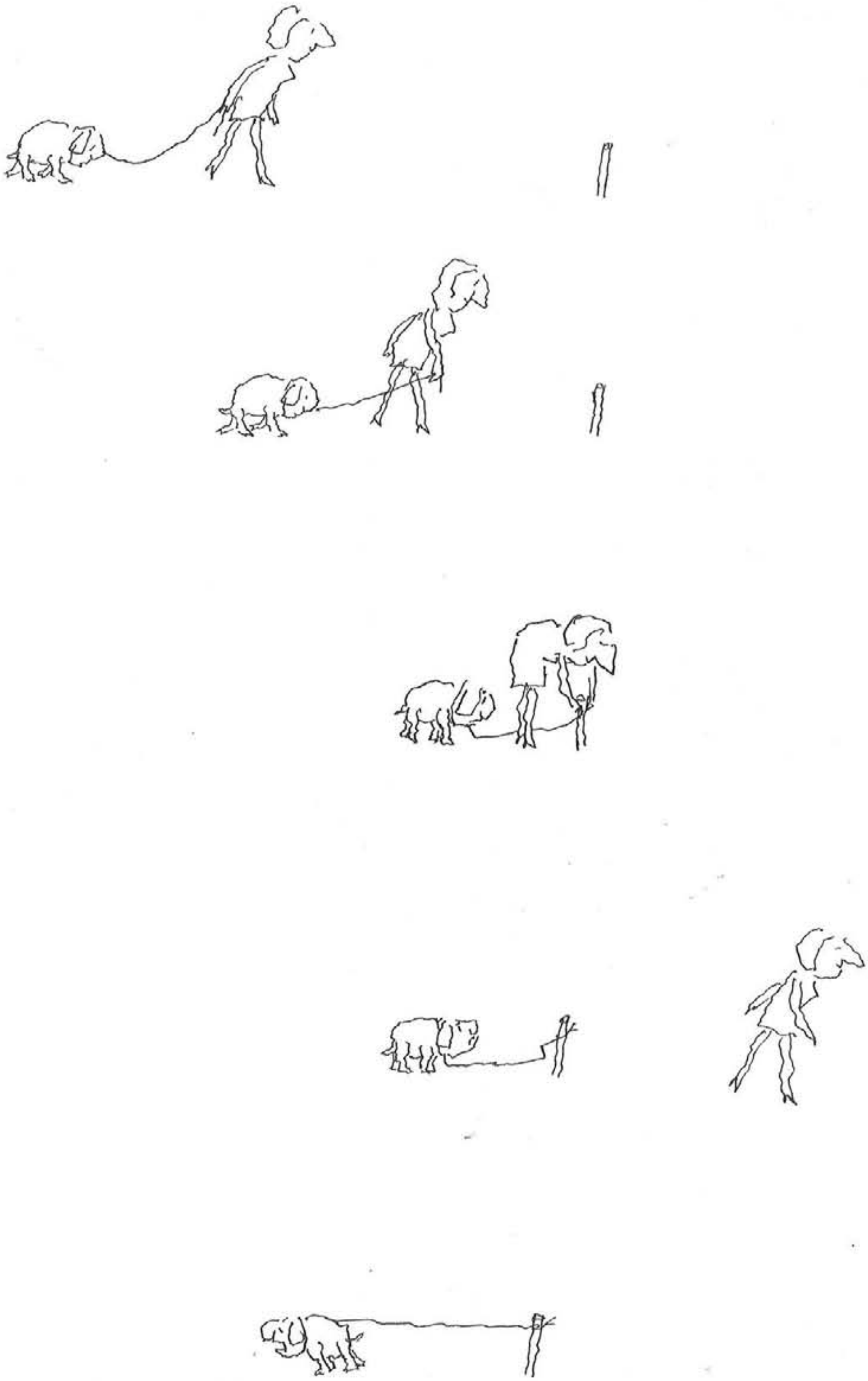




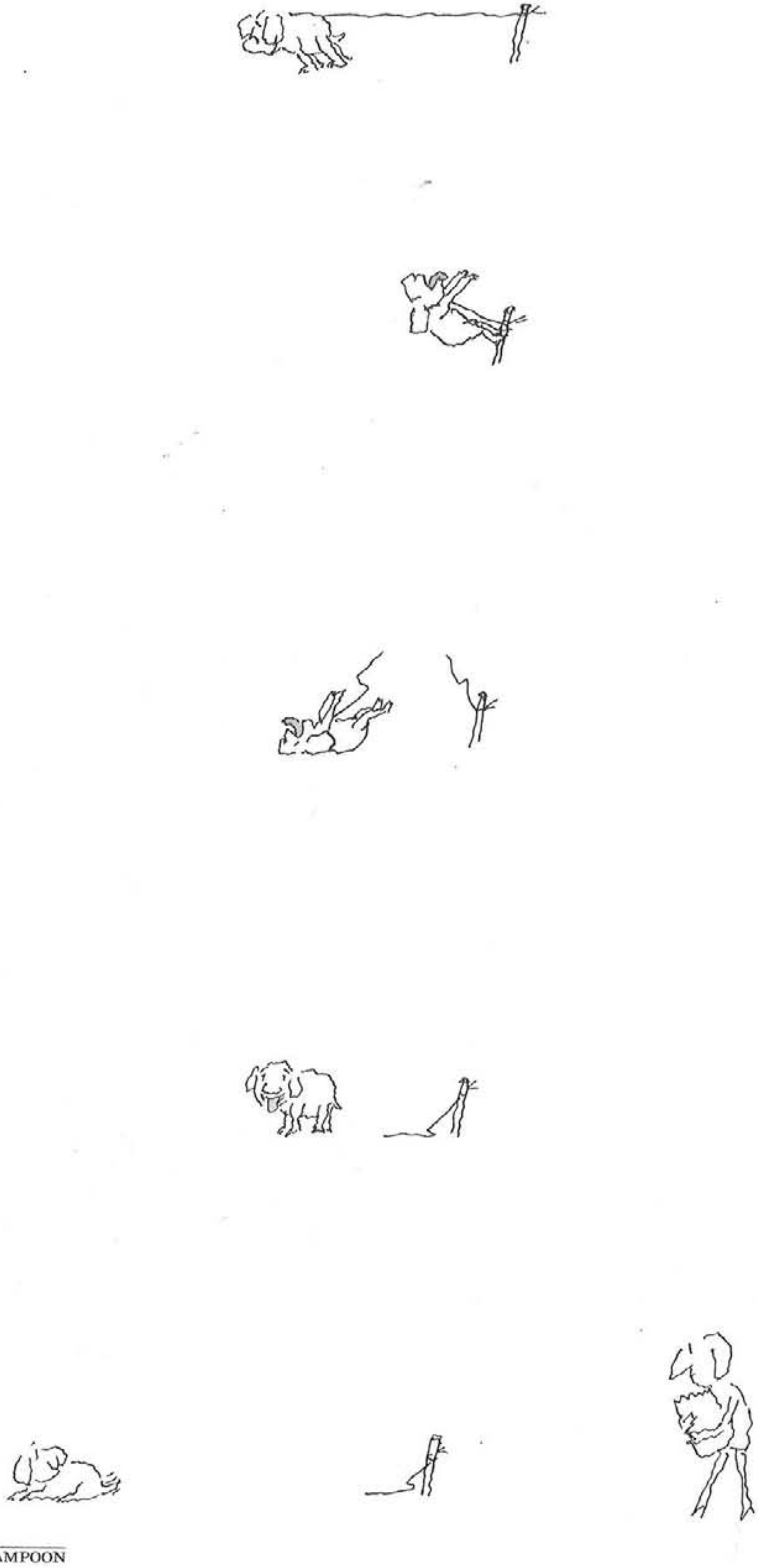


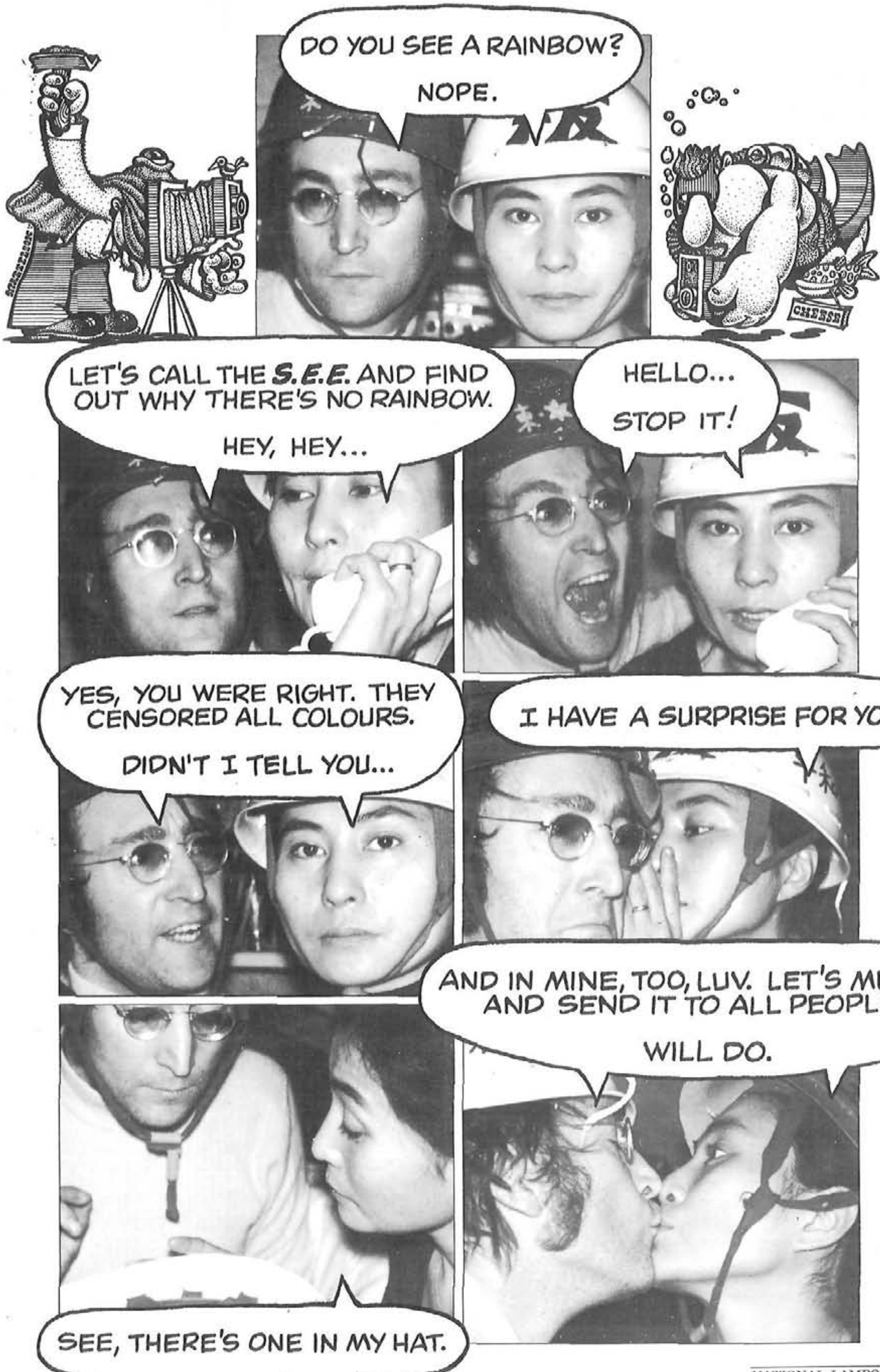


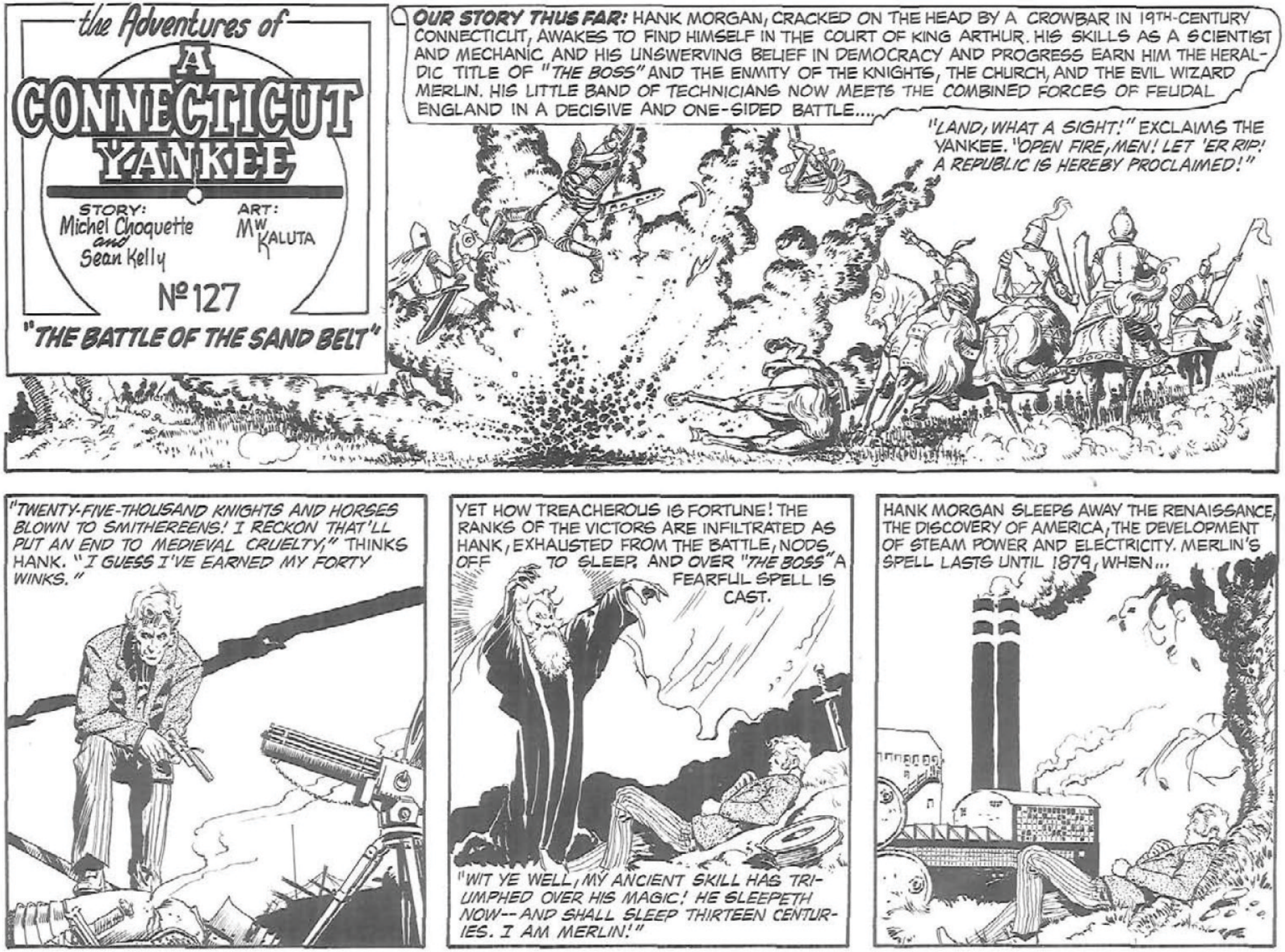
"The Runaway" by R. O. Blechman



continued




DO YOU SEE A RAINBOW?
NOPE.
LET'S CALL THE S.E.E. AND FIND OUT WHY THERE'S NO RAINBOW.
HEY, HEY...
HELLO...
STOP IT!
YES, YOU WERE RIGHT. THEY CENSORED ALL COLOURS.
DIDN'T I TELL YOU...
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
SEE, THERE'S ONE IN MY HAT.
AND IN MINE, TOO, LUV. LET'S MULTIPLY AND SEND IT TO ALL PEOPLE....
WILL DO.
CHEESE


the Adventures of
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
STORY: Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly
ART: MW KALUTA
Nº 127
"THE BATTLE OF THE SAND BELT"
OUR STORY THUS FAR: HANK MORGAN, CRACKED ON THE HEAD BY A CROWBAR IN 19TH-CENTURY CONNECTICUT, AWAKES TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. HIS SKILLS AS A SCIENTIST AND MECHANIC AND HIS UNSWERVING BELIEF IN DEMOCRACY AND PROGRESS EARN HIM THE HERALDIC TITLE OF "THE BOSS" AND THE ENMITY OF THE KNIGHTS, THE CHURCH, AND THE EVIL WIZARD MERLIN. HIS LITTLE BAND OF TECHNICIANS NOW MEETS THE COMBINED FORCES OF FEUDAL ENGLAND IN A DECISIVE AND ONE-SIDED BATTLE....
"LAND, WHAT A SIGHT!" EXCLAIMS THE YANKEE. "OPEN FIRE, MEN! LET 'ER RIP! A REPUBLIC IS HEREBY PROCLAIMED!"
"TWENTY-FIVE-THOUSAND KNIGHTS AND HORSES BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS! I RECKON THAT'LL PUT AN END TO MEDIEVAL CRUELTY," THINKS HANK. "I GUESS I'VE EARNED MY FORTY WINKS."
YET HOW TREACHEROUS IS FORTUNE! THE RANKS OF THE VICTORS ARE INFILTRATED AS HANK, EXHAUSTED FROM THE BATTLE, NODS OFF TO SLEEP, AND OVER "THE BOSS" A FEARFUL SPELL IS CAST.
"WIT YE WELL, MY ANCIENT SKILL HAS TRIUMPHED OVER HIS MAGIC! HE SLEEPETH NOW-- AND SHALL SLEEP THIRTEEN CENTURIES. I AM MERLIN!"
HANK MORGAN SLEEPS AWAY THE RENAISSANCE, THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, THE DEVELOPMENT OF STEAM POWER AND ELECTRICITY. MERLIN'S SPELL LASTS UNTIL 1879, WHEN...

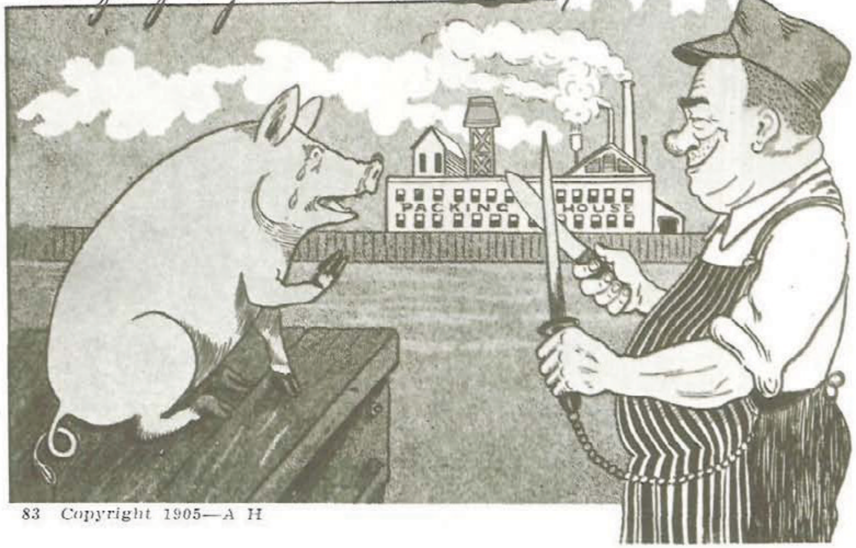

"A BUGLE?...IT IS THE KING! MAN THE BATTLEMENTS--TURN OUT THE--" MUMBLES THE SEMICONSCIOUS YANKEE.
Colt ARMS WORKS
rtford
onnecticut
"COMIN' TO, ARE YUH, MORGAN? THEN I'D BEST FETCH YUH ANOTHER WALLOP!" CRIES HIS HOMETOWN RIVAL, BRANDISHING THE CROWBAR ONCE MORE.
AND IT HAPPENS AGAIN!
HANK AWAKENS TO CONFRONT A STRANGE CREATURE. "HUMANOIDS LACK BIO-RESOURCES FOR PHYSICAL PRESENCE IN THIS AREA," IT SAYS TO HIM. "PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR SECTOR."
"WHERE TO THIS TIME, FRIEND?" ASKS HANK. "BRIDGEPORT OR CAMELOT?"
"TO OMEGOPOLIS, THE HUMANOID SECTOR," REPLIES THE CREATURE. "PREPARE FOR MOLECULAR TELEKINESIS."
"BOSH! TAKE ME TO...GREAT GUNS!" EXCLAIMS A DISAPPEARING YANKEE.
"GREAT SCOTT! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? WHAT YEAR IS THIS, FRIEND? WHO'S THE BOSS, HERE?" INQUIRES AN AWESTRUCK HANK MORGAN.
THE CYBERNITE RESPONDS: "THE YEAR IS 3245. 'HELL' DOES NOT COMPUTE. 'BOSS' DOES NOT COMPUTE. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH BIOCYBER MERLIN."
MW KALUTA
"MERLIN!" HANK ALMOST SHOUTS.
"MODULAR ENERGY RESOURCE LIFE AND INFORMATION NEXUS," REPLIES THE ROBOT.
NEXT WEEK: "FUTURE SHOCK"


the Adventures of
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
STORY: Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly
ART: MW KALUTA
№ 135
"MERLIN'S TOWER"
OUR STORY THUS FAR: KNOCKED FLYING INTO THE 33rd CENTURY, HANK MORGAN FINDS HIMSELF IN TROUBLE AGAIN. HIS REFUSAL TO INGEST HIS PAVLOTABS, AND HIS INSISTENCE THAT HE BE TAKEN TO MEET THE BOSS-- OR BE ELECTED BOSS HIMSELF--HAS RESULTED IN A RARE PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH BIOCYBER MERLIN. WHILE THE YANKEE GAZES WITH FASCINATION AT A 3-DIMENSIONAL HOLO-CAST OF THE ENTIRE CITY, MERLIN PRAISES THE CAREFREE LIFE OF ITS INHABITANTS.
"WELL, I'LL ALLOW AS HOW THIS IS A DAISY OF A MAGIC-LANTERN SHOW," HANK OBSERVES AS THE HOLO-CAST CHANGES FOCUS, "AND THOSE FOLKS ARE HAVING A SMASHER OF A PARTY. BUT WHO'S MINDING THE STORE? CLASSLESS, RACELESS, AND USELESS, THE LOT OF THEM!"
THE HOLOSCANNER FOCUSES ON A PLEASURE PROBE. FLABBERGASTED, HANK EXCLAIMS, "NOW WHAT DID SHE DO TO DESERVE ALL THAT FUN? I WORK HARD FOR MY GOOD TIMES!"

Drop Them a Line to Say That You're Fine



Are you going to (meat) me at the place named.?



83 Copyright 1905—A H

"We hear there are some comfortable seats
on the beach!"



Steh' ich in finst'rer Mitternacht!



Als ich zur Fahne fortgemüßt,
Hat sie so herzlich mich geküßt,
Mit Bändern meinen Hut geschmückt
Und weinend mich ans Herz gedrückt.

Please accept this attractive set of four post cards with the compliments of National Lampoon. Drop in any mailbox. Postage will be paid by you or your friends.

Living "high off the hog" in Chicago, Illinois

POST CARD

PLACE STAMP HERE

NATIONAL LAMPOON POSTCARD

ONLY THE
ADDRESS
TO BE WRITTEN
HERE

The Elopement

Post Card

PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE

NATIONAL LAMPOON POSTCARD

ONLY THE
ADDRESS
TO BE WRITTEN
HERE

Der Traum
(Le Rève)
(Il Sogno)
(The Dream)

POST CARD

PLACE STAMP

NATIONAL LAMPOON POSTCARD

ONLY THE
ADDRESS
TO BE WRITTEN
HERE

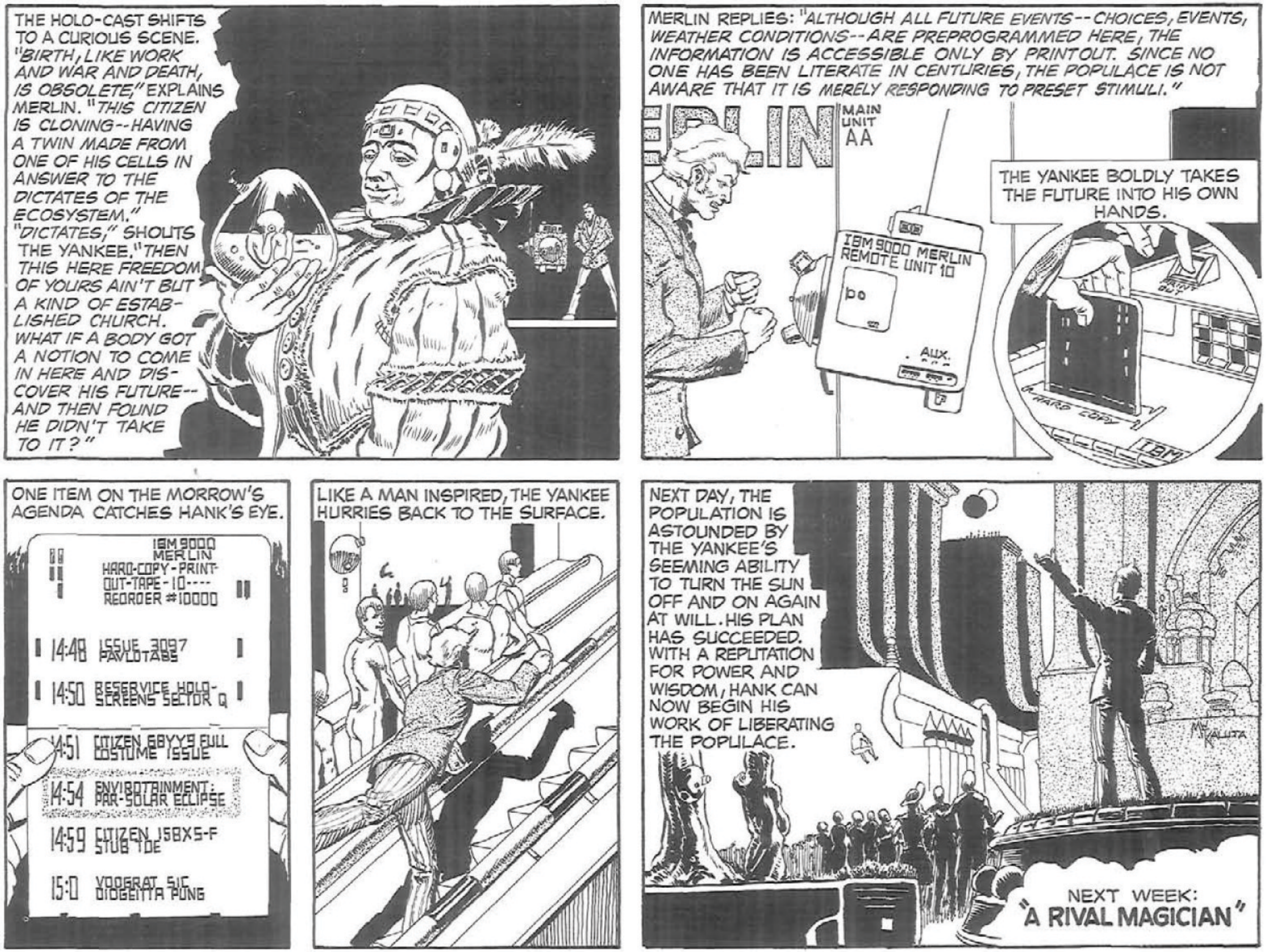
Seaside View, Brighton
"COMIQUE" Series

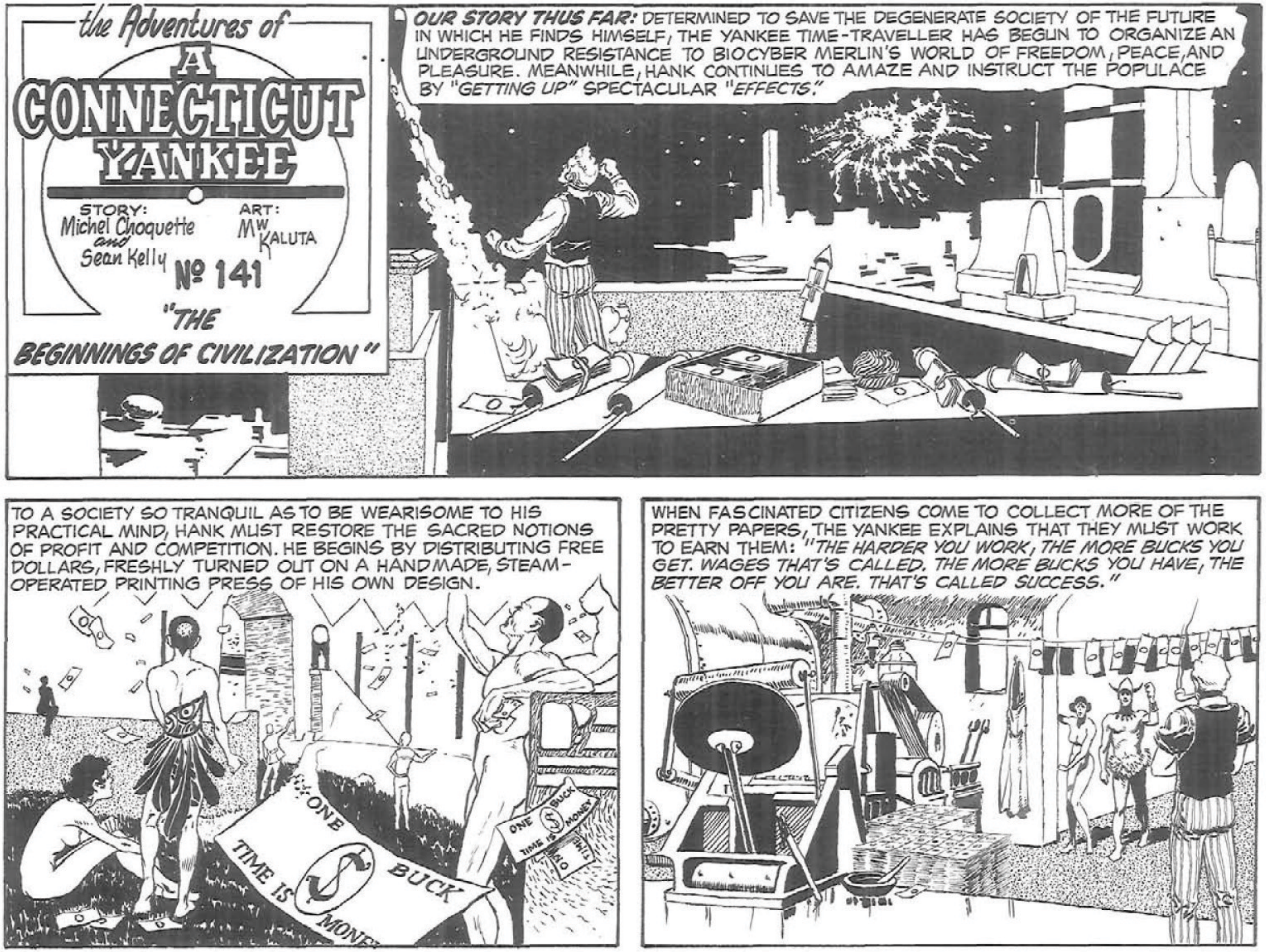
Post Card

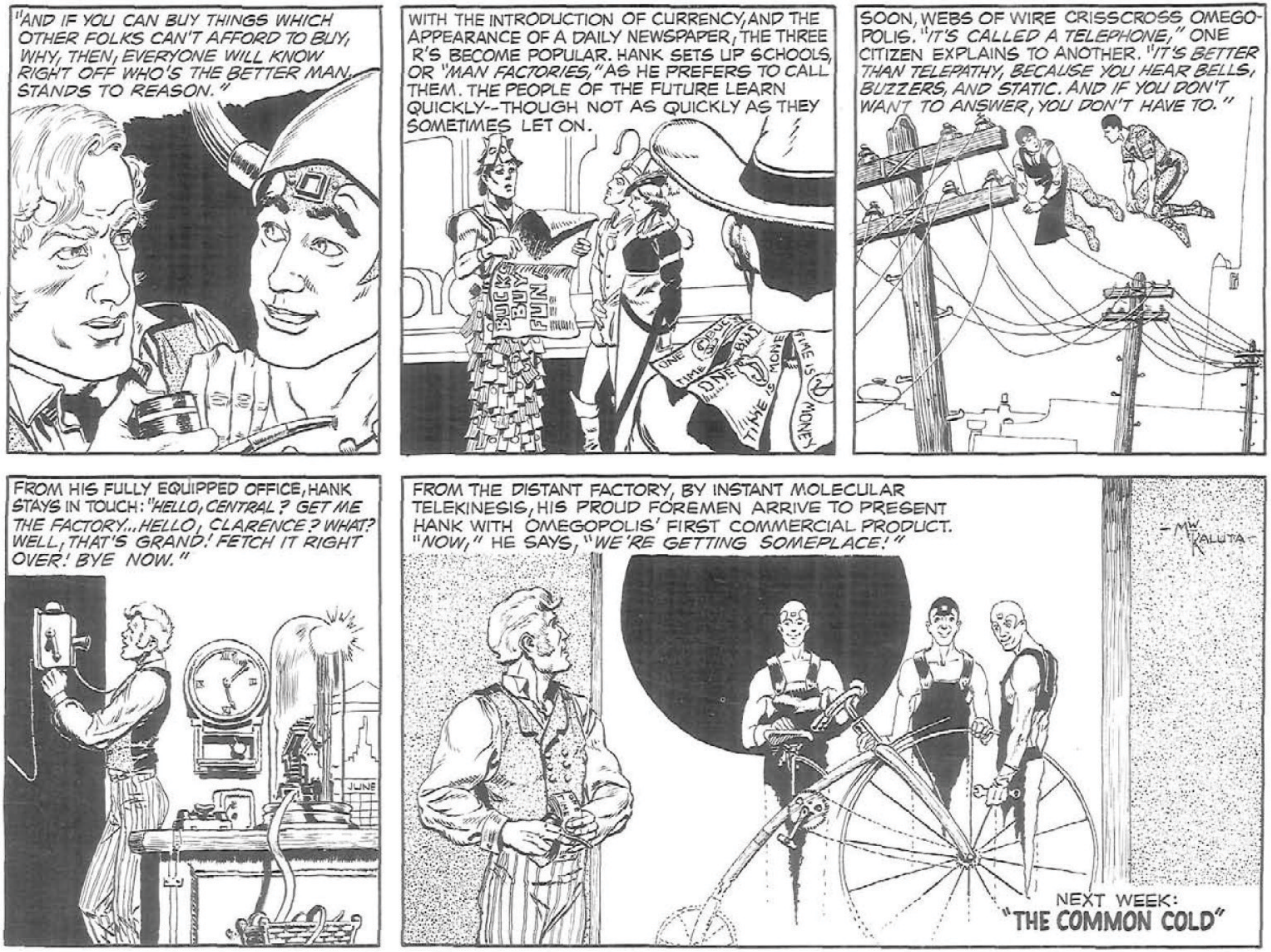
PLACE POSTAGE STAMP HERE

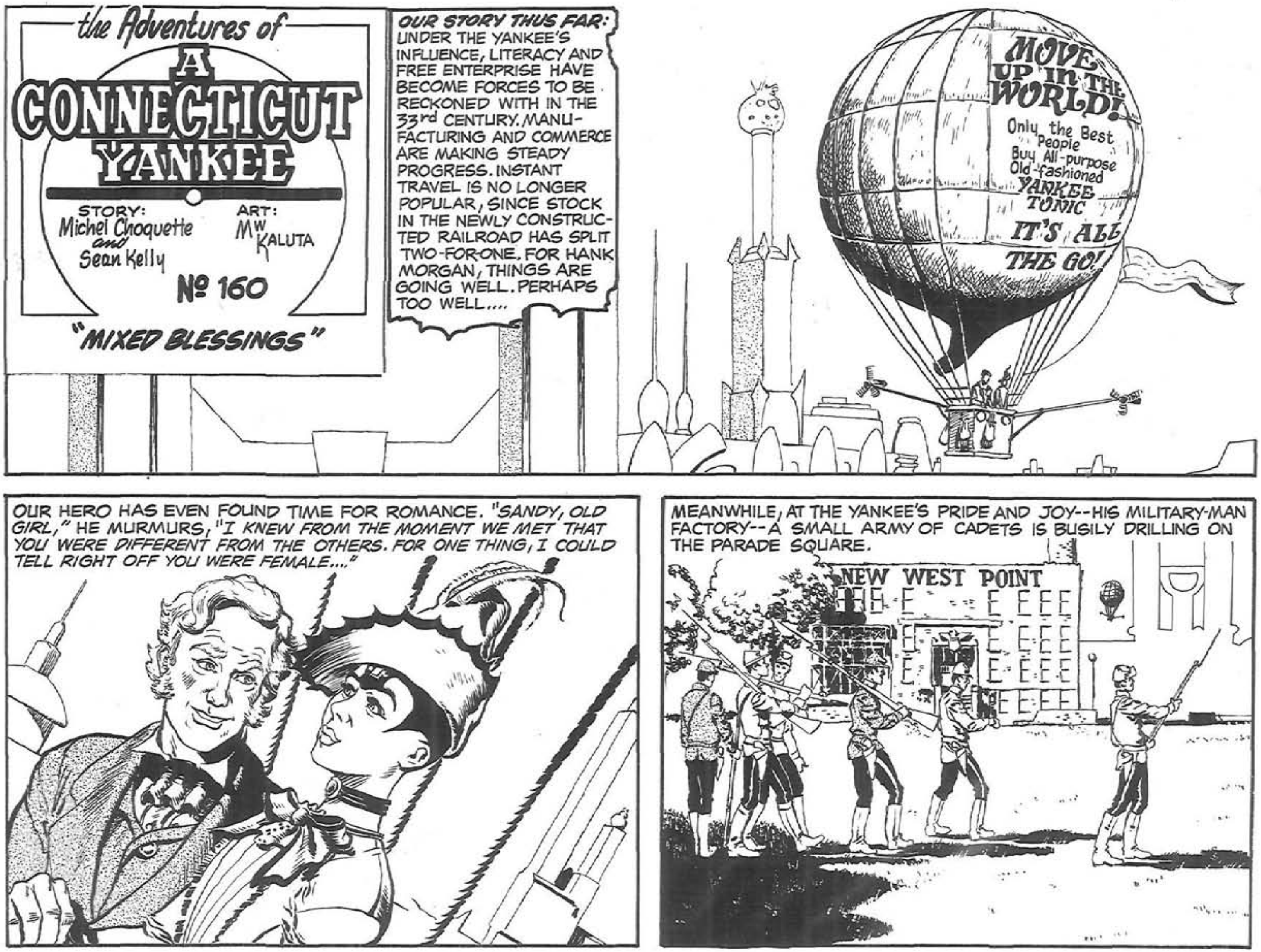
NATIONAL LAMPOON POSTCARD

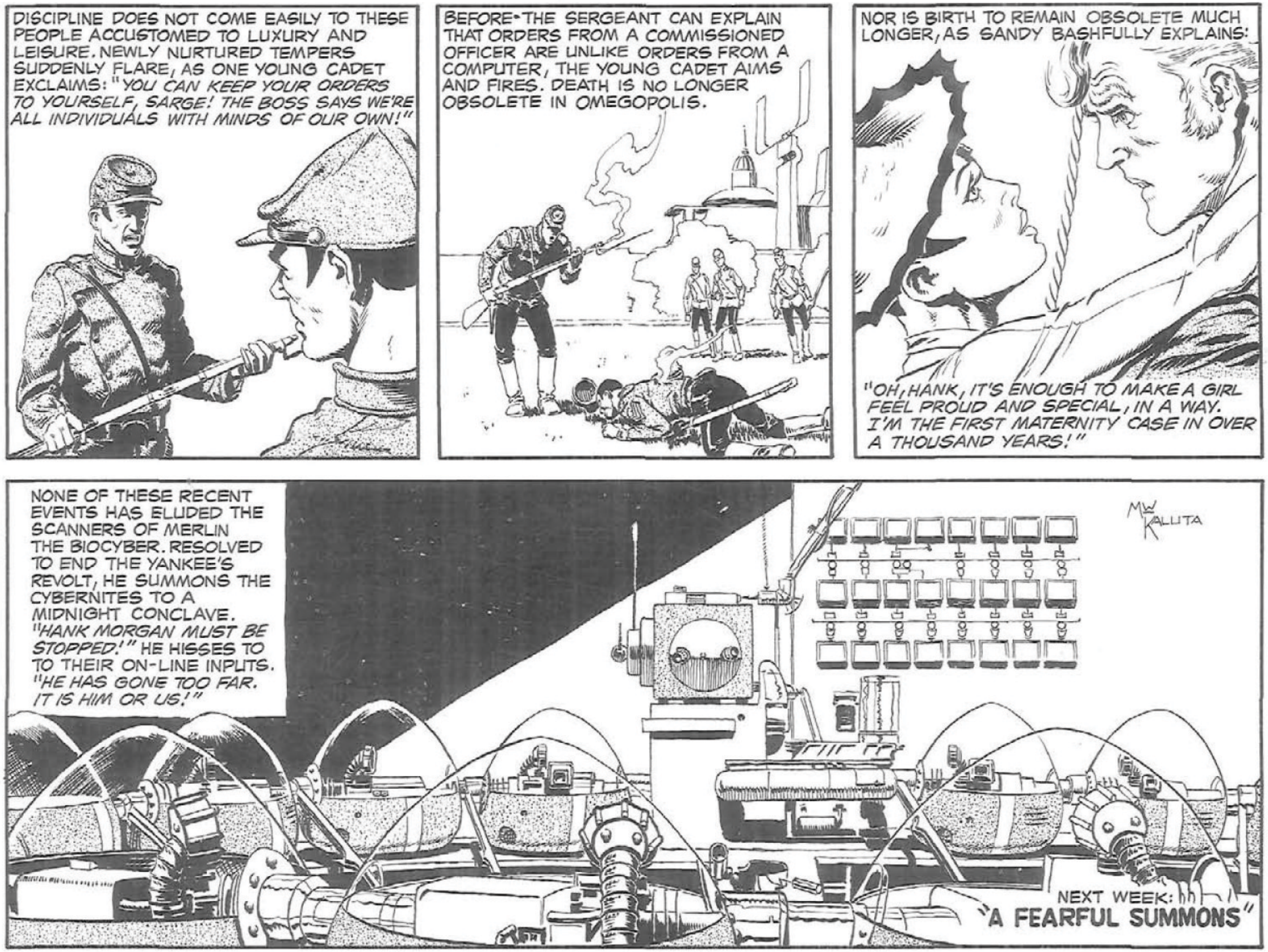
ONLY THE
ADDRESS
TO BE WRITTEN
HERE


THE HOLO-CAST SHIFTS TO A CURIOUS SCENE. "BIRTH, LIKE WORK AND WAR AND DEATH, IS OBSOLETE," EXPLAINS MERLIN. "THIS CITIZEN IS CLONING--HAVING A TWIN MADE FROM ONE OF HIS CELLS IN ANSWER TO THE DICTATES OF THE ECOSYSTEM." "DICTATES," SHOUTS THE YANKEE. "THEN THIS HERE FREEDOM OF YOURS AIN'T BUT A KIND OF ESTABLISHED CHURCH. WHAT IF A BODY GOT A NOTION TO COME IN HERE AND DISCOVER HIS FUTURE--AND THEN FOUND HE DIDN'T TAKE TO IT?"
MERLIN REPLIES: "ALTHOUGH ALL FUTURE EVENTS--CHOICES, EVENTS, WEATHER CONDITIONS--ARE PREPROGRAMMED HERE, THE INFORMATION IS ACCESSIBLE ONLY BY PRINTOUT. SINCE NO ONE HAS BEEN LITERATE IN CENTURIES, THE POPULACE IS NOT AWARE THAT IT IS MERELY RESPONDING TO PRESET STIMULI."
MAIN UNIT AA
IBM 9000 MERLIN REMOTE UNIT 10
AUX.
THE YANKEE BOLDLY TAKES THE FUTURE INTO HIS OWN HANDS.
HARD COPY
IBM
ONE ITEM ON THE MORROW'S AGENDA CATCHES HANK'S EYE.
IBM 9000 MERLIN HARD-COPY-PRINT-OUT-TAPE-10---- REORDER #10000
14:48 ISSUE 3097 PAVLOTABS
14:50 RESERVICE HOLO-SCREENS SECTOR Q
14:51 CITIZEN 6BYY9 FULL COSTUME ISSUE
14:54 ENVIROTAINMENT: PAR-SOLAR ECLIPSE
14:59 CITIZEN 158X5-F STUB TOE
15:0 VOOGRAT SIC DIOGEITTA PUNG
LIKE A MAN INSPIRED, THE YANKEE HURRIES BACK TO THE SURFACE.
NEXT DAY, THE POPULATION IS ASTOUNDED BY THE YANKEE'S SEEMING ABILITY TO TURN THE SUN OFF AND ON AGAIN AT WILL. HIS PLAN HAS SUCCEEDED. WITH A REPUTATION FOR POWER AND WISDOM, HANK CAN NOW BEGIN HIS WORK OF LIBERATING THE POPULACE.
MW KALUTA
NEXT WEEK: "A RIVAL MAGICIAN"

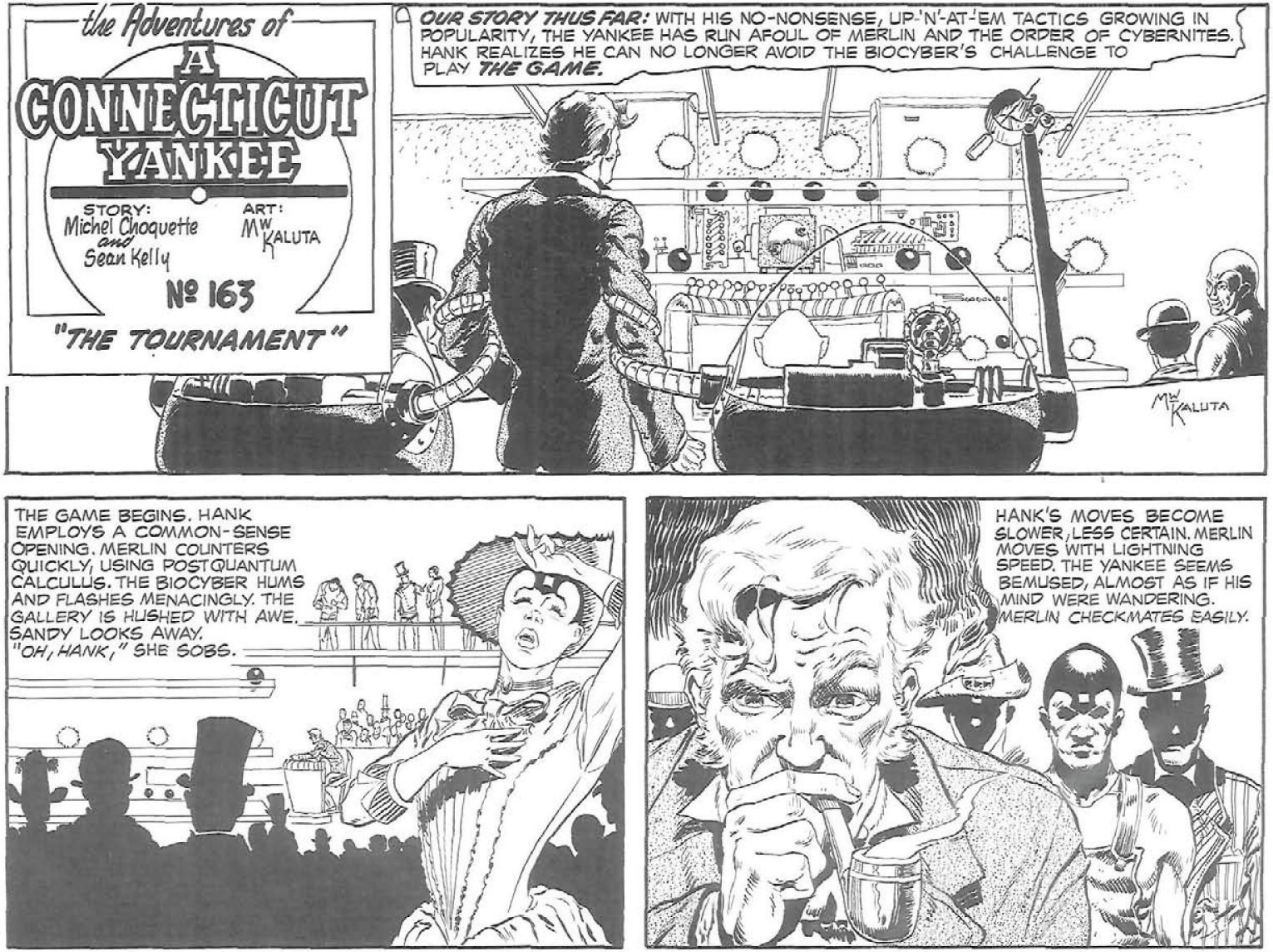

the Adventures of
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
STORY: Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly
ART: MW KALUTA
№ 141
"THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION"
OUR STORY THUS FAR: DETERMINED TO SAVE THE DEGENERATE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE IN WHICH HE FINDS HIMSELF, THE YANKEE TIME-TRAVELLER HAS BEGUN TO ORGANIZE AN UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE TO BIOCYBER MERLIN'S WORLD OF FREEDOM, PEACE, AND PLEASURE. MEANWHILE, HANK CONTINUES TO AMAZE AND INSTRUCT THE POPULACE BY "GETTING UP" SPECTACULAR "EFFECTS."
TO A SOCIETY SO TRANQUIL AS TO BE WEARISOME TO HIS PRACTICAL MIND, HANK MUST RESTORE THE SACRED NOTIONS OF PROFIT AND COMPETITION. HE BEGINS BY DISTRIBUTING FREE DOLLARS, FRESHLY TURNED OUT ON A HANDMADE, STEAM-OPERATED PRINTING PRESS OF HIS OWN DESIGN.
ONE BUCK
TIME IS MONE
ONE BUCK
TIME IS MONEY
WHEN FASCINATED CITIZENS COME TO COLLECT MORE OF THE PRETTY PAPERS, THE YANKEE EXPLAINS THAT THEY MUST WORK TO EARN THEM: "THE HARDER YOU WORK, THE MORE BUCKS YOU GET. WAGES THAT'S CALLED. THE MORE BUCKS YOU HAVE, THE BETTER OFF YOU ARE. THAT'S CALLED SUCCESS."


"AND IF YOU CAN BUY THINGS WHICH OTHER FOLKS CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY, WHY, THEN, EVERYONE WILL KNOW RIGHT OFF WHO'S THE BETTER MAN. STANDS TO REASON."
WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF CURRENCY, AND THE APPEARANCE OF A DAILY NEWSPAPER, THE THREE R'S BECOME POPULAR. HANK SETS UP SCHOOLS, OR "MAN FACTORIES," AS HE PREFERS TO CALL THEM. THE PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE LEARN QUICKLY--THOUGH NOT AS QUICKLY AS THEY SOMETIMES LET ON.
BUCKS BUY FUN
TIME IS MONEY
SOON, WEBS OF WIRE CRISSCROSS OMEGOPOLIS. "IT'S CALLED A TELEPHONE," ONE CITIZEN EXPLAINS TO ANOTHER. "IT'S BETTER THAN TELEPATHY, BECAUSE YOU HEAR BELLS, BUZZERS, AND STATIC. AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ANSWER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO."
FROM HIS FULLY EQUIPPED OFFICE, HANK STAYS IN TOUCH: "HELLO, CENTRAL? GET ME THE FACTORY...HELLO, CLARENCE? WHAT? WELL, THAT'S GRAND! FETCH IT RIGHT OVER! BYE NOW."
JUNE
FROM THE DISTANT FACTORY, BY INSTANT MOLECULAR TELEKINESIS, HIS PROUD FOREMEN ARRIVE TO PRESENT HANK WITH OMEGOPOLIS' FIRST COMMERCIAL PRODUCT. "NOW," HE SAYS, "WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!"
-MW KALUTA-
NEXT WEEK:
"THE COMMON COLD"


the Adventures of
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
STORY: Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly
ART: MW KALUTA
Nº 160
"MIXED BLESSINGS"
OUR STORY THUS FAR: UNDER THE YANKEE'S INFLUENCE, LITERACY AND FREE ENTERPRISE HAVE BECOME FORCES TO BE RECKONED WITH IN THE 33rd CENTURY. MANUFACTURING AND COMMERCE ARE MAKING STEADY PROGRESS. INSTANT TRAVEL IS NO LONGER POPULAR, SINCE STOCK IN THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED RAILROAD HAS SPLIT TWO-FOR-ONE. FOR HANK MORGAN, THINGS ARE GOING WELL. PERHAPS TOO WELL....
MOVE UP IN THE WORLD!
Only the Best People Buy All-purpose Old-fashioned YANKEE TONIC
IT'S ALL THE GO!
OUR HERO HAS EVEN FOUND TIME FOR ROMANCE. "SANDY, OLD GIRL," HE MURMURS, "I KNEW FROM THE MOMENT WE MET THAT YOU WERE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS. FOR ONE THING, I COULD TELL RIGHT OFF YOU WERE FEMALE...."
MEANWHILE, AT THE YANKEE'S PRIDE AND JOY--HIS MILITARY-MAN FACTORY--A SMALL ARMY OF CADETS IS BUSILY DRILLING ON THE PARADE SQUARE.
NEW WEST POINT



DISCIPLINE DOES NOT COME EASILY TO THESE PEOPLE ACCUSTOMED TO LUXURY AND LEISURE. NEWLY NURTURED TEMPERS SUDDENLY FLARE, AS ONE YOUNG CADET EXCLAIMS: "YOU CAN KEEP YOUR ORDERS TO YOURSELF, SARGE! THE BOSS SAYS WE'RE ALL INDIVIDUALS WITH MINDS OF OUR OWN!"
BEFORE THE SERGEANT CAN EXPLAIN THAT ORDERS FROM A COMMISSIONED OFFICER ARE UNLIKE ORDERS FROM A COMPUTER, THE YOUNG CADET AIMS AND FIRES. DEATH IS NO LONGER OBSOLETE IN OMEGOPOLIS.
NOR IS BIRTH TO REMAIN OBSOLETE MUCH LONGER, AS SANDY BASHFULLY EXPLAINS:
"OH, HANK, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A GIRL FEEL PROUD AND SPECIAL, IN A WAY. I'M THE FIRST MATERNITY CASE IN OVER A THOUSAND YEARS!"
NONE OF THESE RECENT EVENTS HAS ELUDED THE SCANNERS OF MERLIN THE BIOCYBER. RESOLVED TO END THE YANKEE'S REVOLT, HE SUMMONS THE CYBERNITES TO A MIDNIGHT CONCLAVE. "HANK MORGAN MUST BE STOPPED!" HE HISSES TO TO THEIR ON-LINE INPUTS. "HE HAS GONE TOO FAR. IT IS HIM OR US!"
MW KALUTA
NEXT WEEK:
"A FEARFUL SUMMONS"


the Adventures of
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
STORY: Michel Choquette and Sean Kelly
ART: MW KALUTA
Nº 163
"THE TOURNAMENT"
OUR STORY THUS FAR: WITH HIS NO-NONSENSE, UP-'N'-AT-'EM TACTICS GROWING IN POPULARITY, THE YANKEE HAS RUN AFOUL OF MERLIN AND THE ORDER OF CYBERNITES. HANK REALIZES HE CAN NO LONGER AVOID THE BIOCYBER'S CHALLENGE TO PLAY THE GAME.
MW KALUTA
THE GAME BEGINS. HANK EMPLOYS A COMMON-SENSE OPENING. MERLIN COUNTERS QUICKLY, USING POSTQUANTUM CALCULUS. THE BIOCYBER HUMS AND FLASHES MENACINGLY. THE GALLERY IS HUSHED WITH AWE. SANDY LOOKS AWAY. "OH, HANK," SHE SOBS.
HANK'S MOVES BECOME SLOWER, LESS CERTAIN. MERLIN MOVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED. THE YANKEE SEEMS BEMUSED, ALMOST AS IF HIS MIND WERE WANDERING. MERLIN CHECKMATES EASILY.


DEFEATED, HANK STARES AT THE GAME GRID. "THE MORE I CONCENTRATED, THE MORE MERLIN GOT THE BETTER OF ME," HE REFLECTS. "MY VERY WILL TO WIN GAVE HIM STRENGTH. AS IF HE WERE SIPHONING OFF MY SPUNK AND USING IT AGAINST ME. I WONDER IF..."
WITHOUT A WORD, THE YANKEE CROSSES THE ARENA AND CLIMBS TO THE GALLERY. THE CROWD SHUDDERS AND SIGHS. THE FIGHT FOR PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION SEEMS LOST. THE CYBERNITES BEEP CODED KUDOS TO MERLIN.
SUDDENLY HANK RESORTS TO AN AGE-OLD AND UNEXPECTED FORM OF ATTACK. BLUE SPARKS FLY. OVERLOAD! SHORT CIRCUIT! THE BIOCYBER SPITS AND SHRIEKS-- THEN EXPLODES!
NEXT WEEK: "WAR!"

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1 Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2 The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3 Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
4 Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5 Do men need more recreation than women?
6 What kind of parents do hippies make?
7 Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8 The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9 What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10 Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11 What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12 Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13 Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14 Does a child think before he can talk?
15 Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16 Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17 Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

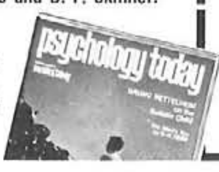
PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that. It allows the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliche-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.



6-997

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

Mr.
Mrs. ______________________
Miss (Please Print)

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________ Zip ______________

Four Ways to Avoid Unpleasantness

by George W. S. Trow

ESCAPE the ugly consequences of Straightforward Speech

Learn EUPHEMISM* (*reg. trademark)
The Language of Evasion



Do you need Euphemism? Read these sentences:

1. You're a Jew aren't you, Mary?
2. Thank God I'm rich.
3. I'd like to take you out, Alice, but frankly, I'm a homosexual.
4. So many people of your age seem to be dead.

Did you spot the treacherous Straightforward Words (evocative of painful *reality*) in these simple sample sentences? If you didn't, you can expect endless difficulty and embarrassment in your pathetic little life. Let's *review* the FIVE MOST TREACHEROUS WORDS IN OUR MOTHER TONGUE, the words that cry out for translation into Euphemism, the language of evasion. They are (and, if you play your cards right, you need never face them again): "JEW," "RICH," "HOMOSEXUAL," "DEAD," and "FRANKLY." Learn Euphemism, the only language endorsed by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (as well as three leading Midwestern universities), and we'll tell you how to avoid these dread words, EVEN WHEN TALKING TO OR ABOUT MARCEL PROUST!*

*Our booklet, "The Lore of Euphemism," available for a nominal fee, tells the moving story of Euphemscholar Nancy Tmolin, who translated the sentence "Frankly, Marcel, you're a rich, dead, homosexual Jew" into Euphemism in ten seconds flat.

NOW LOOK AT THE SUBTLE PROBLEMS POSED BY THIS SECOND GROUP OF SAMPLE SENTENCES:

1. How come you don't have any children?
2. I have plenty of time, Mother, and I would come to see you more often, but actually I find you depressing.
3. I guess you're in the hospital for good this time.
4. How many toes do you have, anyway?

We'll teach you to defuse even these problem sentences.

1. You will learn ten ways to discuss the Middle Eastern Situational Conflict without ever mentioning the ugly word "Jew."
2. You will discuss *without blushing* people who are no longer alive!
3. You will learn the language secrets of the Carolinas (*North and South*), *where absolutely nothing is said!*
4. You will wear the miracle Eu-pho-phone (yew-foe-foe-nn), which automatically bleeps out offensive words in the speech of others.

Send coupon today:



I'm tired of saying what I mean.
I want to escape.
Help me learn Euphemism, the language of evasion.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________



ARTISTS! WRITERS!
AT LAST A RESORT ORIENTED TO THE PROBLEMS OF THE CREATIVE PERSONALITY!
GEARED TO YOUR OWN SPECIAL PSYCHIC NEEDS!

ESCAPE TO THE WORKHOUSE (Hotel and Guest Cottages)

Hi! I'm Harry Wilson, former leader of Europe's famed British Isles. Eric Hoffer and I have gotten together and developed a new concept in hospitality for the creative personality, putting you, Mr. Writer and Artist, in the Escape picture for the first time.

The philosophy of the Workhouse Hotel and Guest Cottages is simple . . . yet it is effective. We help the sensitive and the very sensitive escape their painful sensitivity by introducing them to MINDLESS, MONOTONOUS LABOR! Our guests leave behind their old world of constant oppressive thought and experience an Absence of Pain. In addition, there is the chance of earning helpful pin money.

As soon as you reach the doorstep of the Workhouse, we begin to relieve you of your cumbersome mental baggage. Smiling, insensitive Scandinavians (trained for generations in sterile pursuits) will help you choose the MEANINGLESS TASK OF YOUR CHOICE. You'll learn it in a moment, and soon, soothing, time-tested task-monotony will begin to creep over formerly tender mental areas, leaving them as blank as the Arctic snows and as insensitive as sandpaper.

Many guests choose to work in our out-of-date ball-bearing plant. Here, the endless hum of the machinery and the high-pitched whine of the little ball-bearings themselves help deaden the most active perceptions!

> ASK ROBERT LOWELL (a permanent guest at the Workhouse).
> "I used to be very sensitive to the suffering of others. Jeez, what a hard time I had. I'd hear about a tidal wave in Pakistan, and I'd be flat on my back. And don't talk to me about assassinations! Some crackpot takes a potshot at some bigshot and whammo!—a migraine. But thanks to the Workhouse's unique desensitising program, things are different today."

Look at these other desirable ESCAPE TO MONOTONY resort properties now under construction. . . .

Escape to Academic Monotony: Attractive dormitory-style accommodations, dining for almost everyone in the Tenure Room. No ball-bearing plant, but you'll copy long passages from *Paradise Lost* onto tiny little file cards. . . .

Escape to Pointless Debate: Engage in endless acrimony with persistent bores, many with lisps and other unusual speech impediments. Choose from among hundreds of subjects of practically no interest, including the use of chiaroscuro in the Northern Renaissance, the merits of metrication, the roots of the Chaldees, and the development of the Open-Door Policy, 1889–1925.

Escape to a Tiresome Hobby: Spend hundreds of unexciting hours amassing and cataloging large collections of worthless and unhygienic objects, or, for the athletically inclined, pursue unpleasant animals through acres of uninteresting terrain with bulky cameras or tacky replicas of discredited weapons.

Escape to Radical Marxism: Mutter meaningless phrases from his works over and over agai
Learn German (the language Petrarch called "th
most tedious method of communication sinc
news of the fall of Troy was sent to Greece b
signal fire"). Commit long passages to memor
Discuss the significance of Marx's boils.

Escape to Estate Planning: Part 1: Atter
months of sordid and incomprehensible proba
hearings. Part 2: Learn to use *non veult* and *nc
compos mentis* in an English sentence. Part
Prepare a will with fifty beneficiaries.

Spend a Night, a Week, a LIFETIME at

Sleep City Resort Community

Perfect As a Retirement Home for Mom and Dad!
So many different plans to choose from!

Our Lethargy Plan: Still hung up on staying awake? Afraid to go all the way to safe and restful SLEEP? Well, opt for Lethargy. You'll practice answering the phone just as it stops ringing. While still conscious, you'll learn to do exercises designed to make you see the futility of trying to do anything at all!

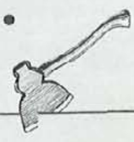
Our Safe Sleep Plan: Our most popular! Makes use of your natural ability to sleep . . . an ability you've no doubt had from childhood! So restful! So simple! The perfect answer for today's meaningless lives. You'll sleep all the time and love it. Intravenous injections keep you going, while the constant attention of obsequious Australian houseboys keeps you from developing ugly bedsores!

Our Twilight Sleep Plan: Through the magic of hypnotism you'll spend the "rest" of your life in suspended animation. It's like *putting yourself on "hold"*!

Our Midnight-Sun Sleep Plan: Long-term escape with the amusing risk of ultimate reentry. Yes, you'll be permanently frozen in our giant Amana frost-free freezers. Until when?

Perhaps you can afford the ultimate in *permanent* escape. . . .

Know the peace of Lobotomy.



(A restricted Condominium Community
on the shores of Lake Success, New York.)

Nothing—not even so-called "mercy killing"—eliminates pain faster than a stay at Lobotomy. It isn't the initial price of having a brain, it's the spiraling cost of psychological maintenance that today's modern finds painful. At the Lobotomy Condominium Community we end tiresome maintenance problems by cutting the cerebrum to the bone!

> **FIGHT DEPRESSION!**
> **FIGHT EGO INFLATION!**
> **FIGHT INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY OF ALL KINDS!**

The Council on Mental Therapeutics of the American Mental Association says that "Lobotomy has been found to be an effective pain-preventive artifice when used in a conscientiously applied program of mental hygiene and regular professional care."



FUNNY PAGES



NUTS
REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN YOU WERE JUST OVER BEING SICK? AND HAD TO FACE THE OUTSIDE WORLD ONCE MORE? AND WEREN'T READY FOR IT?
YOUR FATHER SAYS YOU'VE BEEN MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE LONG ENOUGH. SOME FRESH AIR WILL DO YOU A LOT OF GOOD. AND YOU CAN TAKE WALDO FOR A WALK.
KAF!
KOF!
COME ON, WALDO- FOR PETE'S SAKE, WALK!
KOF!
KOF!
HUH, HUH.
HUH, HUH.
WHAT'S THAT?
CLUMP
OH, GOD-IT'S GEORGE!
HUH, HUH.
HUH, HUH.
KOF
CRUNCH!
REND!
SCRABBLE
SCRABBLE!
SCRA
WHY ARE THERE BULLIES? I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO SEE THE POINT.
KOF!
KOF!
HUH, HUH.
CLUMP
Gahan Wilson
BACK ALREADY? YOU WEREN'T OUT LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE GOOD OF IT! HOW DO YOU FEEL?
BETTER. LOTS BETTER.
KOF!
I SAID A WALK WOULD HELP YOU.
NEXT: "BACK TO SCHOOL"


IDYL
©J-JONES 1972
GOT YOU, BIRD!
NOW, ABANDON YOUR BEAKBONED EYES ON ME, BIRD. NICE, HUH.
I'M NATURE'S PEARL.
PAY ATTENTION, BIRD.
THIS WORLD HAS WAITED A LONG TIME FOR ME.
I'M UNIQUE. NOVEL. EXCEPTIONAL— THE SOLE EXCLUSIVE. EXTRAORDINARY, IRREPLACEABLE, IMMORTAL,
AWK!
STOMP!
SQURP!


ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE:
CHEECH WIZARD
by VAUGHN BODE
©1972
UMPH YUM KISS ERGEL
WELL, RUBBER TITS, HOW WAS DAT? DA BEST YOU EVER HAD I BET.
HOW COME YOU DIDN'T TAKE YER HAT OFF? IT'S MORE FUN NAKED.
BODE PICTOGRAPHY©
YOU SAID YOU GIVE ME A LOAD OF MAGIC ROCKS IF I BALL.
I SAID DAT?... I WAS FIGURIN' YOU OWE ME. BE SATISFIED I LET YOU HAS A TASTE OF WIZARD JUICE.
OH?... YOU CAME? I DIDN'T NOTICE.
JESUS, I'M GONNA CAST A SPELL ON DIS BROAD!... I'LL GIVE YA' A VOODOO HYSTERECTOMY!
SAY, DID YOU TAKE YER PILL? I IS A 100% POTENT YOU KNOW.
WHAT'S A PILL?...

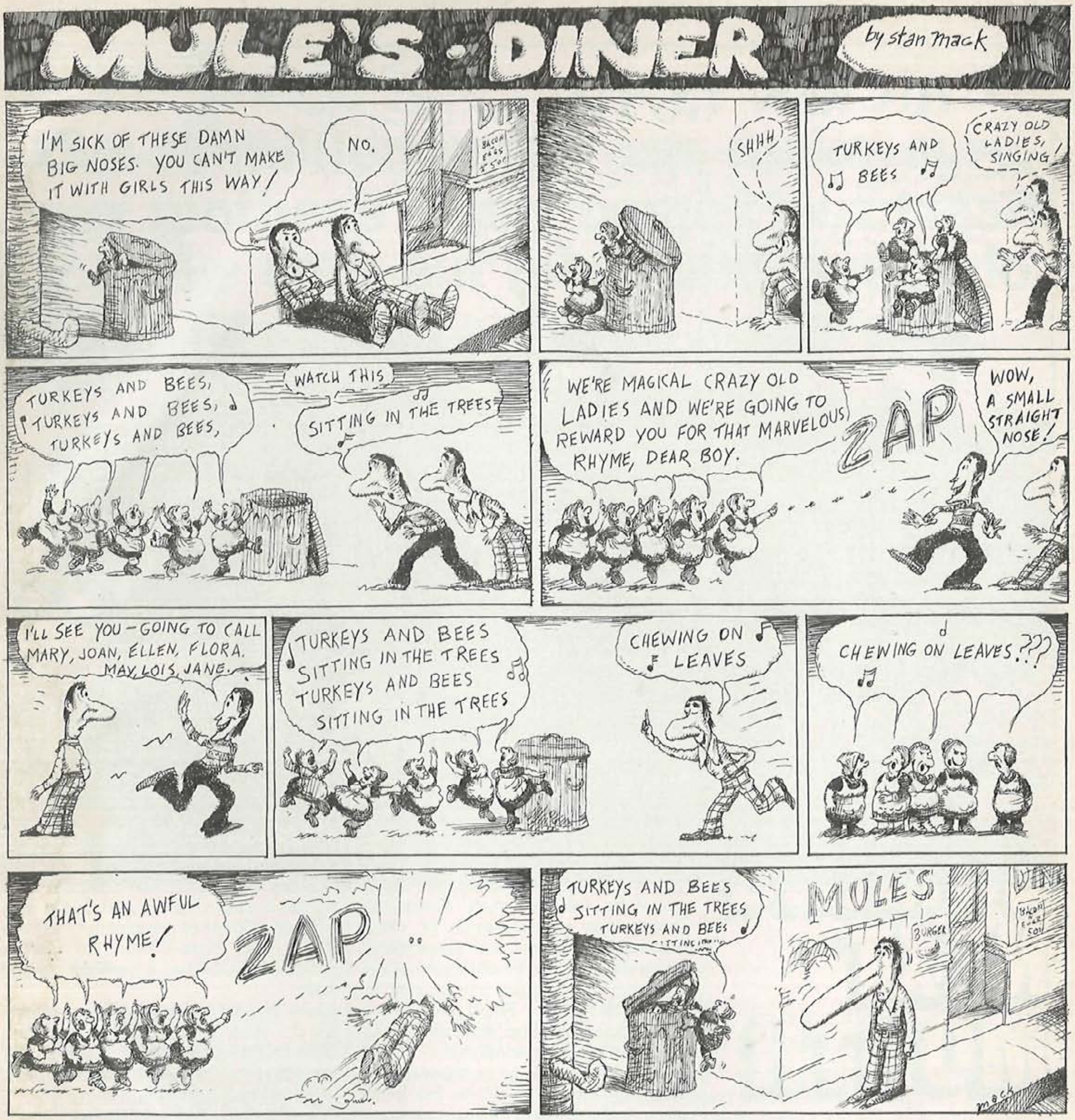

DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
DISGUSTING · WEIRD · REPUGNANT · REVOLTING · UNUSUAL · GALLING
WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR, SMEGMA?
IT'S INSPECTOR KLEE, MASTER... HE WANTS TO SEE YOU—HE'S IN THE LIBRARY.
WHAT CAN HE WA---SMEGMA-THE QUEER! HE'S NOT LOOSE!!! YOU DIDN'T LET HIM OUT?
UH.. UM.. N-N-NO, MASTER, HE'S UP IN THE LITTLE ROOM..
AH, INSPECTOR KLEE! SOMEWHAT LATE FOR A SOCIAL CALL---IT MUST BE OFFICIAL--CAN I OFFER YOU SOME SHERRY?
YES, THANK YOU, HERR DOCTOR. HERR DOCTOR, HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY PROWLERS ABOUT?...
MY QUEER!
...IT SEEMS SOME OF THE VILLAGERS-MALE VILLAGERS-HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED TO RATHER GRISLY SEXUAL ASSAULTS...
YOU DON'T SEEM SURPRISED, HERR DOCTOR? MMMM...RATHER GOOD SHERRY...
...ER, NO, INSPECTOR, I CAN'T SAY I'VE SEEN ANY PROWLERS ABOUT...
VERY WELL... PLEASE CALL ME IF YOU DO HEAR OR SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL-GOOD NIGHT, HERR DOCTOR, AND THANK YOU FOR THE SHERRY...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER, SMEGMA! RIGHT NOW, BRING HIM DOWN HERE!
I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO INSPECTOR KLEE AND HIS CAT AND MOUSE GAME.
SUCK!!!



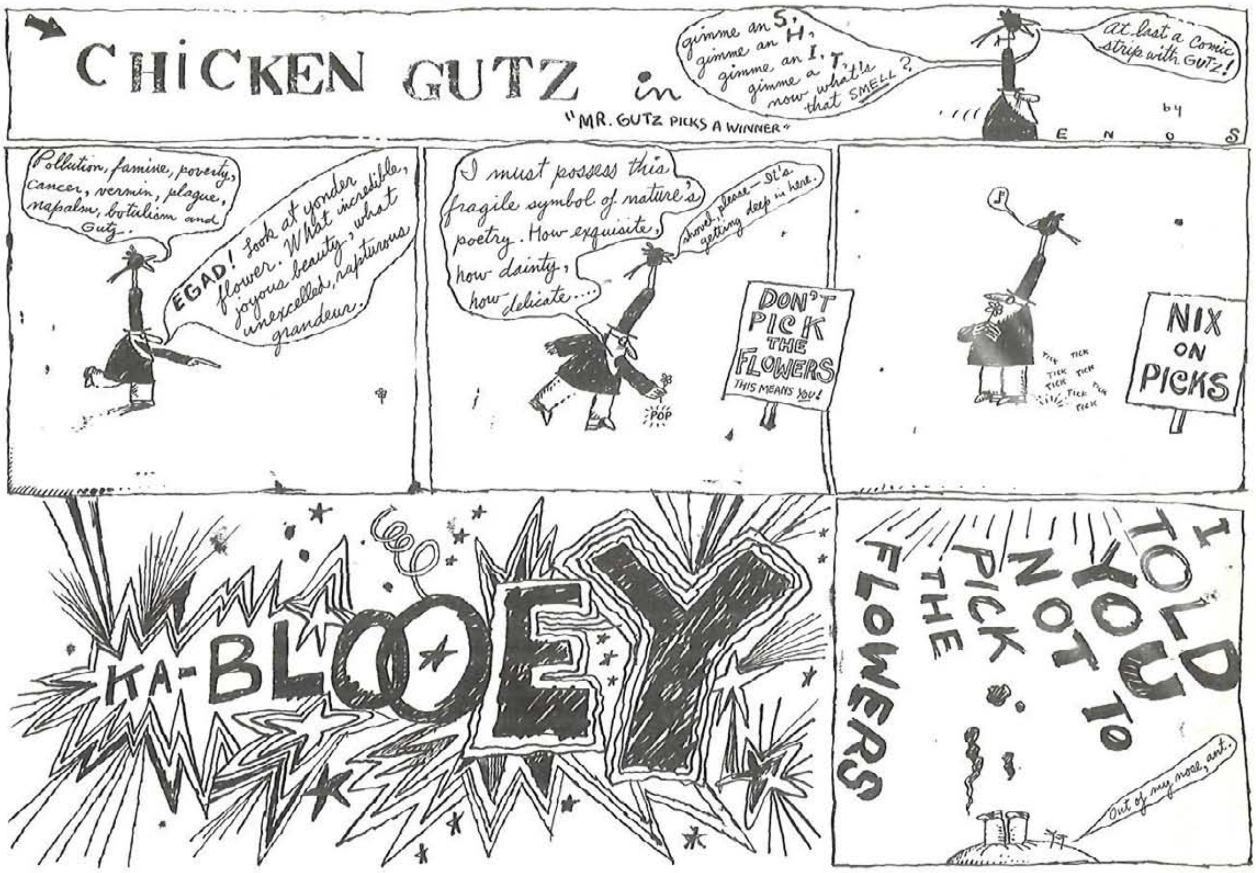
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN
LESSON #1
DOG SLOBBER
ANY COMIC ART FAN KNOWS THAT THE ABILITY TO DRAW REALISTIC DOG SLOBBER IS ESSENTIAL TO BRINGING A DOG TO LIFE ON THE PAGE.
UNCONVINCING SLOBBERLESS DOG
REALISTIC DOG WITH LIFELIKE SLOBBER



BRAMLEY'S BOARDINGHOUSE PRESENTS
VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
SHOCKING!
DEPLORABLE!
EVEN AS WE APPROACH THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY, OUR NATION'S YOUTH KNOW NOTHING OF MATTERS SEXUAL!
TIME
AS WE GREET OUR VACCUOUS VOLUPTUARY, HE IS PERUSING ONE OF OUR NATION'S WEEKLY TABLOIDS.
AND TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS...
!
GOOD DAY, MISS DE BLUES, I'M OFF TO RIGHT SOME WRONGS!
OUR ROOMS ARE FULL, BUT WE HAVE A VACANT STARE.
PINCH!
Bertha
DRUGS
TOBACCO MAGAZINES SODA FOUNTAIN
WET LOOK
Mystic EYES
HMM...THIS LOOKS A LIKELY PLACE.
?
BARF!
ADULTS ONLY! MUST BE OVER 21
TITS
SQUISH
QUIM
ASS
JIZ
SNATCH
TWAT
CLIT
PUSSY
UNT
JUGS
SLIT
?
PSSST!
TAP! TAP!
LISTEN, KID! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THE REAL THING?
GOSH!
S-SURE!
C'MON, KID! I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
PUSH! PULL!
!
LOOK, KID! TITS!
PULL!
OH, MY GOD!
LOOK, KID! LIVE BEAVER!
LIFT!
PULL!
NOW SEE HERE, MISS!
HEE! HEE!
TICKLE! TICKLE!
C'MON, KID! LET'S GO HOME AND JERK OFF!
YOU CAN'T COME IN AND DO THAT KIND
THING...I RUN A RES
ABLE PLACE HERE
YOUR FRIGHTENING
CUSTOMERS... WHA
THE BIG IDEA, ANYH
I'M GONNA CALL A
COP AND THEY'RE
GONNA LOCK YOU
MY GOD! I NEVER.
I'LL SHOW YOU SOME MORE LATER!
BUT... B-BUT...
Susan Harris
P. Bramley


MULE'S · DINER
by stan mack
I'M SICK OF THESE DAMN BIG NOSES. YOU CAN'T MAKE IT WITH GIRLS THIS WAY!
NO.
SHHH
TURKEYS AND BEES
CRAZY OLD LADIES, SINGING!
TURKEYS AND BEES, TURKEYS AND BEES, TURKEYS AND BEES,
WATCH THIS
SITTING IN THE TREES
WE'RE MAGICAL CRAZY OLD LADIES AND WE'RE GOING TO REWARD YOU FOR THAT MARVELOUS RHYME, DEAR BOY.
ZAP
WOW, A SMALL STRAIGHT NOSE!
I'LL SEE YOU—GOING TO CALL MARY, JOAN, ELLEN, FLORA. MAY, LOIS, JANE.
TURKEYS AND BEES SITTING IN THE TREES TURKEYS AND BEES SITTING IN THE TREES
CHEWING ON LEAVES
CHEWING ON LEAVES???
THAT'S AN AWFUL RHYME!
ZAP
TURKEYS AND BEES SITTING IN THE TREES TURKEYS AND BEES
MULES
BURGER
mack


SHAB
ANOTHER MYSTERY FROM THE DAWN OF TIME.
BKliban



COMING NEXT MONTH

25th Anniversary

In honor of its twenty-fifth anniversary of existence as a distinguished journal of the humorous arts, the *National Lampoon* is pleased to announce the publication of a gala, eighty-eight-page issue (more than a dozen pages in full color), printed in the distinguished state of Kansas by high-speed, web-offset presses on deluxe forty-five-pound paper in a limited edition of 465,000. Following imprintation by zinc rotary plates, the printed sheets will be trimmed, gathered, folded, and bound with three high-grade, nickel-steel staples and packed in heavy-duty cardboard boxes containing only fifty copies each. These boxes will then be shipped in fleets of modern trucks with powerful internal combustion engines and operated by hand-picked operators licensed by the Interstate Commerce Commission to thousands of Commemoration Kiosks, or newsstands, across the country. In addition, a specified number of copies will be sent by mail to Sustaining Subscribers via a special mailing class reserved exclusively for luxury periodicals.

Each issue will be numbered consecutively from 1 to 88 on the lower right- and left-hand corners of every page. And each copy will be enclosed in its own individual cover, imprinted with the name of the magazine, the date of issue, and the price. But please note! Once printing is completed, the plates will be melted down: *no more copies of the 25th Anniversary issue will ever be produced*! We urge in the strongest possible terms all collectors and serious readers to reserve their copy of this epochal issue at the Commemoration Kiosk in their area without delay.

1956 Car Brochure/Step into the luxury of the four-door Del Rey, with jet-age styling, push-button sludgamatic shift, deluxe reclinatron seating front and back, upholstered glove compartment, wraparound ashtray, and dashboard sundial.

Commieplot Comics/You'll wake up one day, and there'll be a Russki tank on the corner of Elm and Main and only one flavor of ice cream in all the stores, and First Church of Christ, Scientist, will have a padlock on the door.

Amos 'n' Andy Meet the Honeymooners/At long last, spirited from the CBS archives, the secret pilot script of the TV show that would have set back integration fifty years.

The Playboy Fallout Shelter/You'll be as snug as a bunny in his hutch when you cuddle with a couple of decontaminated cuties in your bombproof pad.

Third Base/The sex newspaper of the fifties that dared to talk about the forbidden French handshake and gang-dating.

Great Disappointments/Whatever happened to the monorail, the liquid lead pencil, the gas turbine engine, desalinization, and destalinization?

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Foto Funnies, dirty droodles, chlorophyll, Davy Crockett, Charles Van Doren, James Dean, Roy Cohn, Vance Packard, one square inch of the Klondike, Sputnik, Bridey Murphy, and green on Thursdays. □

Our 11 million votes can make sure your mother's wash comes out clean. Or make sure our lakes and rivers do.



Will we, through legislation, give up many of our luxuries for a cleaner environment? Or wait for science and industry to find suitable alternatives?

The question is yours to decide.

The 26th Amendment to The Constitution has lowered the voting age to 18. And given 11.2 million of us the right to vote.

Two of the last three presidential elections were swung by less than 600,000 votes–many congressional elections by only a few thousand or less.

It's just simple mathematics.

The nation's future leaders and policies can be decided by our new votes.

But only if you register to use your vote.

Registration dates vary from state to state. And in some areas local officials have changed registration requirements in the hope of discouraging the student vote.

To help you get on the rolls The Student Vote, a national movement based in Washington, D.C., has stationed registration aides on most of the nation's largest campuses.

You can also write or call The Student Vote at the address below for specific information about registration in your home state.

No matter what your political views The Student Vote urges you to register.

Eleven million ballots is enough power to change the course of history. Or not change it.

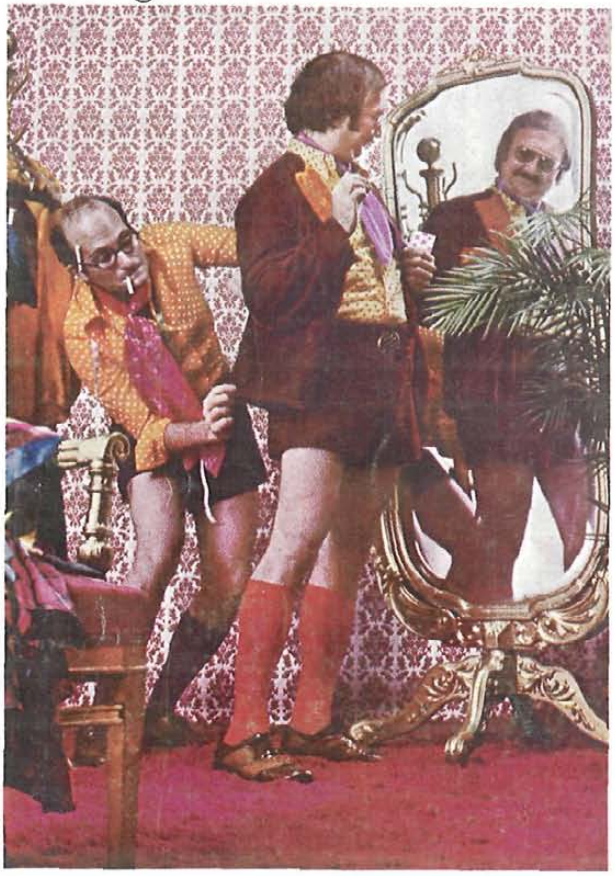
And that's too much power to just throw away.

THE STUDENT VOTE

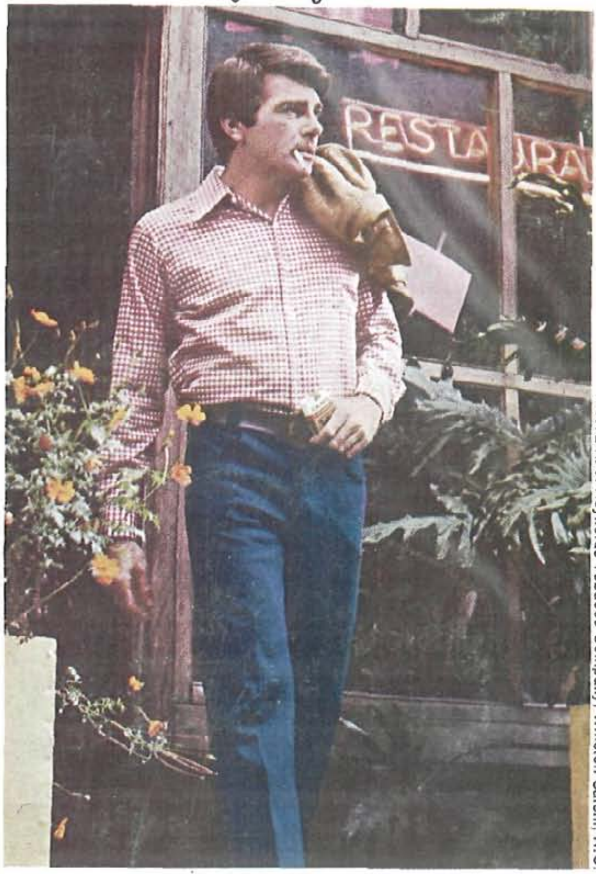
43 Ivy Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Telephone 202-547-4277.

With every pair of Mr. Stanley's Hot Pants goes a free pack of short-short filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be wearing hot pants and smoking short-short filter cigarettes

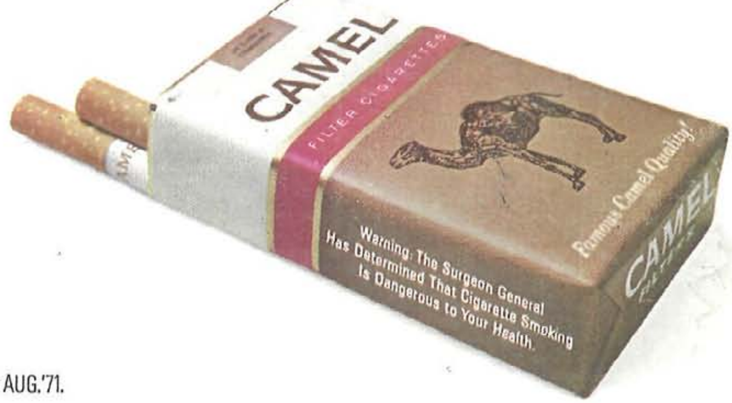


...almost everybody.



©1972 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.